3: Latta
317

NS29 Yokuts

For the collecting and processing of salt grass for its salt content, see Categories 222, and 263.

[TITLE Page]

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HANDBOOK
of
YOKUTS INDIANS

By

F. F. LATTA

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1949

[P. i]

[facing p. i]

797

Padre Francisco Garces' Memorial in Garces Traffic Circle, Golden State Highway, Bakersfield, California. Padre Garces visited Kern River and the Southern Yokuts tribes in May, 1776.

—Photograph by Paul Adams

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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1949

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[P ii]

To

Yoimut,
who provided the
inspiration and information
that made this volume
possible

FOREWORD

101 The Yokuts or Yokoch Indians and F. F. Latta are an
131 extraordinary combination.

This great Indian nationality once held the whole floor of
[161] the San Joaquin Valley, plus much of the adjoining foothill belt
on both sides. Numbering some eighteen to twenty thousand
[619] souls, they were clustered into nearly fifty independent local
tribes, mostly friendly to one another. Though each tribe definitely
held its own delimited territory, there was constant visiting
[262] and return visiting, as nature according to season most
bountifully provided fish, fowl, game, seeds, acorns or roots
once here and then there. In their three hundred miles of
range, the Yokuts were the most extensive as they were perhaps
the most populous of the many diverse nationalities of aboriginal
[197] California. Each Yokuts tribe spoke its own slightly
divergent dialect or sub-dialect; but all the way from Stockton
to Bakersfield there prevailed at least partial intelligibility.
Customs and institutions evinced a similar basic uniformity,
varied by local peculiarities of detail, over the total stretch of
the San Joaquin Valley. They were a tall, well built people of
142 open outlook, were the Yokuts: frank, up-standing, casual and
181 unceremonious, optimistic and friendly, fond of laughter, not
given to cares of property or too much worry about tomorrow;
and they lived in direct simple relation to their land and world,
to its animals, spirits, and gods, and to one another.

F. F. Latta, the friend and historian of the Yokuts, is one
114 of those rare beings—a natural-born ethnographer. That means
he is a describer of other peoples' exotic ways and customs, an
interpreter of their temperaments, a sympathetic reporter of
their fortunes. Born and raised in the Great Valley, and long
one of its better-known educators, he understands locale and
environment, whites as well as Indians. In his observations, he
is not only meticulous, but remarkably reliable. The accuracy
of his accounts has particularly impressed me, for I studied the
Yokuts too, between 1900 and 1910, at a time when far more of

114 their native culture still survived, in practice or in memory, than now. Yet Latta's wealth of precise facts again and again makes me aware of how much I missed that I might have recorded.

Latta's volume should be a source of pride to the patriotism of the San Joaquin Valley and a basis for its local history, as it surely is a contribution toward the general, comparative study of the cultures of the races of mankind.

A. L. Kroeber

March 29, 1948

PREFACE

In introducing this *Handbook of Yokuts Indians* it is probably 114
necessary to state that I was born on the Orestimba Creek in western Stanislaus County and lived the early portion of my life in several localities on the "West Side" of the San Joaquin Valley.

There had been no Indians on the West Side since about 101
1806. They had been stripped from that entire territory from 131
Martinez on the north, to Paleta on the south, and taken to the
Spanish Missions on the coast. However, all along the eastern [797]
edge of the Coast Range foothills, along the San Joaquin River and along the lakes and sloughs from that river southeast to a point south of Bakersfield, there were many evidences of Indian occupation.

Those evidences were in the nature of abandoned village 172
sites: depressions where structures had stood; cemeteries; flat, earthbound rocks, honeycombed with mortars; occasional portable mortars, pestles, metates and manos, beads, arrow and spear points, and heat-shattered cooking rocks.

On the Orestimba, Romero, Garzas and Los Baños Creeks, and along the near-by San Joaquin River were many immense, saucer shaped depressions over which had stood structures of some kind. One of these on Los Baños Creek is more than sixty-five feet across. In the center of these depressions are fire pits, still containing charcoal and heat-shattered rocks.

For those of us who lived on the West Side, these evidences 114
of departed Indians held a great fascination. I can still remember how in 1909 I was thrilled to see my first live Indians. They were camped by the road in the mountains near Strawberry, east of Oakdale.

In 1923, when I first went to Tulare County to live, I was 114
again thrilled to find several Indian families living in primitive 101
manner along the banks of the Kaweah River east of 131
Visalia. In October of that year I interviewed my first 114
aged Yokuts, blind Mollie Lawrence. She was a full-blood 115
Wukchumne and was then about ninety-five years of age. I 124
continued to interview Mollie until 1928, when she died. In the

114 past twenty-five years more than two hundred Indians have
115 been interviewed. A number of these Indians had seen the first
124 white settlers come to the eastern San Joaquin Valley.

In 1928 I found living on White River an aged white man who had been raised by the Choinimne Yokuts on Kings River. His mother had died in 1850 when he was about six years of age and he had been taken by the women to a nearby Indian village. This man's name was Thomas Jefferson Mayfield. From him I learned many things about primitive Indian life difficult to learn from Indians themselves.

From several hundred aged white pioneers were obtained statements relating to the Yokuts Indians. Many of these pioneers were the first white people to settle among those Indians.

128 It is from these data, gathered first-hand from both aged Indians and pioneer whites, that the material for this *Handbook of Yokuts Indians* has been compiled. Little has been taken from published works. In some instances material in this work differs from that already published. I can only state that I have presented it as I obtained it from the Indians themselves and suggest that, after all, the Indian is probably the final authority.

As a first-hand contact with the Yokuts and to show the type of statements from which the *Handbook* has been compiled, Chapter XIII presents verbatum statements obtained from Pahmit, a Dumna, and from Yoimut, who was the last full-blood survivor of the Chunut Yokuts tribe.

F. F. LATTA
Bakersfield, California
January 18, 1949

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CHAPTER I

YOKUTS GEOGRAPHY

THE YOKUTS INDIANS

101 131 Before the coming of the white man, almost the entire San Joaquin Valley, from the summit of the Coast Range to the upper reaches of the Sierra foothills, from approximately the Cosumne River to Tejon Canyon on the east, and from Martinez to Paleta on the west, was occupied by one of the most interesting North American races of primitive people to be studied by scientists.

[161] 101 These San Joaquin Valley Indians were at one time quite numerous, there probably being within their territory no less than twenty-five thousand persons, all closely related by blood and language. They are known to scientists as *Yokuts,* Yokuts being a word taken from their language and meaning persons, or people. The word is never used in a singular form.

Some tribes, including the *Tachi,* pronounce the word *Yo'-kotch,* but there is little other variation in the pronunciation throughout the entire valley area. They use Yokuts much as we use the word everybody. No Yokuts Indian knows himself as a Yokuts, but readily understands what is meant when it is explained to him how the term is used by scientists.

[619] There were probably at one time as many as fifty subtribes of the Yokuts group. Of those subtribes something is known about the boundaries and life of forty-four.

Because a vast area of the San Joaquin Valley was unoccupied by Indians when they were first studied, there has been some difference of opinion among scientists as to the exact blood and language groups that occupied this great basin. Some authorities have placed several language groups in the northern portion of the valley. But research done by this writer, as well as the many Yokuts tribe names distributed as far north as the Mokelumne and Cosumne rivers, indicates that all occupants of the San Joaquin Valley were Yokuts.

174 The greater part of the information available concerning the Yokuts was obtained from a study of less than a dozen tribes. In fact, almost none of them had been studied and reported upon by scientists before the year 1870.

177 Many of the Yokuts tribes did not come in contact with whites and were not seriously disturbed by western immigration until as late as the early 1860's. This is probably not true to the same extent of so numerous a group of people at any place within our nation. By 1860 many tribes of the eastern and southwestern United States had been disturbed for 250 years. For this reason the leading scientific institutions of the United States are hurrying to gather all possible information concerning these people before the last remnants of the older generation have passed away.

133 It is fortunate that the names of a number of the San
Joaquin Valley tribes have been preserved, we hope for all
103 time, in the names of some of the rivers and creeks of the San
Joaquin Valley. The most northerly of these is the *Cosumne*
river. Near it lies the *Mokelumne,* and farther south the
Tuolumne, Chowchilla, and *Kaweah.*

A few other landmarks have been knowingly or unknowingly named after Indian tribes. *Tehachapi* Valley probably took its name from the native word, *Tah-hi'tch* or *Tah-heetch,* meaning Oak Covered Valley. The Wahtoke district east of Sanger was named for *Wahtoke,* who was chief of the *Choinimne* tribe of Yokuts on Kings River. The Wukchumne Irrigation District and Wukchumne Hill east of Visalia were named for the *Wukchumne* tribe, full-blooded remnants of which still reside on the Kaweah River east of Visalia. Camp Potwishi in Sequoia National Park, was named for the *Pahdwishi* (Pahd'-wih-she) tribe which once lived there. Yokohl valley northeast of Exeter was named for the *Yokodo* tribe, which once occupied it. The Laguna de Tachi Land Grant, surrounding present Laton, was named for the Tachi tribe of Yokuts.

101 At the coming of the first American settlers, as early as
177 1850, and probably long before that time, there were no living
Indians occupying the entire west side plains, from Byron on
the north to Paleta in Kern County, where the Santa Maria road
crosses the Coast Range via Maricopa and the Cuyama Valley.

The remains which characterize an Indian occupation are
172 quite common throughout the entire west side area. These re-
361 mains are in the nature of depressions left by their houses or
tepes, burial grounds, and debris-scattered camp sites.
Throughout this territory thousands of stone implements
and weapons have been found, showing that from time to time

the entire area was occupied, although probably not by such 172
great numbers as was the east side of the valley. 361

Concerning these west side tribes there is, of course, 101
practically nothing known. Few hints as to their names and
habits have been left by the Spanish missionaries in their rec-
ords concerning the tribes taken from that territory. This
lack of data is due to the fact that the entire west side was [797]
stripped of Indians upon the completion of the missions to the
west, probably before the year 1806. With one or two excep-
tions, they never returned to that area, it being too open to the [648]
invasions of the Spanish, whose advances were not welcomed
by those primitive people.

THE NORTHERN YOKUTS

One of the most marked characteristics of the Yokuts 101
people concerned their organization into tribes, and their es- 131
tablishment of definite boundaries for each tribe. This is not
common to all California primitive groups, nor to primitive
groups in other portions of the United States.

Beginning at the northern end of the San Joaquin Valley 101
the tribes were distributed roughly as follows: According to 131
F. W. Hodge, *Handbook of North American Indians,* the 619
Yachikamni Yokuts occupied the territory surrounding present
Stockton. *Tchikimisi,* on the south side of the Cosumne River, 103
and *Tawi,* on the lower San Joaquin River, were Yachikamni 361
villages.

In addition to the Cosumne and Mokelumne who are by some authorities classed as *Miwok,* there were along the Stanislaus river the *Tuolumne,* although their name was given to a river further south. According to J. C. Frémont the *Auxumne* lived on the Merced River. The *Chulamni* are reported on the Stockton plains.

The first tribe about which anything definite is known is
the *Chauchila,* for which the anglicized Chowchilla has been sub-
stituted. These people were the only warlike tribe of Yokuts. [181]
They ranged along the Chowchilla River from the San Joaquin
River on the west to the Sierra foothills on the east.

The *Heuchi* claimed Fresno River from the San Joaquin River to the foothills. Their village of *Chekayu* was located on the north bank of Fresno River, about four miles below present Madera. Above the Heuchi, on the south side of Fresno River, were the *Chukchansi,* a foothill tribe.

101 On the location of the later white village of Bates, on upper
103 Cottonwood Creek, was the Chukchansi village of *Cheyau.*
131 Farther east, and about six miles south of O'Neals, was the vil-
619 lage of *Dinishneu.*

36 The southern Yokuts called the San Joaquin River
226 *Tihshachu,* meaning salmon spearing place. Indians traveled
great distances to spear salmon on the shallow sand bars there.

On the north side of the San Joaquin River, between the foothills and the Big Bend at Mendota, were the *Hoyima.* About a half mile below the Herndon bridge was the Hoyima village of *Chayo.* Another Hoyima village was located about three miles upstream from the Herndon bridge. It was named *Atabo* (Ah-tah'-bo). On both sides of the San Joaquin, about two miles above Lane's Bridge, was the Hoyima village of *Yimshu.* On the north side of the San Joaquin River and about three miles above the mouth of Big Dry Creek, was the Hoyima village of *Moloyu.*

Across the river from the Hoyima were the *Pitkachi.* On the south side of the San Joaquin River, at the site above the Herminghaus Ranch and known as Rancho de los Californios, was the Pitkachi village of *Gewachiu.* Another of their villages was *Kohuou* (Ko-hoo-o'-oo), located near where the town of Herndon is now.

At the junction of Little Dry Creek and the San Joaquin River were the *Wakichi,* and above them the *Kechayi.* Table Mountain on the south side of the San Joaquin River and upstream from present Millerton Lake in Kechayi land, was called *Tapu Chilow.* South of Table Mountain was the village of *Muhnowlo.* North of Table Mountain, on a large flat by the river where the Indians speared salmon, was the Kechayi village of *Kiahno.* During the time when salmon were running, every bush and most of the ground in the vicinity was red with drying salmon.

East of the Kechayi, on both sides of the San Joaquin were the *Toltichi.*

Opposite the Keychayi were the *Dumna.* Little Table Mountain, on the north side of the San Joaquin River in Dumna land, was called *Shishilu.* South of Little Table Mountain, on a small flat, was the Dumna village of *Chahtaou.* Nearer the river was the village of *Wayahchu. Wumwumwus* (Woom-woom'-wus), meaning rock pile, was the Dumna name for the round lava cap a half mile northwest of the Indian settlement

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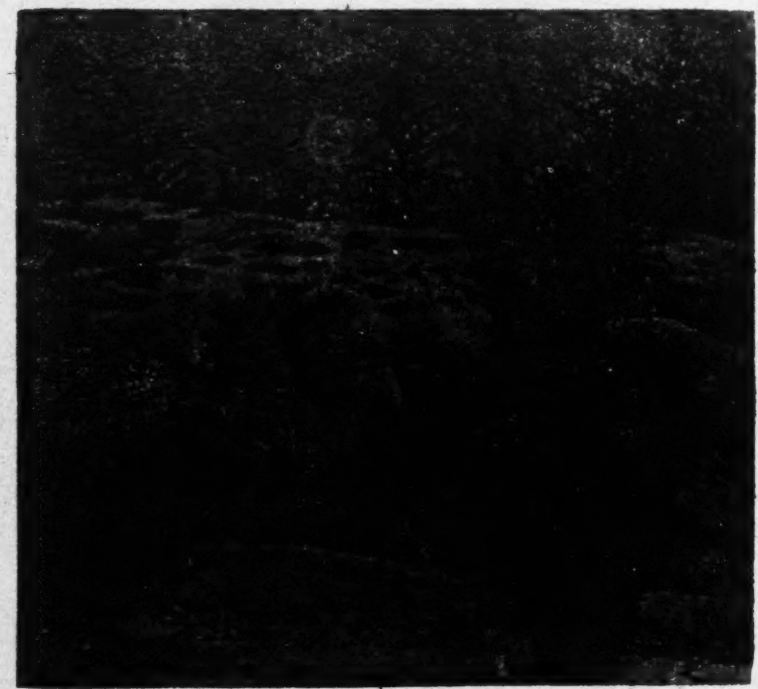

Mortars in the outcropping granite rocks by the San Joaquin River at the edge of the old *Dumna* (Doom'-nah) village of I'-uh-pin. Here the Indian women pounded the acorns which they later made into bread, soup and mush. [252]

above Friant. White people in that locality call this hill The Pincushion. At the bottom of Lake Millerton and south of the old San Joaquin River channel was the Dumna head village of *Kuyu Illik.* North of the river and below Friant Dam about five miles was the Dumna village of *Iuhpin.* In the bluff above Iuhpin is a cave which the Dumna said had supernatural [778 823] power and which they called *Ihlip.*

Between the Kings and San Joaquin Rivers, ranging from the upper foothills down onto the San Joaquin Plains, were the *Gashowu.* The names of two Gashowu villages have been preserved. About two miles above the junction of the Dry Creek and Auburry roads, at an old spring where there are now some fig trees growing, was the village of *Shoko.* On Big Dry Creek,

101 about five miles below Letcher, was the village of *Pohoniu.*
103 Lookout Mountain, south of Big Dry Creek in Gashowu land,
131 was known as *Wamihlow.* Some upright granite outcroppings on the north slope were known by the same name and were
619 thought to be Indian women who had turned to stone.

361 North of the most northern of the lower Kings River channels, known as Murphy Slough, were the *Apaichi,* a small tribe closely related to the more widely distributed *Tachi,* who occupied the north and west shores of Tulare Lake to the south. The Apaichi village of *Wohui* was located on the north bank of Murphy Slough, about seven miles above its junction with San Jose Slough.

Along the north bank of Kings River near Laton and on nearby Kings River Island were the *Wimilchi.* North of Kings River and about seven miles below Laton was the Wimilchi village of *Ugona.*

Across the river to the south of the Wimilchi were the *Nutunutu.* The Nutunutu village at old Kingston, on the south bank of Kings River a short distance below present Laton, was known as *Kadistin* (Kay-dis'-tin). Across the river and directly west of the Wimilchi village of Ugona was the Nutunutu village of *Chiou.*

On the north bank of Kings River, centering about Sanger, were the *Wechikit* and across the river to the south, the *Aiticha.*

At the junction of Mill Creek and Kings River were the *Choinimni.* In Choinimni land there have been preserved a number of villages and landmarks. Trimmer Springs was known as *Wahkotrow* (Wah-khot'-row) (west center of Section 7, T12S, R25E MDB&M). Dalton Mountain was called *Piakchin;* and Campbell Mountain, *Wahwahlut* (Crying Place). Hughes Creek, the first creek on the north side of Kings River above Del Piedra, was called *Duhniu* (Duh-ni'-oo), meaning Jimson Weed. A village there, near the John Akers home, was known by the same name (Section 4, T13S, R24E, MDB&M). On the south bank of Kings River, a few hundred yards below the mouth of Mill Creek (NW ¼ Section 10, T13S, R24E, MDB&M) was the village of *Shetnow,* meaning Wild Onions. On Mill Creek, about two miles above its mouth, was the village of *Tahshocu,* Mouse Killing Place (SW ¼ Section 11, T13S, R24E, MDB&M). Mill Creek was called *Wokotro,* meaning Where Water Runs in Both Directions. Hughes Mountain and a village on it were known as *Nowuhsun.*

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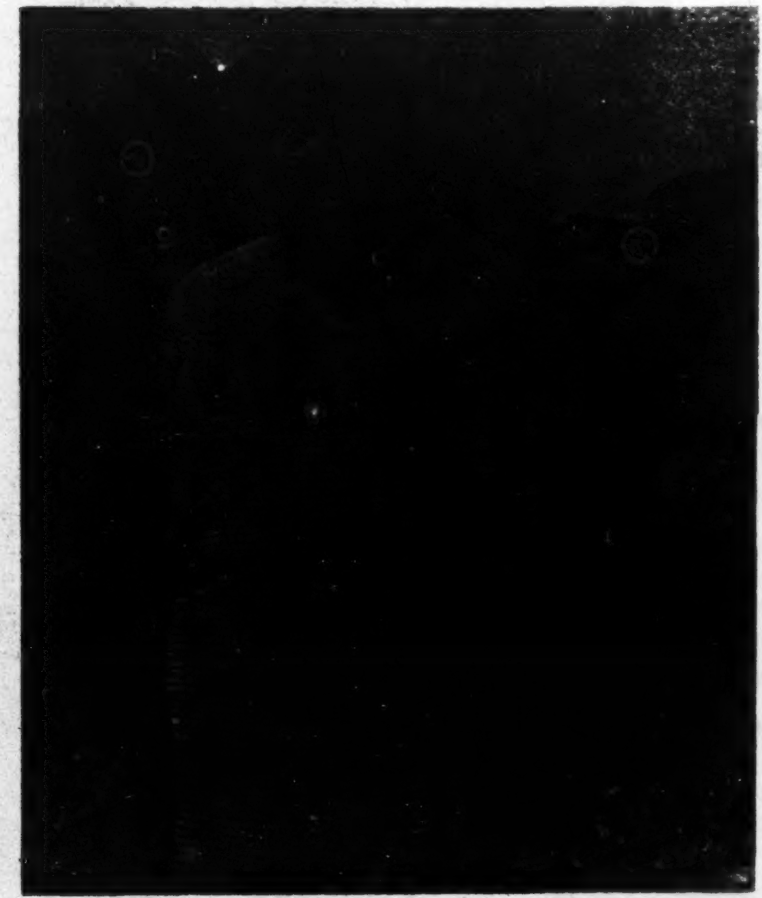

Mary Tipp, last surviving full-blood of the Nutunutu tribe from lower Kings River.

South of the Choinimni, on Mill Creek, were the *Michahai.* Still farther south near Dunlap were the *Entimbits* (En-tim'-bits), a tribe sometimes classified as Shoshonean. Pine Ridge, due north of Dunlap was called *Lokhoey,* or Deer Place, and was an Entimbits landmark. Sontag Point, east and slightly north of Dunlap was another Entimbits landmark, called *Toyahbe,* meaning Rocky Hill. It has a grey granite outcrop-

101 ping at the west end just before the hill flattens out into a long
131 ridge. The Entimbits called Squaw Valley *Tucheu* (Too-che'-
oo). Mill Creek, where it runs by Dunlap was called *Balwu*
619 (Bahl'-woo), or simply The Stream. The large mountain just
103 southwest of Dunlap store, and in Chukamina territory (north
36 center of Section 10, T14S, R26E, MDB&M) was called *Kawis*
by the Entimbits. The long ridge and hill at the west end of
the ridge (center of Section 9, T14S, R26E, MDB&M) was called
Hoeyu (Hoey'-yoo), meaning Deer Mountain. The gulch between the two hills named above was called Balwu, meaning The Stream. Dunlap Valley was called *Tahlow*. On Mill Flat Creek three miles above where it enters Kings River was the village of *Coahme Quate.*

Just west of the Entimbits were the *Chukaimina* (Choo-ki-meen'-uh), the tribe which occupied Squaw Valley. *Mush-tin'-now* was a Chukaimina village two miles directly east of Squaw Valley Corners (center of Section 12, T14S, R25E, MDB&M). Mill Creek between Squaw Valley Corners and Dunlap was called Balwu. A Chukaimina village on highway No. 180 (SW ¼ Section 35, T13S, R25E, MDB&M) was called *Tucheu* (Too-che'-oo). The creek south of this village was called *To'-chim Bahl'-woo.* A small divide or pass just west of Tucheu was called *Mimliu* (Mim'-le-oo).

The ridge running north and south just east of Squaw Valley, Ruth Hill, was called *Gowpinow.* Baldy, the round pointed high hill at the north end of Gowpinow (SW ¼ Section 1, T14S, R25E, MDB&M) was named *Pusutow* (Poo-soo'-tow). The ridge just north of Pusutow was named *Pokololo.* Squaw Valley was known by the name of the principal Chukaimina vil-
lage, Mushtinow. When the white people first settled in Squaw
622 Valley the Chukaimina Chief was named *Jungkush.* From
1870 on until the tribe was broken up, the chief was *Puslilin* (Poos-lil'-in). He died about 1900. Both he and Jungkush are buried at Mushtinow. Bear Mountain (NW ¼ Section 5, T14S, R25E, MDB&M) was known as *Wihshalu* (Wih-shay'-loo).

A small village, occupied in the spring for gathering seeds, was located southeast of Squaw Valley Corners (north of center of Section 15, T14S, R25E, MDB&M). It was named *Taht-chahmew* (Taht-chah'-mew), meaning Left-handed Place. Drumm Valley was named *Chasheu* (Cha-she'-oo) by the Chukaimina.

The Indians in Drumm Valley were known to the Chukai- 101
mina as *Wechiket*. This tribe also lived on the Kings River 131
bottom around where Sanger and Centerville are now. Drumm 103
Valley was their summer camping grounds.
619

The San Joaquin Valley, like any other large, open valley, 361
was called *Chawdawno* (Chaw-daw'-no), *Chaw-law'-no,* or *Traw-law'-no,* according to the tribal dialect.

In the entire San Joaquin Valley there was probably no more thickly settled district than that surrounding Tulare Lake and the Kaweah River branches, and certainly none more suited to the needs of primitive man. Along the northeastern shore of Tulare Lake were the *Chunut.* These people ranged from the lake shore up the four lower channels or creeks of the Kaweah to a point approximately opposite the present village of Paige, five miles west of Tulare. Above the Chunut the four creeks were occupied by three tribes.

Cross, Mill, and Packwood [illegible] were occupied by the *Telamni.* This tribe had a large [illegible]ria, the site of which is now probably within the present Visalia city limits.

Cameron Creek was occupied by the *Wolasi. Dawaw Nawshid,* the principal village of this tribe, was five miles east of Visalia at a mound once occupied by the home of the Broder family. Another village four miles south of present Farmersville was called *Chuntow.*

Outside and Deep Creeks were occupied by the *Choinok* (Choi'-nock). Their greatest population was probably near the junction of the two channels, but the only village within their territory the name of which is known, is *Cheuta* (Che'-uta), near the present city of Tulare.

At the site of Terminus Beach on the Kaweah river above Lemon Cove two tribes had permanent villages. On the north side of the river were the *Gawia,* or Kaweah. On the south bank was the Wukchumne village of *Coach-nah'-meu.* The main Kaweah Yokuts village was on the north bank of St. Johns branch of the Kaweah river just below the Venice Hills (SW ¼, Section 17, T18S, R26E, MDB&M). The name was *Kaweah,* meaning Raven.

Colvin Mountain was known as *Chadip Wishow.* Smith Mountain, northeast of Dinuba, was named *Wukmudno.*

South of the Kaweah were the *Yokodo,* after which Yokohl Valley was named. The Yokodo village on the south bank of the Kaweah at the Lime Kiln (NE ¼ Section 35, T17S, R27E,

101 MDB&M) was called *Ho-sho'-shud.* Northeast of present Mer-
131 riman (NE ¼ Section 7, T18S, R27E, MDB&M) was a Yokodo
103 village named *Sheudu* (She-oo'-doo). The Wukchumne village
on the sand flats across the river to the north was called
619 *Unow* (Oo'-now).

361 The old Yokodo main village was known by the name of
the tribe. It was located on the south bank of the Kaweah
River directly north of Exeter where the Exeter golf course
was later established (SW¼ Section 22, T18S, R26E, MDB&M).

The bare ridge sloping to the north from the highest portion of Rocky Hill, in Yokodo Territory (center of Section 6, T18S, R27E, MDB&M), was known as *Hawshaw Shido,* mean-
[317 ing Paint Place. The Yokodo mined there a white earth that
438 they traded among the surrounding Yokuts tribes who used it
386] for making white paint.

The Lime Kiln being the upstream limits of both Yokodo and Kaweah, as well as the downstream limits of the Wukchumne, the site was occupied by all three tribes. On the Kaweah River about three miles above Lemon Cove was a Wukchumne village known as *Gotow.* Slick Rock, on the Kaweah River above Lemon Cove, was called *Pahdin,* mean-
[776 ing Place to Go Under. The water hole beside it was named
Ahdit Wisha. It was thought that an evil spirit dwelt under
823] Pahdin and pulled swimmers into the water hole and drowned
them. Pahdin was the extreme upstream limits of the Wukchumne.

Tawpongaw was the name of the rocky hill about a half-mile east of Lemon Cove (SE ¼ Section 2, T17S, R27E, MDB&M). The name means Buckeye Place, as the hill was once well covered with buckeye trees. There was a spring and an old Wukchumne village there of the same name.

About one-fourth mile up the Kaweah River from the bridge on the highway between Lemon Cove and Woodlake (SE ¼ of Section 34, T17S, R27E, MDB&M) is a rock called *Mawyucaw,* Whirlwind Place. It lies close to the west side of the Dry Creek Road where it runs close to the west bank of Limekiln Creek. About one mile north of Mawyucaw (west portion of Section 26, T17S, R27E, MDB&M) the Dry Creek Road enters a little valley which the Wukchumne called *Shuckoyu,* meaning Elk Valley.

The junction of Dry Creek and Kaweah River was called *Chowpow.* *Tiupinish* was the name of Wukchumne Hill which

is near the depot at Lemon Cove. Near the bridge across the 101
Kaweah River on the road between Woodlake and Lemon Cove 103
was a salt spring which the Wukchumne called *Tushow* (ow as 131
in cow). They obtained salt by boiling and evaporating the 619
water.

Three miles northeast of Woodlake, the Pohut home, (NW [258]
¼ of Section 28, T17S, R27E, MDB&M) was *Tahponguh*, or 361
Buckeye Springs.

The small lone hill, about a half mile southeast of Lind Cove, was known as *Kowichow* (Kow-ih'-chow).

The mixed color paintings on Bacon Hill, north of Red- [531]
banks, and the hill itself, were called *Hucha Ingutch*, meaning
Writings.

About one-half mile west of Woodlake is a low swale run-
ning north and south. It was named *Ahd-tow*, meaning Salt [137]
Gathering Place. Salt grass still grows in the bottom of it.

At the east end of the straight stretch of pavement leading
east from Woodlake is a small flat, below a very rocky gulch
(NW ¼ of Section 33, T17S, R27E, MDB&M). This was a
favorite place for gathering grass nuts (*kawatchip*). It was
named *Kawatch Pawme.* In the old days there was a fine spring
there. About three hundred yards northeast, and uphill
from Kawatch Pawme, is a small flat called *Hawyaw Heitch.* [776
A mythological spirit guarded the spring there and claimed 823]
that he could hear whenever anyone spoke his name. The name
means Name Calling Place.

On the Dry Creek Road, which runs north from the bridge
across the Kaweah River between Woodlake and Lemon Cove,
are several Indian landmarks. To the north, as this road leaves
the hills and starts across the first small valley, (west portion
of Section 26, T17S, R27E, MDB&M) there is an old acorn-
grinding site. It is about seventy-five yards west of the road [415
and is marked by granite rocks containing many acorn pound- 252]
ing mortars. Its name was *Pachakish* (Pah-chah'-kish). Due
north of this site, at the end of the straight stretch of road is
a small bare hill which was called *Tacayu* (Tah-cah'-yoo).

West of Tacayu about a mile and a half is a spring which was known as *Shuquoyun* or Elk Place. It is at the foot of the grade leading to the Pohut place and Buckeye Springs (Tahponguh). In the hills just east of Lemon Cove (SW¼ of Section 1, T18S, R27E, MDB&M) there was a fine spring and a village named Choyo. Over the hill southeast of Lemon Cove

101 was the village of *Ustunu* (Oo'-stoo-noo). At the Lime Kiln
103 Hill above Lemon Cove, on the south bank of the river (NW ¼
131 of Section 35, T17S, R27E, MDB&M) was the village of
Hososhud. On the northeast slope of WukchumneHill at Lem-
619 on Cove, and extending to the northeast, was the Wukchumne
361 village of *Shonoyu.*

[776 North of Woodlake (SW ¼ of Section 13, T17S, R26E,
MDB&M) is a small, rocky, lone hill. It was named *Bawsu,*
823] meaning Hollow. A spirit was thought to live inside of it.
Back of the rocky range of hills north of Bawsu was a village
[137] named *Awnew.* A dwarf variety of tule, known as *awn,* grew
there. This site is at an old homestead settled in early days by "Mitch" Work (NW ¼ of Section 18, T17S, R27E, MDB&M).

In the edge of the hills north of Antelope Valley, northeast of Woodlake about five miles, was the most northerly village of the Wukchumne (SW ¼ of Section 17, T17S, R27E, MDB&M). It was named *Wuknaw* and was an important
[415 antelope hunting and seed gathering place. The site is marked
by many mortars cut into the outcropping granite by ages of
252] acorn pounding. The high peak northeast of Wuknaw one
mile was called *Tuyow* because an Indian hunter was once accidentally shot there with an arrow (*tuyosh*).

About one-half mile west of Wuknaw was a village named *Wipanche.* There was a spring at the site which was at the edge of a hill. At the site of the old Toler home, one-half mile northeast of Woodlake, is a small granite rock-topped knoll which was named *Koseu* (Ko-se'-oo).

Above Lemon Cove several miles, and north of the highway (SW ¼ of Section 25, T17S, R27E, MDB&M) is a landmark known as Eagle Ridge which ends in a peak which the Wukchume called *Teduntow,* meaning Rolling Down Place. This name resulted when an Indian gambler was killed as he tried to roll down the hill to win a bet. Eagle Ridge slopes down to the north bank of Kaweah River where it ends in a bluff. The Wukchumne called this place *Otoy Yahsid,* meaning Falling Off Place. As two Indian friends were looking over the bluff, one pushed the other, who fell into the river and was drowned.

Rocky Hill east of Exeter was named by the Yokodo, *Chahka Shahna,* meaning Live Oak Place.

The village of *Moiyuk* was located at the pointed hill northeast of Lemon Cove, (SE ¼ of Section 35, T17S, R27E,

MDB&M). A village at the bridge across the Kaweah River 101
between Lemon Cove and Woodlake was named *Hawcunu.* The 103
name of Limekiln Creek was *Chahka Ushu.* The highest peaks 131
just east of the Lime Kiln (NW ¼ of Section 36, T17S, R27E, 619
MDB&M) were named *Iago.*

The village on the "sand flats" on the north bank of the 361
Kaweah River at Lime Kiln was named *Unow* (Oo'-now). The
little pass through which the highway cuts just east of Lemon
Cove (SW ¼ of Section 36, T17S, R27E, MDB&M) was called
Woidunit.

A hill close to the north side of the Kaweah River, (SW ¼
of Section 25, T17S, R27E, MDB&M) was called *Chiishe* 825
(Chi-ish'-e) meaning Dog, because it was thought that a wild
dog lived in a hole there. The beautiful valley of Lemon Cove
was occupied by the Wukchumne.

On the north and west shores of Tulare Lake were the Tachi. They occupied a large territory, extending over the Kettleman Hills and Plains to the upper foothills west of Kettleman Plains. On the west shore of Tulare Lake, where Kettlemen City was later located, was the Tachi village of *Walna.* Another Tachi village was *Waiu,* where the Santa Rosa Indian settlement is now located south of Lemoore. West of the mouth of Kings River and about eight miles northwest of Waiu was *Heinlen Chi.* At Huron was *Golon,* and five miles southwest was *Udjiu,* known to whites as the Poso Chaná.

THE WEST SIDE YOKUTS

As has been before stated, our knowledge of the Indians 101
is a blank concerning almost the entire west side territory from
the northern range of the *Tachi,* which would be at about a
point opposite Coalinga, to old Point of Timber, near where the
city of Byron is now located.

Deeming this to be a regrettable fact, I have been ever on the alert for any suggestions which might lead to the obtaining of the names of any of the Indian villages or tribes within this territory. It must be admitted that during more than twenty-five years of such effort very little information has been obtained. That little is related to only three localities.

The locality around present Coalinga was called *Chahki,* 101
meaning asphaltum, by the surrounding Yokuts tribes because 317
of the deposits of asphaltum there. The Yokuts made pilgrim-

106 The Yokuts made pilgrim-
317 ages there for the purpose of gathering asphaltum for mending
[484] and waterproofing their equipment. . The Indian children used
it for chewing gum.

East of the city of Coalinga there is an old Mexican settle-
101 ment which, since an early period in the Spanish settlement of
103 California, has been known as the *Poso Chaná*. Several dif-
131 ferent derivations and meanings have been suggested concerning this name.

361 While questioning an old Spaniard who was visiting relatives in upper Antelope Valley in northwestern Kern County, I asked, "What is the meaning of *Chaná?*" The answer was direct and definite. "It is the name of the tribe of Indians which lived there before the coming of the Spaniards." This man was Mr. Theodoro Larios, who was born in the little village of San Juan Bautista in 1860 and whose grandfather had charge of more than a thousand Indians while the mission at that place was being built.

After the mission was completed the elder Larios assisted in removing the Indians from the west side of the San Joaquin Valley and remembered distinctly having taken the Indians from the village of *Udjiu* (Ood'-ge-oo) which was settled at that time by the Spaniards and re-named by them after the people who were being removed, the Chaná Indian tribe. The water hole at that place led to the Spanish name Poso, or water hole, and was also an inducement to the Spanish to settle there.

During November of 1930 I obtained from *Pahmit*, an old *Dumna* Indian of Friant on the San Joaquin River, the name of the tribe which occupied the San Joaquin River below the *Pitkachi* and around the towns of Mendota and Firebaugh. According to his statement the tribe was known as the *Kahwatch'-wah*, meaning Grass Nut People. Pahmit furnished the only first-hand information I have obtained about the Indians of the West Side between Panoche and Romero Creeks, a distance of about thirty miles. As all other data gathered from him has proved accurate, we will read his story. I have corrected some of his broken English:

159 "When I was boy one strange Indian came to live with my father. He was 'bout fifty years old. I was 'bout ten. We call that Indian *Tukwhel* (Toó-kwheel). That means West. We call him that because he came from the West. His right name was *So-pah'-no*. He was born at an Indian village on Los

Baños Creek. When we sit around our camp-fire he tells us lots 159
stories 'bout his people.

"When I 'bout twenty-five years old I drive ten mules freight team to Stockton. I do that 'bout ten years. I go two or three times with mules freight team to Gilroy after freight. That way we go over Pacheco Pass. That time Pacheco Pass was bad road. We hate to drive mules team over that road. When Sopahno real old man he go with me lots times on them trips. He cook and help me harness mules. He tell me all 'bout West Side and 'bout his people there.

"One night we camp at Los Baños Creek, where old freight [361]
road cross. We camp early, so Sopahno take me down to old village place where he born. He show me where his father used to live. He tell me all 'bout his people.

"Sopahno said his tribe name was Ka-watch'-wah. They 159
live on west side of San Joaquin River, from below Firebaugh 101
'bout five miles down to north Los Baños town, north where 103
San Luis Creek runs into San Joaquin River. They live too in
the west hills all along from Panoche to north of San Luis 131
Ranch. San Luis Creek all belong to Kahwatchwa. Their home 361
villages both on Los Baños Creek, one at hills and one at San Joaquin River.

"Sopahno's village, *Kah-to'-mah,* was 'bout two hundred yards from San Joaquin River [here Pahmit undoubtedly meant one of the sloughs west of the river] on south bank Los Baños Creek. We walk down there from our camp on old freight road in 'bout ten minutes. He show me his father's
house. It was big hole in ground, lots bigger than our houses
up at *Kuyu Illik* (Koo-yoo Ill-ik). We sit on side Sopahno's 159
old home and he tell me how Spanish take him to Mission San 648
Juan when he just 'bout twelve-fifteen years old. 797

"One morning early they all asleep when they hear big noise, lots shoot, lots yell. Lots Indian run away in tules. Spanish shoot, kill lots Indian men, women. They kill Sopahno's father. His mother run away in tules. Spanish take 'bout twenty-thirty Indian boys and girls.

"Sopahno stay at Mission San Juan 'bout twenty years. Then the priests tell Indian, 'You all go away from Mission. You all go back your homes.' Then all Indian go away from San Juan.

"Sopahno come back to his old home. There's nobody 159
there. Indian all gone, Indian house all burned long ago. He

159 go horseback. He go up Los Baños Creek to hills. He go up
river 'bout fifteen miles. There's no Indian anywhere. He
go cross Fish Slough to California Ranch and see some Indian
spear salmon in San Joaquin River. He talk to them Indian.
They talk almost like his old mother and father. He understand
everything they say. He tell them everything. He talk
to my father. My father say, 'You come to our rancheria, live
with us.' He live with us 'til he was old man, 'bout eighty-five
maybe ninety years old. He die 'bout three days after
first train go across railroad bridge on San Joaquin River. We
all go down see that first train go across that bridge. When
Sopahno see that he say, 'Now, I see everything. Now I'm
gonna die.' And he did die after 'bout three days.

101 "When we go Gilroy, Sopahno tell me more Kahwatchwah
names. They call Indian tribe to north *Ho-no-um'-ne.* Indian
159 to south they called *Tucuyu.* They go from Kawatchwah south
103 to *Apeche* (Ah-pe'-che) 'bout old Casa Blanca where Tranquality
now. One their villages, name *Kahwahchu* [meaning
[361] Grass Nut Place] was right where they had that Mexican town,
Las Juntas, just where Fish Slough and San Joaquin River go
together. White people put big dam there in San Joaquin
River.

[161] "When I little boy there just few them people left, maybe
two, maybe three, live at Millerton with my people. Once, when
159 I 'bout six, seven years old they want to go back to Kahwahchu
769 to have one more big dance for dead people. They go. 'Bout
fifteen, twenty our people go. My grandpa, Tomkit, he chief
with Dumnas, he go. He help 'em make dance.. I go too.

"Old Chief Tucuyu, he go too. He been chief with that
Tucuyu tribe before he go to missions. He want to see his old
place once more. He live in mountains south of Bakersfield.
He got place there he call Tucuyu too. When he go there from
missions, he name it after his old people south Las Juntas.

"We stay there one week and have dance for dead people.
[648] Mexicans there make trouble for us. They 'fraid we gonna
maybe steal cattle, maybe hurt somebody. So we never go
back again. Tucuyu big people once. They talk just like my
159 people. Once used to be Kahwatchwah village at San Luis
361 Ranch, where we stop all night when we drivin' mules freight
team. It by San Luis ranch house. They call it *Hah-no'-mah.*
Pacheco Pass they call *Lees-na'-yah.* One night we stop our
mules team at Salt Slough [due east of the present town of

159
361
[142]

This man was living at San Benito in 1925. When a young girl his grandmother had been taken from a village in the tules east of present Los Banos and kept at Mission San Juan Bautista. He is probably not a full-blood, but has interesting features.

Gustine]. There had been big Indian village there. We saw lots big holes in ground where Indian got their houses. Sopahno tell me he was there to big *Lonewis* (Lo-ne'-wis) [mourning dance for the dead] when he was small boy. He call that village *Hah-kah'-wahl*. He said it was Honoumne village.

"Sopahno's old-time stories were just like ours—how Eagle make the world, how Antelope make the milky way, and 159 773

159 how the Kahwatchwah got fire. He told me lots more things
773 'bout his people, but I guess I forget 'em. It's too long ago."

During November and December of 1815, Sergeant Jose
175 Dolores Pico made an excursion into the Joaquin after Indians who had run many horses away from Mission San Juan Bautista. In his diary-report covering this expedition, Pico mentioned several Indian names which may be the names of Indian tribes, of villages, or of headmen of villages.

Pico stated that his party traveled easterly from San Luis Gonzaga, which is located definitely enough to be positively identified as present San Luis Gonzaga Rancho Headquarters at the east mouth of Pacheo Pass. Leaving San Luis in the evening and traveling eastwardly, the party arrived about midnight "at the creek called San Jose."

At first thought one might decide that the San Jose Creek mentioned would be the well known Sanjon de San Jose in the vicinity of San Jose School, Kings County. But between evening and midnight they could not possibly have traveled that far, a distance of seventy-five miles, airline, and at least ninety miles by known trails. The nearest point on that channel, now known as Fish Slough, southeast of Mendota, is fifty miles airline from San Luis, and about sixty-five miles by the old trail.

Pico's party certainly did not travel at more than five miles an hour, or at most, twenty-five miles between seven P. M. and midnight. This would have taken them to about the present Santa Rita Rancho, directly east from San Luis. They probably traveled at a rate of about three miles an hour. One can be certain that at midnight they were somewhere between San Luis Camp (seven miles north of present Los Baños) and present Dos Palos.

The Pico force rested from midnight until "time to fall upon the rancherie of the *Che neches.*" The name used could have been that of the local chief, the tribe, or the village. One would suppose it was the name of the tribe, but experience has taught that the name of the tribe was seldom obtained by such parties. Most often they designated villages and even tribes by the name of the local Headman, who was well known to them and who was on their "must" list.

Four leagues away (anywhere from nine to fifteen miles, according to the accuracy with which such expeditions estimated distance) was a "rancherie called *Nopchendies.*" The direction is not given. We can only reason that it must have 175 been to the southeast. Nearby was "the rancherie of *Malim.*"

From these last places Pico "traveled south of the Tulare about eight leagues and turned eastward to the San Joaquin River." This statement does much to fix Pico's position. So far he had been west of Salt, Santa Rita, and/or Hildreth Sloughs. If he first attacked a village near the present Santa Rita Rancho Headquarters, he would now be in the vicinity of Poso Farm near present Firebaugh. Across the river Pico saw several Indian settlements, which he did not name.

From this last location Pico sent "Corporal Juarez with ten men to reconnoiter around the Rancherie called Aopicha. We then traveled south easterly and came upon eleven horses at the river bend where the San Joaquin and the San Jose meet," recorded Pico. This is definitely the present Mendota Dam site. "They belonged to the Tape Rancherie close by." *Tape* was undoubtedly the Indian name of the later notorious *mestizo* village of Las Juntas.

This same night sixty-five head of horses were stolen back from Pico by surrounding Indians. Sergeants Juarez, Olivera and Arroyo were sent out with ten men "to hunt them up." Juarez recovered thirty-eight horses and reported having seen horse tracks "entering the draw [Big Panoche Pass—?] in the direction of Solidad."

Wrote Pico about Tape, or Te-pe, as it was called by the Indians, "Here we captured three old gentile men and a Santa Cruz christian besides eight old women. Here we found 238 slaughtered horses with immense quantities of boiled jerky, [251] and 16 live horses, some tame and wounded with arrows and in poor flesh. Most of these stock belonged to San Juan mission."

In checking the above Indian names with those furnished 101 by Pahmit, it will be noticed that only one name is similar in 103 both accounts, the Ah-pe'-che of Pahmit, and Pico's Aopicha. We have definite information about the Apaiche who were referred to by Pahmit and who once lived near present Helm. This is undoubtedly the tribe referred to by Pico, or one of their villages.

Having been born on the bank of the Orestimba Creek in western Stanislaus County, I have always been interested in the derivation of that name, but it was not until the summer of 1930 that this information was forth-coming. It was obtained

101 from Jose Antonio Aguila, a descendant of the Cantua after
103 whom was named the Cantua Creek in western Fresno County.

When the Indians on the Orestimba Creek were first ap-
101 proached by the Spanish and an attempt made to take them to
103 the mission, they showed unmistakable signs of hostility, which
— 648 decided the small party of Spanish to leave them until the following year. The Priests held a long discussion with the chiefs. They pointed out the many advantages of going to the missions. The Indians refused to go, so the priests and soldiers planned to return the following spring with a stronger force and meet the Indians at the same spot where the conference was then taking place. This was agreed to by the Indians, as they pointed to the ground and said, "*Oh-rays-teem'-bah,*" meaning we meet here again. From this I was assured by Mr. Aguila that the present name of *Orestimba* was taken.

127 In going through many records relating to the Indians of the San Joaquin I have found only one reference to the Orestimba. In October of 1810 Father Jose Viader led an expedition westward from Santa Clara Mission to the junction of the Merced and San Joaquin Rivers. His chief account, with a few parenthetical notes by me, follows:

"Diario de una Entrada

175 "Before arriving to the junction of the Merced and San
127 Joaquin [site of the old river village of Hill's Ferry, three miles east of present Newman] we encountered some deep dry creeks on the NW [SW] side of the San Joaquin. In about 2½ leagues we reached the spot where we had the fight with some natives—we saw but one Indian here and that was at a long distance.

"This place has tall pines—[the upper Orestimba Creek has tall pines and evidence of a large Indian village, which is undoubtedly referred to here]—Flood waters do not reach here—but the soil is very poor—has sufficient wood and good pasture—but there is no rock nearer than the mountains three leagues distant to the West—[the father had his eyes open for a Mission site]. From here in the evening following the same distance we reached a place fronting the rancherie of the *Tona-la-mos* Indians — [could this be Pahmit's Honoumne tribe?]—about three leagues—The guide was of their tribe and called by him to come over, they would not come—said they

were afraid. Before arriving near the *Apelamenes* rancherie, 175
near a dry creek named *Ores timac* there is also tall pine [must 127
mean sycamore] and the soil the same as the spot described where we had the fight. [This is undoubtedly the difficulty referred to by Mr. Aguila.]

"The Indians, fearing our object was to capture them and take them to the mission, so they would not come out—it being late we went back to our old camping place and there spent the night without any water for our stock—This was the dry creek and canyon of Corpus Cristi.

"From this place traveling northeast we arrived at a place called "El Toro"—[probably refers to the present well known "Bull Heads"] there we ate and nooned—In the evening we arrived at a little valley 6 leagues NW from the nooning place [probably upper Crow Creek] where we found several water holes and named the place San Guillermo - - - - .

"From San Guillermo we traveled in the same direction, another 6 leagues and came to the rancherie of the *"Palenos"* where we nooned and in the evening still traveling NW in about 5 leagues we arrived here at Santa Clara hale and hearty 'Thank God'.

Fr. Jose Viader"

According to Dr. A. L. Kroeber, of the University of Cali- 114
fornia, the San Luis Valley and the Pacheco Pass west of the 127
San Luis Ranch were held by the *Lis-nay'-yuk*. Earlier in this account Pahmit referred to this as the name of Pacheco Pass and not as a tribe name.

Such is the meager information concerning the entire West 127
Side which the writer has been able to obtain during many years of inquiry. The extent of the loss of historical data in that area can only be appreciated by one who has studied the Yokuts Indians while they were living in their native land. On Kern, Tule, Kaweah, Kings and San Joaquin Rivers we know that it was almost impossible to move a mile in any direction without encountering a village site or an historic landmark of some sort which bore a name, or about which was told some interesting legend.

THE SOUTHERN YOKUTS

The lower portion of Tule River where it entered Tulare 101
Lake was held by the *Chunut* tribe. These people ranged up

101 the Tule to a point approximately three miles west of where
the Southern Pacific Railroad crosses that stream north of
Tipton.

101 From there to the present town of Porterville the channel
of the Tule was occupied by the *Koyeti* tribe. The chief village
103 was called *Chokowesho* (Cho-ko-we'-sho) and was situated on
131 the north bank of Tule River within a fraction of a mile of the
361 present Porterville city limits. It is probable that the Koyeti
did not range further upstream than Chico Flats, a short distance above the city of Porterville. On Deer Creek, just below the crossing of the upper road (at the old Tatman Ranch home) was the old Koyeti Yokuts village of *Chetetik Nowsuh.*

The Village on the north slope of the high hill about three miles southeast of Plano (south central portion of Section 4, T22S, R28E, MDB&M. The Walter Richardson home stands on the site of this village) was called *Tenalu* (Te-na'-loo) by the Koyeti. The name of the hill (Sections 8 and 9, T22S, R28E, MDB&M was *Pala Natsa.* The small isolated hill about one mile directly east of Plano (NW ¼ of Section 6, T22E, R28E, MDB&M) was known as *Chewil Tinin,* meaning Cottontail's Home. It was also a station from which the Koyeti sent smoke signals.

Fountain Springs, east of Ducor, was known to the Koyeti as *Kahlitkow.* Willow Springs, three miles northwest of Woody, was called *Sanow* (Sah'-now) *Witow* by the Koyeti and *Bokninuwad.*

Coyote Springs, north of Willow Springs and south of Fountain Springs, bore the name of *Kiwin Ilkow.* It had the same meaning as the white man's name. According to *Chamsah,* an aged Koyeti, this name and the names of other landmarks nearby were adopted by the whites from the Indians who were shearing sheep there. The Bokninuwad knew Coyote Springs as *Tiwahnah,* meaning Gaming Tray Place, because the women of that tribe used to visit there to play their dice game.

Northeast of Fountain Springs about four miles is a long mountainous ridge running almost north and south. It was named *Kiahlu* (Ki-ah'-loo), or Lookout Mountain, because they used it for sending smoke signals. A Koyeti village of the same name was located at the south end of this ridge. A rocky gap about one-half mile west of the north end of *Kiahlu* was called *Pahpahwits.* A village and a spring of the same name

were located about two miles south of Pahpahwits, where the 101
John Hewey Ranch home has been for many years. Looking 103
north from Pahpahwits and about three miles distant is a long 131
mountain running northeast and southwest. It was named
Ahsaw. A village and a spring south of the west end of Ahsaw 361
were known by the same name.

Hawscheu (Haws-che'-oo) is a village at the old Hocket Ranch on lower White River just above where the old stage road crossed.

Paralleling the Fountain Springs—Deer Creek Road and about one-half mile east of it, is a long ridge, beginning on the north in a small rocky hill which slopes upward toward the south to end in a high rock-capped mountain. The Indians called this ridge Sleeping Bear, or *N'hawn Wawyen,* and the north rocky peak was *N'hawn Utaway,* meaning Bear's Head.

From the above point east and north, occupying the northern branch of Tule River, were the *Yaudanchi*. East of Porterville about four miles, and north of Monache Golf Links is a large rocky hill, on the lower slopes of which was once located a granite quarry. Nearby a gulch leads to the level land below. On this gulch was located the Koyeti Yokuts village of *Trawoio* (Traw-oi'-o). This same rocky hill sweeps around to the east and southeast, the surface changing to a dark red rock, ending at the southeast (north center of Section 34, T21S, R28E, MDB&M) in a high, rocky peak which has a few scrub oaks on the northern slope. The Yaudanchi called this high peak *Pahnoski* (Pahn-oh'-ski), meaning Fly's Home.

There was a large Yaudanchi village between the forks of the lower branches of Tule River. It was named *Chamiktu* (Cha'-mik-too).

On Tule River Reservation, about one-half mile below the Soto place on the north side of the creek, was the village of *Pahawuhtin* (Paw-haw'-wuh-tin), meaning Weasel's Hole, because there is a hole in the rock there.

On the north fork of Tule River near Bartlett Park is a very black hill having a long string of black rocks running from it eastward toward the river. It was named *Chow'miktow,* meaning Black Hill. *Ketilmuh* was a Yaudanchi summer village at Camp Nelson on upper Middle Tule River. About two miles north of the Painted Rock at Tule River Indian Reservation is a pointed mountain named *Mowitnuh* (Mow-it'-nuh).

101 The waterfall on South Tule River, just below the Paint-
103 ed Rock, was called *Huhonanshe* (Hoo-ho-nahn'-she). There
131 was once a village there having the same name. Between the
361 forks of Tule River and South Tule is a small round hill which
was known as *Tonawuhchin* (To-naw-uh'-chin), meaning Indian Undertaker. A village just below it was known by the same name.

The high rocky butte a little southeast of the Painted Rocks on upper Tule River Indian Reservation was named *Ketelmun* (Ke-teel'-mun). The Painted Rock was called *Hocheu* (Ho-che'-oo). Soda Springs, below the Painted Rock, was known as *Tihtih Ilkow.* A small soda spring, about one-fourth mile below the above Soda Springs, and in the south bank of the river, was called *Ipew.* The large ridge lying between the Painted Rock Fork and Bone Canyon Fork of Tule River was named *Katilmuh.* On the upper portion of Katilmuh was Eagles Spring, or *Trok'-e-lin Ill'-kow.* About a mile above the Painted Rock, near the dam in Tule River, is a place where whirlwinds form. It was named *Sokwin Tindu.*

Soksouh (Sok-so'-uh) is the name of a bad, supernatural
[776 spirit, and was applied to the large figure painted on the ceil-
532 ing of the Painted Rock at Tule River Indian Reservation. This
painting resembles the stretched skin of a mountain lion holding the sun in its mouth.

South of the Yandanchi, on upper Deer Creek and upon south Tule were the Bokninuwad. Practically nothing is known of this tribe, except that their name means Finders, Keepers.

Further south of the Bokninuwad on upper White River and possibly Rag Gulch were the *Kumachisi* (Koo-mah-che'-se). About two miles above the village of White River, in the stream bed, is a large flat rock about which the Kumachisi Yokuts told an interesting story. The rock was called *Towuhwuts.* About three hundred yards farther up the river, and on the north bank, was the Kumachisi village of *Kelseu.* The Kumachisi village of *Kayte Ilkow* was located where the white village of Woody is now. It was named for the nearby sulphur spring. Kayte Ilkow means Stinking Water.

White people probably adopted the Indian name for Deer Creek, as old Indians have stated that they called it *Hoeyin Tultuh,* or Deer Canyon.

Kawlpawpuh was the name of an old Kumachisi village

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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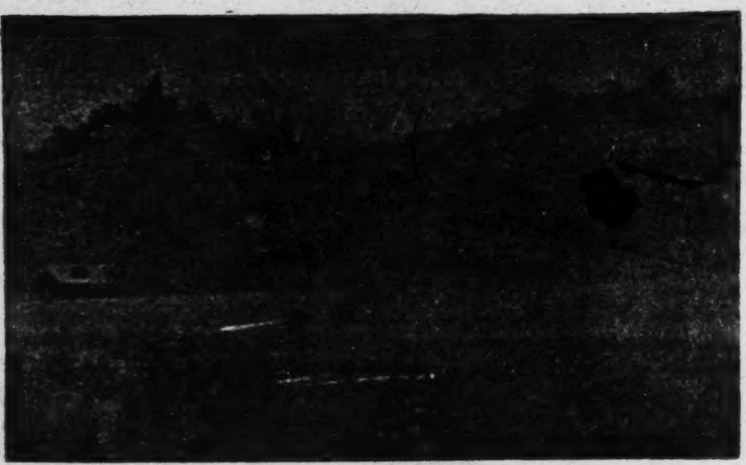

Site of the old Indian village of Kowipowpuh (NW¼ of the NE¼ of Section 12, T26S, R30E, MDB&M), named for the wild gourds which grew there in abundance and which the Indian children used for footballs. The site is on Cedar Creek about four miles below Glennville. Many inter-tribal football games were held on this field, players coming from as far away as Tulare Lake, Kings River and Tejon Canyon.

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and game grounds on Cedar Creek about five miles below Glennville (NW ¼ of the NE ¼ of Section 12, T26S, R30E, MDB&M). It was named for the wild gourds which grew there and with which the Indian children played football. About two miles north of the village of White River is a high rocky hill which was named *Waytupkul*.

On upper Grizzly Gulch, about one mile below the Blue Mountain Mine, where the gulch has been dug up by mining, was a Kumachisi village known as *Trahntrahnu*. Grizzly Gulch was known as *N'hawn Tultuh*, meaning the same as the present name. On Grizzly Gulch, just below where the Woody-White River road now crosses, was the Kumachese village of *Wuknaw*.

On Poso Creek there were a number of villages of the *Paleuyami*. In Lynns Valley, on the west branch of Poso Creek, was the village of *Hulmiu*. At Poso Flats, just below the upper forks of Poso Creek, were two Paleuyami villages, on the west side of the creek, *Siketepo* (Sick-e-te'-po) and on the east side, *Bakeu*. Further south, between Poso Creek and Kern River, where their channels approach closest to each other, was

101 the village of *Altau,* now known as Rancheria. On the north
103 bank of Kern River proper, in the extreme south-eastern corner
131 of Paleuyami territory, was situated the village of *Shoko.*

361 On the road leading west, and about three and one-half miles below Woody, in Paleuyami territory, is an old spring named *Chawlul Ilkow,* or White Water. It was used as a stopping place on the old trail which led from Poso Creek via Willow Springs, Coyote Springs and Fountain Springs to Tule River.

[415] About a mile below Chawlul Ilkow and within a few feet of the present road there are some flat granite outcroppings which have many Indian mortars cut into them. In the gulch below are some cottonwood and willow trees. The village there was known as *Lapah Ilkow,* or Cottonwood Water. About one-fourth mile south are two large springs. This site was named *Lip'-trow* because of a medicinal root of that name which was harvested there.

[487] The old Indian trail from Poso Flats east to Little Poso was known as *Walwalu* (Wahl-wahl'-oo). It lay about one mile southwest of the present road and was parallel to it.

Rag Gulch was called *Baake* (Ba-a'-ke). At a fine spring on lower Rag Gulch, below Willow Springs, was a village of the same name.

Three miles southwest of the Long Tom Mine in Paleuyami territory was a village named *Wahkoiu* (Wah-koy'-oo).

Sansanu (Sahn-sahn'-oo) was the name of the bald ridge west of the junction of Poso and Little Poso. A village at the forks went by the same name. Poso Creek was known as Siketepo. Little Poso Creek was known as *Kawlkalu* (Kawl-kah'-loo). A village at the old Burke Ranch on Little Poso Creek, was known by the same name as the creek. *Hawewel* was a small hill just west of Altau where the Paleuyami mined a red earth paint pigment called *Haweyu.*

South of the Paleuyami, on lower Kern River, and probably as far south at Tejon Ranchos Headquarters, were the Yowlumne (Yowl-um'-ne). On the old channels of Kern River, probably within the present city limits of Bakersfield, was the Yowlumne village of *Woilo.* This tribe is treated more completely in a separate chapter.

On the southeastern shore of Tulare Lake about the mouths of Poso Creek and White River, and occupying the island in that lake which was later known as Atwell Island, were the

Wowol (Wo'-wol). Their principal village, *Sukwutnu* (Sook-woot'-noo), was approximately fifteen miles due west of the present city of Delano. On Atwell Island, present Alpaugh, was the village of *Chawlowin* (Chaw-lo'-win), meaning City of the Plains. There are probably no other known village-site names of this tribe. 101 103 131 361

On Kern River, below the Yowlumne, and on Buena Vista and Bull Sloughs leading from Buena Vista Lake past Goose Lake toward Tulare Lake, were the *Tuhohi*.

The northern and eastern shore of Kern Lake was occupied by the *Hometwoli*. Three of their village sites are known. *Loasau* was located on an early channel of Kern River, three miles north of the eastern end of Kern Lake. *Pohalin* was about the same distance south of the eastern end of Kern Lake. *Halau* was on Old River channel, just before it entered Kern Lake Slough, between Kern and Buena Vista Lakes. This was the site of the later Mexican settlement known as La Consuela.

The territory south and west of Buena Vista Lake was occupied by the *Tulamni* tribe. These people ranged as far north as McKittrick, near where the village of *Wogatiu* was situated. At Bitter Water Creek near Taft was the village of *Hoschiu*. At the northwestern point of Buena Vista Lake was their main village, known as *Tulamniu* (Too-lahm'-ne-oo).

This last place is well known as the site excavated during the winter of 1933-'34 by the Smithsonian Institution. Details of this work are covered in Bulletin 130, Bureau of American Ethnology, titled *Archeological Investigations at Buena Vista Lake, Kern County, California,* by Waldo R. Wedel. Buena Vista Lake was known by the same name as the Buena Vista Hills and the village between the hills and the lake, Tulamniu. 114

THE RIVER PEOPLE

The dress and habits of primitive people vary largely according to the nature of the country in which they live and the animal and plant life upon which they must subsist. It is readily recognized not only that the Eskimo was forced to dress more warmly than the Yokuts Indians, but also that he had available many materials from which to prepare clothing not available to San Joaquin Valley tribes. The same thing might also be said about the food of the two peoples. To a lesser degree the Yokuts tribes themselves differed according to the 184

184 territory in which they lived. On the basis of their differences, they are readily classified into three types of cultures.

101 619 184 Probably the most numerous and important of these cultures was one which we will call the River Culture. Typical of this culture were the *Nutunutu* of Kings River near Laton, the *Telumne* of Mill Creek where Visalia now stands, the *Kaweah* of the Venice or Kaweah Hills district north of Exeter, and the *Yowlumne* of Kern River. These people were probably more abundantly supplied with fish, game and plant food than were any of the others. They lived among beautiful surroundings and were noted for the beautiful designs and wonderful workmanship of their basketry. These river people were at home beside these broad quiet streams beneath the oak trees which towered often one hundred and fifty feet in the air, and among whose branches the woodpecker, blue jay, wood duck, magpie and dozens of other birds were constantly clamoring. They lived in permanent houses and wandered about but little. During the acorn season a few of them might go to the mountains for several weeks. From time to time they might take part with some of the tribes to the south in surrounding antelope, or driving jack rabbits, but they were not a migratory people. [484] Probably seventy-five per cent of their number lived to a ripe old age without ever having been as much as fifteen miles from the place where they were born.

101 181 184 619 These river tribes were the most affluent of the three cultures. Historical data preserved would indicate that they were probably more intelligent than the other tribes as well as more friendly and dependable. Although practically all of the Yokuts were noted for their friendly, open disposition, the river tribes were probably more playful, jolly, hospitable and happy-go-lucky than were any of the others. [146] Living in one place among plenty, they were also more likely to become burdened with flesh than were the other tribes.

101 175 619 The following extract from the 1845 *Report to Congress* by J. C. Frémont is of interest. It describes members of the Nutunutu subtribe of Yokuts on lower Kings River in 1845. They were a typical river people:

"On the opposite side we found forty or fifty Indians, who had come to meet us from the village below. We made them some small presents, and invited them to accompany us to our encampment which, after about three miles through fine oak groves, we made on the river.

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"We made a fort, principally on account of our animals. 175
The Indians brought otter skins, and several kinds of fish, and 619
bread made of acorns, to trade.

"Among them were several who had come to live among [439]
these Indians when the missions were broken up, and who spoke
Spanish fluently. They informed us that they were called by [177]
the Spainards 'mansitos', (tame) in distinction from the wilder
tribes of the mountains.

"They, however, think themselves very insecure, not knowing
at what unforseen moment the sins of the latter may be [142
visited upon them. They are dark skinned, but handsome and 262
intelligent Indians, and live principally on acorns and the roots 342]
of the tule, of which also their huts are made."

The last is one of the few complimentary things written by Frémont about Indians. A similar account of the Kaweah River Indians is given in the report of the survey of July, 1850, by Lieutenant George H. Derby. An extract from the Derby report follows:

"Upon the 14th we arrived at the river Frances, [Kaweah] 101
a large stream nineteen miles to the north of the Tule. This 175
stream flows nearly west from the hills and empties into the 619
Tache Lake about twenty miles north of its southeastern extremity. 133

"It is, at the point upon which we arrived, divided into five branches or sloughs, four of which separate from the main river, about five miles above, joining again from one to ten miles below, while the southern branch has a separate and distinct course from the Sierra which joins the main stream in the marshy ground near its junction with the lake.

"The country, eight miles in length by six in width, contained between these branches, is a beautiful, smooth, level plain, covered with clover of different kinds, and high grass, and thickly shaded by one continuous grove of oaks of a larger and finer description than any I have seen in the country.

"At this time each of the creeks were at its height, they 101
are deep and four of them much wider than the Tule River. 175
Their beds were also obstructed with floating and sunken timber 619
previously felled for bridges, which the high stage of the 648
water rendered useless; and we would have found it difficult 482
to cross had it not been for the kind assistance of the neighboring
Indians who flocked to meet us, and eagerly went to work [491]
carrying instruments and other property upon their heads and

101
175 swimming the animals and the little cart across without the
619 slightest accident occurring.

648 "These poor people accompanied us from creek to creek,
[482] assisting us cheerfully at each crossing, and in return for their kindness I gave them a portion of our provisions and some dirty shirts, stockings and worn-out boots, which they prized as articles of exceeding luxury, and accepted them with vast satisfaction."

The people described are the Kaweah, who only a few
[609] months before had massacred the Woods party and had nailed a portion of Woods' skin to a tree. The reception given the Derby party is in direct contrast to that given the Woods party and lends support to the contention by pioneers that the Kaweah had been abused by that party.

Another interesting account of a similar occurrence, which took place among the Yokuts more than 70 years before the Woods party came to the San Joaquin Valley, is that made in his diary by Padre Francisco Garces when he visited present White River May 3, 1776:

"Those Indians related to me that in their land had they
[609] taken the life of two soldiers (who I persuaded myself were deserters), because they were very wicked with the women; adding that they had cut off the hands, had laid open the breast and all the body, had torn them asunder, and scattered the remains. I told them that also did the Espanoles put to death those who were evil-doers, and that presently would they punish two who had done wrong things with Indian women."

THE LAKE PEOPLE

The second culture is related in many ways to the one just
101 presented, and will be known as the Lake Culture. Except at
184 one or two village sites, which were well elevated above the
[342] highest lake level, they probably had no permanent dwellings.

Their houses were of a temporary nature and their entire life resembled that of wandering, migratory peoples. The
285 tule mat was used for almost everything in the way of houses and camp equipment. These mats were made by laying the tules parallel to each other with a series of half hitches, or by perforating them with an awl and threading them on strings. In this way long rolls of thin coverings were made which greatly resembled what is known as grass, or reed matting. Some of these mats were used to sleep on. They were used as covering materials to form a shade upon the sun-drenched shores of

the valley lakes. They were also used as a covering for the lake houses. 285

The lake houses are probably the most interesting part of the lake culture. They resembled greatly a long, wedge shaped tent. Poles having a crotch at the top were set in the ground in a more or less straight line at intervals of about eight or ten feet. In these crotches were laid other straight poles which formed a ridge against which other light poles were leaned. Against this supporting frame-work were laid the tule mats, the fiber of the tules standing upright. 342

We know from many accounts, some of them given by persons yet living, that these lake houses often reached a length of three or four hundred feet and housed a dozen or more families. The openings at the ends afforded entrance to the end apartments, the intermediate apartments having entrances at the side somewhat similar to the flap of a tent.

Transportation upon the water was by means of bundles of tules tied together in the form of rafts. From these, hunting and fishing took place. Upon a mud hearth in the forward end of these rafts, a fire was kindled and game was cooked. In this way, we are assured, parties of three or four Indians would be upon the lake for a week or ten days at a time. 501 [354]

To understand the reason for this difference between the method of living and the construction of houses of the lake tribes and the river tribes, we must consider for a moment the nature of the lakes upon which they lived. The land surrounding these lakes, particularly Tulare Lake, was almost level. The rise or fall of one foot in the level of the water in a lake would move the shore line forward or backward a distance often as great as four miles. When the shore line moved, the Indian village moved. 133

Other and more frequent disturbances were the violent winds which from time to time swept across the lakes. Three days of heavy northwest wind could drive the waters toward the south and move both shore lines south a distance of several miles. Those Indians living on the south shore of the lake would be awakened in the night by the wind or, if they were not alert, by the water, which would flood their encampment. All members of the tribe would rush about, bundling up the temporary houses and piling them upon tule rafts. Gathering up baskets of acorns and dried fish and all manner of camp equipment, they would float to higher ground. Within a few days [132]

133 the lake shore might move back to its original position and the
whole tribe would again move with it.

It is of interest to compare some of the characteristics of the river and lake types of culture and see from that comparison how the nature of the territory itself affected not only the habits but the dress and food of those people.

184 The lake Indians lived principally upon clams, fish, water
[262] fowl, seeds, and tule roots and were rather despised by the river
tribes. The most of their baskets and other equipment, includ-
[285] ing baby cradles, were made of tule fiber. They also used
[281] rabbit skins to a much greater extent than did the river tribes.
They wandered about considerably, having few permanent village sites, following the lake shore in their migrations. They blended closely into their surroundings. "Uncle Bud" Akers, who went to Tulare Lake in 1854 and who knew those Indians as long as they lived in that locality, furnished the following description of them and their surroundings:

136 "Most of the game in the San Joaquin Valley was about
the same color as the brush and grass that grew there. In the
137 summer the dry grass turned the plains a light brown or tan
color. The salt weeds and brush which grew about the lakes had a light, silvery grey color. The dry tules surrounding the lakes and streams were a light brown, or tan, and hid the green tules which grew in the water. A band of elk or antelope were almost invisible against this tan background, and they knew it. If they were near grass or tule cover they would sometimes keep perfectly quiet. Sometimes we would ride past them without seeing them. A jack rabbit would crouch under a tumble weed until you were within three feet of it before it would bolt and run, or before you saw it.

"The Indian camps were also hard to see until you were
361 close to them. The Indians piled salt weed and brush or tules
[343 on an elevated framework to make a shade. They also made a
342] sort of tent-house of tules. Several times I have almost passed
within fifty yards of these structures without seeing them.

"In their native dress the lake Indians were themselves
291 about as well protected from sight as was the game. In the fall
281 and winter they wore rabbit skin capes and hoods. The women
wore skirts made of tules or rabbit skin. Sometimes they made these articles of the skins of ducks or geese with the feathers on. The men wore deerskin breech clouts that were about the same color as rabbit skin.

"I remember that in the fall of 1855 my brother, Anderson 175
Akers, and I were riding along the east side of Tulare Lake when we met a group of about fifteen Indians coming toward us on the same trail we were traveling. The year before, the surrounding cattlemen and the U.S. Cavalry had rounded up almost all of the lake Indians and taken them to an Indian Reservation on the Kings River. A few had sneaked back and were hiding in the tules around the lake shore. These Indians knew we were their friends, or they would have hidden when they saw us coming. They stepped off the trail and stood quietly among the salt brush as we rode up, their baskets and bundles resting on the ground.

"We were within ten feet of the closest Indian before my horse saw them. He probably smelled them before he saw them. Anyway, the first thing I knew he almost jumped out of his skin. He landed in the brush about six feet off the trail and snorted like he had seen a ghost. He came the nearest thing possible to unloading me right there in the trail. If I hadn't pulled leather for all I was worth, that is exactly what he would have done. I hadn't seen an Indian until after he landed.

"We talked with the Indians for a few minutes. They were very anxious about the Cavalry, but we assured them there was
none in the country. It was very cold and they were bundled up [291]
in rabbit skins. Their faces were about all you could see of them. The brush hid their legs, which were the only bare part of them.

"As we left the Indians and rode on along the trail I looked back. Although they were less than fifty yards away, I
could scarcely distinguish them, and wouldn't have distinguished [152
them at all if they hadn't been moving. They were as excited
as Indians get, waving their arms, laughing and talking to 522]
each other. Several times one of the grown boys would jump [481]
high into the air with his hands clasped in front of him like he was hanging on to a saddle horn, and land in the brush five or six feet off the trail. It was easy to see what they were laughing and talking about."

THE PLAINS PEOPLE

The Plains Culture is probably best represented by the 101
Chauchila tribe, which ranged in what is now known as Madera 184
County. This tribe has been known since its earliest contact
with white people for its hostile attitude and horse stealing [181]
tendencies. [648]

101 tendencies. It is entirely in keeping with what is known of
184 primitive cultures that this should be characteristic of a plains
people. Only one who has been afoot upon the broad San Joaquin Plains before the days of well water can appreciate the tremendous importance of a horse to such people.

251 During the time when salmon were running they undoubt-
226 edly stored up considerable supplies of the dried flesh of these
[361] fish and it is probable that they had permanent villages upon
the eastern bank of the San Joaquin River, where fishing was carried on at all times.

133 From the San Joaquin River to the Sierra foothills was a distance of about thirty miles, all of which was dry and barren plains that made quite difficult the problem of gathering and transporting acorns during the season in which they were ripe.

224 The antelope surround was probably a regular practice among these people, as was quite likely also the jack rabbit drive. Consequently the plains tribes used rabbit and antelope
[184] skins to a considerable extent. Their equipment was of a more
mobile nature than that of the river tribes, but was constructed of materials somewhat similar.

136 The plains lying between the San Joaquin River and the Sierra foothills were roamed by countless antelope. There were many elk along the river. But the hunting of these animals
[224] was a very uncertain venture when the hunter was afoot. There
was no more valuable aid for which the Chauchila Indians might have wished than a horse. As a consequence, when the Spanish first came with horses and when the American explorers and
[68] settlers arrived, they soon came to call these people "the horse-
[101] thief Indians."

175 The following quotation from Frémont's *Memoirs* will give the reader a definite idea of the behavior of these people. This account shows very clearly how similar in behavior were the plains people of the San Joaquin to those of the Great Plains of the middle west:

"December 19, 1845. In a few hours we reached a beauti-
[133] ful country of undulating upland, openly wooded with oaks,
principally evergreen, and watered with small streams which together make the *Mariposas* River.

"Continuing along we came upon broad and deeply-worn
[487] trails which had been freshly traveled by large bands of horses,
apparently coming from the San Joaquin Valley. But we heard enough to know that they came from the settlements on

the coast. These and indications from horse-bones dragged 175
about by wild animals, wolves or bears, warned us that we were approaching villages of Horse-thief Indians, a party of whom had just returned from a successful raid.

"Immediately upon striking their trail I sent forward four of my best men, Dick Owens and Maxwell and two Delawares. I followed after with the rest of the party, but soon the Indians signs became so thick, trail after trail coming into that on which we were traveling, that I saw we were getting into a stronghold of the Horse-thieves, and we rode rapidly forward.

"After a few miles of sharp riding, a small stream running over a salty bed, with clumps of oaks around, tempted me into making an early halt. Good grass was abundant, and this spot not long since had been the camping ground of a village, and was evidently one of their favorite places, as the ground was whitened with the bones of many horses.

"We had barely thrown off our saddles and not yet turned the horses loose, when the intermittent report of rifles, in the way one does not mistake, and the barking of many dogs and sounds of shouting faintly reaching us, made us quickly saddle again and ride to the sounds at speed.

"Four men were left to guard the camp. In a short half 175
mile we found ourselves suddenly in front of a large Indian
village not two hundred yards away. More than a hundred 609
Indians were advancing on each side of a small hill, on the top 648
of which were our men where a clump of oaks and rocks amidst
bushes made a good defense.

"My men had been discovered by the Indians and suddenly found themselves in the midst of them, but jumped from their horses and took to the rocks, which happened to be a strong place to fight from. The Indians were shouting at them in Spanish, and the women and children at the village howling at their best.

"Our men were only endeavoring to stand them off until we could get up, as they knew we would not be far behind. The Indians had nearly surrounded the knoll and were about getting possession of the horses when we came into view. Our shot as we charged up the hill was answered by the yell of the Delawares as they dashed down the hill to recover their animals and the report of Owen's and Maxwell's rifles.

"Owens had singled out the foremost Indian, who did not go any farther up the hill, and the others drew a little back

175 towards the village. Anxious for the safety of the men left behind, I profited by the surprise to withdraw towards our camp;
609 checking the Indians by an occasional rifle shot, with the range
648 of which they seemed to think they were acquainted.

"They followed us to the camp and scattered around among the rocks and trees, whence they harangued us, bestowing on us liberally all the epithets they could use, telling us what they would do with us.

"Many of them had been Mission Indians and spoke Spanish well. 'Wait,' they said—*'Esperate Carrajos'*—'wait until morning'. There are two big villages up in the mountains close by; we have sent for the Chief; he'll be down before morning with all the people, and you will all die. None of you shall go back; we will have all your horses'.

175 "The Horse-thief tribes have been 'Christian Indians' of
648 the Missions, and when these were broken up by Mexico the Indians took to the mountains. Knowing well the coast country, and the exact situation of the Missions where they had lived and the ranchos and the range which their horses were accus-
[262] tomed to, they found it easy to drive off the animals into the mountains, partly to use as saddle-horses, but principally to eat.

"In time they became a scourge to the settlement. The great ranges which belonged with the ranchos not only supported many thousands of cattle, but also many hundreds of horses which were divided into bands, *'Manadas'*. The Indians were the vaqueros or herdsmen who attended to both herding the cattle and breaking in the colts.

"The Californians had great pleasure in their horses. On some ranchos there would be several hundred saddle-horses, in bands of eighty or a hundred of different colors; *Alazan* (sorrel) always the favorite color. Deprived of their regular food, the Indians took to the mountains and began to drive off horses. Cattle would not drive fast enough to avoid the first pursuit. In their early condition they had learned to eat wild horse-meat and liked it. Familiarity with the whites and the success of
[181 their predatory excursions made the Horse-thief Indians far more daring and braver than those who remained in fixed vil-
189] lages, whether in the mountains or on the valley streams which carried the name of the different tribes—The *Cosumné, Mokelumné*, and *Auxumné* (Merced) Rivers. Probably all the streams if their Indian names could have been known received their names from the small tribes who lived upon them.

"The Indians of this country finding their food where they 175 lived were not nomadic. They were not disposed to range, and seemed unaccustomed to intrude upon the ground which usage probably made the possession of other tribes.

"Their huts were easily built and permanent; the climate was fine, they lived mostly in the open air, and when they died [164] they were not put in the ground but up in the branches of the trees. The climate is such that a dead animal left on the ground [132] simply dries up and only the eye gives knowledge of its presence.

"The springs and streams hereabout were waters of the *Chauchiles* and Mariposas Rivers and the Indians of this village belonged to the Chauchiles tribe.

"On some of the higher ridges were fields of a poppy which, [137] fluttering and tremulous on its long thin stalk, suggest the idea of a butterfly settling on a flower, and gives to this flower its name of *Mariposas*—butterflies—and the flower extends its name to the stream.

"The encounter I had here with the Indians was a premonitory symptom of the contests I afterward had with the State and Federal governments when the place became my property.

"We were only sixteen men. Keeping in the oak belt on the course I was pursuing would bring us farther among these villages, and I would surely have lost the cattle and perhaps some men and horses in attacks from these Indians. In the morning therefore I turned down one of the streams and quickly gained but a little distance on this course when an Indian was discovered riding at speed towards the plain, where the upper San Joaquin reaches the valley.

"Maxwell was ahead and not far from the Indian when he came into sight and knowing at once that his object was to bring Indians from the river to intercept us, rode for him. The Indian was well mounted but Maxwell better. With Godey and two of the Delawares I followed. It was open ground over rolling hills and we were all in sight of each other, but before we could reach them a duel was taking place between Maxwell and the Indian—both on foot, Maxwell with pistols, the Indian with arrows.

"They were only ten or twelve paces apart. I saw the Indian fall as we rode up. I would have taken him prisoner

175 and saved his life, but was too late. The Delawares captured his horse.

"Riding along the open ground towards the valley after a mile or two we discovered ten Indians ahead going in the same direction. They saw us as well, but took no notice and did not quicken their gait. When we were about overtaking them they quietly turned into a close thicket which covered about eight acres. We gave the thicket a wide berth; for ten Indians in such a place were more dangerous than so many gray bear."

YOKUTS RELATIVES AND NEIGHBORS

101 131 619 The vast Yokuts group of tribes was closely related to four other large groups which once occupied almost half of what is now the State of California. From the extreme southern tip of Yokuts territory north of old Fort Tejon in the Tehachapi Range of mountains, their combined range extended northward nearly five hundred miles to the northern tip of *Wintun* territory in the drainage basin of Trinity River. From a point near Tomales Bay, north of San Francisco, about to Monterey, the range of this group of five related peoples extended to the Pacific Coast. This great territory comprised almost the entire well-watered, desirable agricultural lands of California and had no equal in western North America.

101 131 To the north and northeast of the Yokuts were the *Miwok* (Me'-walk). These people occupied the upper Sierra foothills from a point south of Mariposa, north to a point north of the Cosumne River. Mixed with their northern neighbors, they extended westward north of San Francisco Bay to the Pacific Coast. The tribes in and around Yosemite and Hetch-Hetchy valleys were Miwok. Although at first contact their language seems entirely foreign to Yokuts, familiarity shows that such is not the case. In disposition, appearance, lore and camp life 171 they are so similar to the Yokuts as to be easily mistaken for them.

There is reason to believe that the Yokuts once extended westward to the coast south of San Francisco Bay. There is enough evidence pointing in that direction to cause some authorities to so map them. But this area is sometimes described as the northern extreme of *Costanoan* territory. These Costanoeans, another group of Yokuts relatives, extended along the coast about as far south as Monterey.

On the west side of the Sacramento River and extending

from the deltas of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers 101
north to Trinity River were the Wintun. Extending along the 13/
western Sierra foothills from the Miwok to the Pit River drainage basin were the *Maidu* (My'-doo).

To the southwest, south, and southeast of the Yokuts were foreign blood and language groups of primitive peoples. The *Salinan* group occupied the territory directly to the southwest of the Yokuts, including the valley of the Salinas River. Practically nothing is known of them. It is doubtful if a single full-blood individual has been living since about 1890. The name, *Cholame,* is a Salinan word and is now applied to a locality which was once in their territory, which extended south to a point near the north end of the Carriso Plains.

South of the Salinan were the *Canaliño,* who undoubtedly occupied the Carrizo Plains as far north as the Painted Rock and Soda Lake. This designation is based on a study of the rock paintings in Canaliño territory and the statements of Canaliño descendants at the Indian settlement in Tejon Canyon northeast of Tejon Ranchos Headquarters.

Cuyama Valley was held by the Canaliño. The word
Cuyama, taken from their language, is said to mean Clam Shell. [103]

The only known name of a Canaliño tribe bordering on the Yokuts is that of the *Tokya,* who extended from a point west of Paleta to the eastern limits of the Canaliño. Upper San Emigdio, Tecuya, Grapevine, and Pastoria Creeks are reported as having been in Tokya territory. In the Canaliño language Rancho Viejo Creek, just east of Grapevine Canyon, was called *Kwat'-lah-tah Quab'-la-quad.* Sapateria Creek was *Kahshe Naskahmo,* meaning The People There Save Things.

The name of San Emigdio Creek, and the Indian Village there was *Lashlepun* (Lash'-le-poon). The name means Cut Through, because the creek there cuts deeply through the mountains.

The *Shoshonean* Indians of Tejon Canyon called Grapevine Canyon *Shehveng Gahchah Upeh,* which means exactly the same as the white man's name for the place. The Canaliño Indians called Grapevine Canyon *Mut-tahp'-cho Whel-leh'-we,* which means Cottonwood Trees.

The eastern limits of the Canaliño across the southern boundary of Yokuts territory are not definitely established. The rugged terrain between the Cuyama and Antelope valleys shows little evidence of primitive occupation. Somewhere in

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Y 101 131 this locality was probably the dividing line between the Canaliño and their neighbors to the east, the *Shoshoneans*.

The Shoshoneans were the largest and most powerful group bordering on the Yokuts. They extended from the Canaliño to the east and to the north as far as the Miwok. The names of some Shoshonean tribes have been preserved.

Occupying upper Tejon Canyon northeast of Tejon Ranchos Headquarters, the desert territory lying about Willow Springs, and Cummings and Bear valleys were the *Kitanemuk*. When asked for their tribal name some aged Tejon Indians will still answer, *"Ah kik-ke tah nim"*, meaning, my tribe is Kitanemuk." A Kitanemuk village was located on Tejon Creek six miles northeast of Tejon Ranchos Headquarters. It was named *Tusin Tinliu*. The site is now occupied by a settlement of Indians of mixed tribes.

The Kitanemuk Indian village on Tejon Creek where the Overland Stage Station was located was named *Ahyah Kahbe*, which means Cottonwood. The village at the mouth of Comanche Creek was named *Cheut* (Che'-oot) *Pahbe*. Comanche Creek and Comanche Point both went by the name of the village there. Comanche is a name applied by white people. The first canyon north of Comanche Creek, and also the Indian Village there, were called *Ahbahvo Kahse*. At the present White Wolf Ranch was a village called *Ahtuse* (Ah-too'-se). The mountain valley there had the same name. Tejon Canyon back of Tejon Ranchos Headquarters was named *Cutset* (Coot-seet) *Ahobe*. Bear Mountain was called *Kiets* (Ki'-eets). Where the Vaquero Headquarters is now at Tejon Ranchos was an Indian village named *Hunah Vahmutch*.

Occupying Tehachapi Valley and the country north through Walker's Basin were the *Kawaiisu*. This tribe occupied territory almost exactly opposite the Yowlumne. On Caliente Creek, where the town of Caliente is now located, was the Kawaiisu village of *Tumayo*. Another Kawaiisu village was *Tahichpiu*, after which modern Tehachapi was named.

T 361 115 North of the Kawiisu were the *Bankalachi*. As this volume goes to press there is perhaps one aged full-blooded member of this tribe still living, *Las'-yeh*, of Tule River Indian Reservation. She is now probably ninety-five years of age and is still the active head of a household. Together with her late husband, she accompanied me over much of the territory once occupied by her tribe, as well as neighboring Yokuts territory, 3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts

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[415]

Lee'-yeh, now aged about 95 and last surviving full-blood of the Bankalachi Tribe from near Glennville, Eastern Kern County.

and helped record the names of many village sites and natural landmarks. On the site of present Kernville was the Bankalachi village of *Tulonoya*. Another Bankalachi village, *Pitnaniu*, was located where Isabella is now. Where Bodfish is now was the village of *Tumoyo*. *Haukaniu* was located where the old mining village of Keyesville was established. *Mawsow* (ow as in cow) was the Bankalachi name for a village about a mile and a half above the forks of Poso and Little Poso Creeks. It was

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on the west side of Poso Creek and was in *Paleuyami* territory. Hot Springs, on Deer Creek, was always called *Kahtil Ilkow* (Hot Springs).

Back of the Bankalachi, and extending north to present Mineral King, were the *Pitanisha*, of which the Bankalachi were a subdivision.

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On the Kaweah River, surrounding present Camp Potwisha and extending east into Sequoia National Park where the *Balwishi*, or *Pahd'-wishi*. Hospital Rock was known by the Pahdwishi as *Pahdin*, meaning Place to Go Under. Moro Rock, the great granite dome which stands out so impressively above Hospital Rock, was known as *Wah'-ah Yah'-kow*, or High Rock. Castle Rocks on the south side of Kaweah River, opposite Moro Rock, in Pahdwishi territory, were named *Lungnotim*. The mountain known as Homer's nose, in the high Sierra south of Castle Rocks was named *Topousha*, meaning Leaning Rock.

The high, sharp peak northwest of the old North Tharp home, and also in Pahdwishi territory, was called *Ducuntow*. On the south bank of the Kaweah River, just south of Ducuntow was a village named *Hawtyunyu*. About two miles up the little valley southeast of the North Tharp home was the village of *Yumuhtow*.

The Pahdwishi had at the bridge just below the present Three Rivers store a seasonal camping site which was called *Chopaw*. The high hills across the river north of Chopaw were called *Nawhawntow*, meaning Bear Place, because a bear once killed an Indian there. Just across the road about eighty yards east of the Camp Howdy store was a salt spring called *Tushow*. The Indians obtained salt by boiling down this water. Sawtooth Peak, back of Mineral King, was called *Kah-did'-it*. Ash Mountain was known as *Lih-mih'-shim*. Yucca Point, just above Ash Mountain checking station, was called *Kawidow*, meaning Yucca Place. The red paintings at Hospital Rock were called *Hawyu*, meaning Red.

North of the Pahdwishi were the *Wuksache*. They occupied upper Rattlesnake Creek and the territory around present Badger. The mountain east of Ash Springs, in Wuksachi land, was called *Wehe*. Bear Mountain, south and west of Badger, and the long ridge which runs southwest from it were called *Chawhawmin*. At Stokes Mountain, south of old Ankland, there are several Wuksachi landmarks. A short distance below the old Stokely Stokes ranch home was the village of *Tungnow*.

The small gap through which the road passes north of the Stokes ranch house was named *Wahwunow*. Eshom Valley, in Wukşachi territory, was named *Chetatu* (Che-taht'-oo), or Clover Place. (D|

Above Dunlap and opposite the *Entimbits* (En-tim'-bits) Yokuts were the *Wobonuch*.

On upper Sycamore and Big Creeks, north of Kings River and above the Choinimne Yokuts were the *Holkoma*.

On Pine Ridge were the *Posgisa*.

These last five tribes, Posgisa, Holkoma, Wobonuch, Wuksachi, and Pahdwishi were known collectively as *Monaches*. All of these tribes east of the Yokuts and extending south to the Canaliño are classified as *Shoshoneans*.

Readers who are interested in knowing more about these Yokuts relatives and neighbors should refer to Bulletin 78, Bureau of American Ethnology, by A. L. Kroeber and titled *Handbook of the Indians of California*.

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3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

Yowlumne

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CHAPTER II

THE YOWLUMNE

YOWLUMNE GEOGRAPHY

101 131 One of the most interesting of all tribes of Yokuts Indians was the *Yowlumne* (Yowl-um'-ne). Their range was in every direction from their central village, *Woilu,* located about where now stands the Santa Fe passenger station in Bakersfield. Along Kern River their upstream limits were about where the second electrical power house is located in Kern Canyon. Their [224] downstream limits were on the plains at about the Pioneer Wier and Pioneer Bridge on Kern River. The Yowlumne hunted antelope, rabbits and squirrels on the hills as far north as Poso Creek. To the south they ranged to the shore of Kern Lake south of present Greenfield. To the southeast they ranged to within a few miles of the present Tejon Ranchos Headquarters.

[133] The most noted Yowlumne landmark was at the mouth of Kern Canyon, where the waters of Kern River make a slight [103] fall. This place was known as *Kaw'-naw Ill'-kin,* or Place Where the Water Falls. It was a noted fishing place.

361 103 There was a Yowlumne village, *Wawcoye* (Waw-coy'-e), on the south bank of Kern River just below the mouth of Cottonwood Creek. This is still a beautiful site, well shaded by [415] sycamores. It can be recognized by the many mortars, cut into the granite boulders. These mortars are scattered from the bridge at the old Rio Bravo Rancho, now often called the Olcese Ranch, almost to the mouth of Cottonwood Creek.

Tesinliu was a Yowlumne village located on the north bank of Kern River northeast of the foot of China Grade. *Shoko* was the most easterly Yowlumne village. It was in Kern Canyon. The name means Windy Place. The Yowlumne village at Tejon Ranchos Headquarters, most southerly of their settlements, was named *Tinliu,* meaning Hole. *Pohalin Tinliu,* Squirrel Hole Place, was a Yowlumne village on the southeast shore of now extinct Kern Lake.

On the north side of Kern River, and beginning just below the bridge at the Rio Bravo Rancho, another Yowlumne Indian village straggled downstream for about a mile. It was named *Hawsu.*

Yowlumne

175 It was just above this last village that the noted Padre,
Francisco Garcés, crossed Kern River. According to the en-
tries in his diary, on May 1, 1776, he came down Cottonwood
Creek until he could hear Kern River roaring out of the canyon.
The Indians would not allow him to attempt to cross the river
at that point. Present day visitors to the site can appreciate
the judgment of the Indians in giving Garces such advice. They
led him downstream until "in a little while" they passed an
[361] Indian village (Wawcoye) and could see another village across
the river on the north bank. There the Yowlumne Indians
helped Garcés cross the river. The exact point of crossing is
undoubtedly about one hundred yards upstream from the
county road bridge at the Rio Bravo Rancho. The stream-
bed there is almost solid granite and has certainly changed
[487] little or none in several centuries. Since the first permanent
white settlers came to Kern River that site has been a favorite
fording place.

361 Villages down stream from those at the Rio Bravo Rancho
were located a short distance above the Discovery Well on the
103 Means Ranch, (NW ¼ of Section 35, T28S, R28E, MDB&M).
The village on the south side of the river was near the weir
known as *The First Point of Measurement*. About two miles
upstream from this point, on the north side of the river, was
the village of *Tsinehiu* (Tsin-e-he'-oo).

The next villages of which we have definite knowledge were within the limits of the present City of Bakersfield. According to information obtained from aged Yowlumne Indians, there were two villages where the river ran close to a high knoll. One of these villages, *Woilu*, was on the knoll itself, and the other was across the river to the west.

361 It appears certain that both of these villages were between
the present Santa Fe passenger station at Sixteenth and F
172 streets and the Mercy Hospital at Sixteenth and C streets.
When the first white settlers arrived where Bakersfield is now,
there was a large mound at this location. In later years a man
named Reeder built a house on it and the mound became known
as Reeder Hill. The mound was almost completely removed
when the Santa Fe Railway was constructed through Bakers-
field. Trainloads of sandy soil were hauled from the mound
to build the railroad grade in both directions from Bakersfield.
In this work many hundreds of stone mortars and pestles and
Indian skeletons were uncovered.

Yowlumne

Before it was disturbed by white people, Reeder Hill ex- 361
tended diagonally across where the present Santa Fe passenger 172
station is located from about the center of the court yard between the High School shops, to the intersection of Sixteenth and D streets. A branch of Kern River ran close by the west end of Reeder Hill. It actually came almost to the intersection of Truxtun Avenue and A streets.

When Colonel Thomas Baker came to the site of present 361
Bakersfield in 1863, a large group of Yowlumne Indians lived in the two villages, one on each side of the river at the west end of Reeder Hill. The late Thomas A. Baker told me that his father, Colonel Thomas Baker, for whom the City of Bakersfield is named, often sent him down to Reeder Hill to bring Indians to work at their home. This log home stood near the intersection of Nineteenth and M streets. These Indians, the
most willing often being men, made gardens, washed clothes, [464]
scrubbed floors, mended clothes, cut firewood, cared for chil- [357]
dren and did all sorts of housework. They were the first baby sitters in Bakersfield.

Other Yowlumne villages and camping sites were scattered about the plains near where Bakersfield is now located. But they were not permanent villages, as the Indians were forced to move when high water flooded the plains adjoining the sloughs and branches of Kern River, and also when the flow of Kern River switched from one slough or branch to another.

Soon after white people began to settle on the site of pres-
ent Bakersfield, the Yowlumne began calling the locality [103]
Wawlu, meaning Planting Place. This was because the white settlers began planting crops.

THE YOWLUMNE INDIANS

The *Yowlumne* were a typical Yokuts group. Their 101
language was almost identical with that of nearby Yokuts 181
tribes. They were, like the rest, a happy, friendly, dependable people. The first settlers on lower Kern River found it perfectly safe to to take them into their pioneer homes to perform
housework of all kinds. This was true of both men and women, [462]
for often the Yowlumne men did washing, dishwashing and the scrubbing of floors as willingly as did the women.

At this time, 1949, there are two full-blood Yowlumne In- 161
dians still living. This will come as a surprise to some readers,

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

Yowlumne

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Wahumchah and his sister, Ihalut, last surviving full-bloods of the Yowlumne Yokuts tribe. Both were born at the village of Wawcoye (Waw-coy'-e) on the south bank of Kern River one-half mile below the mouth of Cottonwood Creek. Wahumchah is eighty-six years of age and Ihalut ninety.

because they have been generally thought to have been extinct since about 1920.

One of the surviving Yowlumne is *Wahumchah* (Wah-hum'-chah) known to white people living in and around Woodlake and Visalia in Tulare County as Henry Lawrence. Wahumchah is now 86 years of age.

The second surviving full-blood Yowlumne is *I-hal'-ut*, known to her neighbors at Tule River Indian Reservation as Mrs. Mary Santiago. She is a full sister of Wahumchah and is 90 years of age. Both of these people were born at the old Yowlumne Indian village of *Wawcoye* on the south side of Kern River between the Rio Bravo Rancho and the mouth of Cottonwood Creek. When these two Yowlumne are gone, extinction will have been the fate of the tribe of Yokuts which once occupied the territory surrounding Bakersfield.

At this point in the account of the Yowlumne Indians it is necessary to make some explanation concerning their name. It appears in other printed literature as *Yauelmani*. I used this pronunciation until I had interviewed Wahumchah over a period of more than twenty years. One afternoon, when we were returning from a program before the Standard School in Oildale, he had the following to say: "You know, Mr. Latta, you make one bad mistake when you talk about my people. You call their tribe Yauelmani. That is wrong. The correct name is Yowlumne. Yauelmani means a little group of Yowlumne. I think sometime some old-timer white man met a few of my people. He asked them who they were and they said, 'Yauelmani'. That was right. But that was not their tribe name. I know that from all of my old people." 101 124

Since, after all, the Indian is the final authority, and since also, Wahumchah's correction corresponds with many other Yokuts tribe name endings, I have incorporated it in this work.

Wahumchah continued with his corrections: "You make one other bad mistake when you tell people that the name Tehachapi means Windy Place. I knew many old Indians from that place when I was a boy and I heard them explain that name. The Indians from that country call an oak-covered flat *Tahheetch'* [Wahumchah's pronunciation was about midway between Tah-heetch and *Tah-hitch'*]. Tah-heetch'-e-pah meant People from the Oak Flat." 103

Since Wahumchah furnished his information concerning Tehachapi, I have interviewed several old Indians who have lived their entire lives around Tehachapi and Tejon Canyon. They have corroborated Wahumchah and have added that they still use the name, Tah-heetch. It is applied to the large, oak-covered flat north of the road just above Tejon Ranchos Headquarters. On an 1864 map of California in Johnson's *Atlas of the World* the name appears as *Taheechepah*.

Concerning the origin of the name Yowlumne, Wahumchah furnished the following: "Our people were known as the Wolf People. In the old days *Yowl'-its*, the big white wolf, lived in our country. In my language *Yowl* meant the same as it does in English. Yowlits meant howler. Yowlumne meant People of the Howlers."

The Yowlumne had their tribal limits set as definitely as did the other Yokuts tribes. They hunted, fished and gathered 101 131

Yowlumne

101 foodstuffs and minerals well within their recognized bound-
131 aries.

Each Yokuts tribe was ruled by a Chief. He lived at the
622 principal, or head village. In Yowlumne territory this was
361 *Woilu*, on Reeder Hill, where now stands the Santa Fe passenger depot in Bakersfield. The next important Yowlumne village, *Tesinliu*, was located on the north bank of Kern River about three miles above the Discovery Well of the Kern River Oilfield. The third most important village was on the south side of Kern River just above the old Rio Bravo Rancho, now known as the Olecese place. The chiefs at the two upstream villages were responsible to the head chief at Reeder Hill.

Yokuts villages were almost always located on well traveled trails and sometimes at a point where two trails crossed. Important villages on rivers were often at a ford, or easy crossing, where a trail following the hills crossed another following the river. This was true of the village on Reeder Hill and the one between the Rio Bravo Rancho and the mouth of Cottonwood Creek.

624 The chiefs of these villages placed a *Winatun*, or private secretary, at a point where trails entered the village. It was
576 the responsibility of the Winatun to meet all approaching travelers, to learn who they were, what was their business, and, if possible, to give them what information was necessary and send them on their way. If the traveler was not so easily disposed of, it was then the duty of the Winatun to conduct him to the chief. After the interview it was the duty of the Winatun to conduct the traveler to the edge of the village and bid him goodbye.

This practice is still carried on at the camps or villages of of remaining Yokuts Indians. After having visited Indian camps and having gathered data from aged Indians for more than twenty-five years, this writer finds this feature one of the most pleasing Yokuts characteristics. It makes a visitor feel welcome to have someone appear and pass the time of day as he drives his car up to an Indian door. If he has time, the young man who is elected as a greeting committee of one will open any gates that are closed.

796 The Yowlumne periodically performed a ceremony that can be classed as a snake dance. Live rattlesnakes were used
574 and were handled by snake doctors, or special medicine men. Yokuts came to this dance from neighboring tribes as far away

Yowlumne

as the Kaweah River and Tejon Canyon, back of present Tejon Ranchos Headquarters. 796 574

YOWLUMNE BOWS AND ARROWS

The Yokuts Indians of the San Joaquin Valley had probably developed the science of hunting with the bow and arrow further than had most Indians. The Yowlumne, of Kern River, were foremost among the Yokuts in this work. At least three types of bows were made. The most common of these was a bow made of elderberry wood. On first thought it would seem that this material would be the most unsuited of any, but it makes an excellent bow. It can be secured in long, straight, clear staves and can be made into as heavy a bow as is wanted. It has a smooth, strong cast, which it does not lose for many years. 411 824

I once carelessly put a strung elder bow in a closet and did not discover it for more than a year. I unstrung it and stood it in a corner near my desk. In twenty minutes it was as straight as ever and had as good a cast as when it was first made. Elder-wood bows were easily made and were used exclusively in the San Joaquin Valley by boys for hunting all kinds of small game, and even by men for hunting antelope, deer, and elk. Strings for these bows were made of either hemp, sinew, or milkweed fiber. [283]

Good bows were made from native laurel, or bay wood. This tree grows in the Sierra in clumps of many small, straight trunks. It is easily split into staves, which are stronger for their size than those made of elder-wood.

Aged Yowlumne Indians state that the Frémontia of the Sierra can be used to make a complete hunting weapon—bow, string and arrows. They say that the bark can be stripped off and twisted into a good string. The large branches can be split into staves and the small, straight branches made into arrows. With a few primitive tools a disarmed Yowlumne in a few hours' time could manufacture a complete hunting weapon. [283]

The finest Yokuts bows were made of juniper and were backed with sinew. Juniper staves were traded from the Monache, or Piute to the east, or were secured in Yokuts territory in the upper Coast Range mountains. Bows of juniper were shorter than those made of other woods. They required more skill and labor to produce and were highly valued. [439]

Yowlumne

411 237 [381] Sinew-backed juniper bows were recurved at the tips and carried a longer string than other bows of the same length. The sinews for backing were taken from the loin of the deer in wide strips and were glued to the back of the bow with a glue made from deer horns and hoofs. The bow was wider and flatter than the common bows and was narrowed in the middle for a hand grip. Strings for these bows were made of sinews from the loin of the deer.

411 281 Bow covers were often made of skin from the tails of mountain lions. When such could not be had, any skin was sewed into a bow cover. Quivers for holding arrows were often made of untanned antelope skin with the hair left on. When it could be secured, the Yokuts hunter liked the skin of a fox for a quiver. The entire skin was used. Even the skin of the head was used, the mouth and eye openings being sewed shut with sinews. The tail was left on the skin and the skin of the hind legs used for attaching a shoulder strap.

411 Yokuts arrows are the most refined and varied of all their hunting equipment. No less than seven kinds of arrows were commonly used by Yokuts hunters. All but two of these were made of two pieces, or with a fore-shaft. Aged Yowlumne Yokuts have stated that once they used only a one-piece arrow like those used by their neighbors to the east. These were tipped with an obsidian, or volcanic glass point, or with a similar point made of jasper, chalcedony, or some other stone which chipped easily. Another one-piece arrow was made by children and by men for use in a game, or to shoot small animals like gophers, mice and rats at short range. They were feathered, but had no stone point. The end of this arrow shaft was pointed and hardened in the fire.

There are several important reasons why a two-piece arrow was used by the Yokuts. First of these is the fact that it was very difficult to find or to make straight a one-piece arrow shaft as long as was used by Yokuts hunters. A second reason for using a two-piece arrow was that when game was missed, the stone point was almost always damaged. This made useless a valuable shaft until it could be taken to camp and repointed. The importance of this can be understood when it is known that a Yokuts hunter generally carried fewer than a half dozen arrow shafts. As many as two dozen fore-shafts were carried in a bag attached to the gee string.

Yowlumne

The great variety of San Joaquin Valley game also made useful the two-piece arrow. With only a few good arrow shafts, a Yokuts could quickly attach a point to shoot squirrels, birds, ducks or any kind of game he saw. There was another very important reason for using the two-piece arrow, especially in hunting large game, such as antelope, deer, elk, raccoon, wild cat, fox, and mountain lion. Raccoon, wild cat and mountain lion would fight the arrow with their paws. They would break the arrow off, generally inside their bodies. Antelope, elk and deer would do the same by rubbing against brush, trees, rocks, or tules. Then the wound closed and much of the bleeding stopped. 411 224

It was not often possible for a Yokuts hunter to kill large game outright with a bow and arrow. The Yowlumne found it necessary to follow antelope and deer for several hours, and sometimes days, before they became helpless from bleeding. So it was important to continue the initial bleeding as long as possible. When a wild cat or lion clawed at a foreshafted arrow the long mainshaft immediately fell free, leaving the foreshaft projecting from the wound. The Indian picked up the dislodged mainshaft, replaced the point, and followed the wounded animal.

The foreshaft was made of the toughest wood the Indians could secure, generally live oak, chamise, or wild lilac (ceanothus). It could not be broken easily and the barbs of the arrow prevented its being removed by clawing, or by being rubbed against brush, trees, rocks or tules. But the constant effort to remove it by these means stimulated the flow of blood and hastened the collapse of the injured animal. [824]

The sinews attaching points to game foreshafts were water-proofed by a coating of asphaltum. Otherwise the blood would soon soften the sinews, allowing the point to become detached and the foreshaft to be drawn from the wound. [823]

The sinews attaching points to war arrows were not waterproofed. An Indian was more intelligent than the wounded animal. He could twist the foreshaft about and remove it, together with the stone point. For this reason the stone points on war foreshafts were attached as loosely as possible and the sinews were not waterproofed. As soon as they were wet with blood the sinews loosened and allowed the point to remain in the wound when the foreshaft was removed. 411 726

Yowlumne

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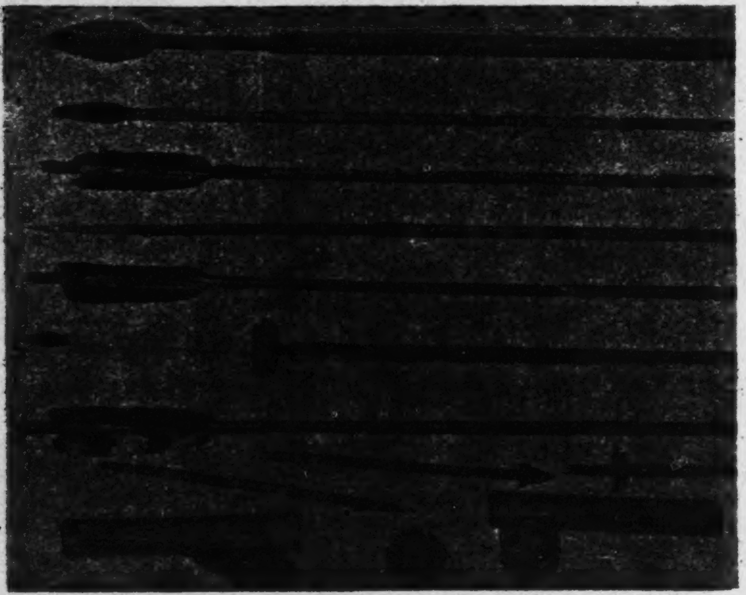

ARROWS AND TOOLS

Top shows a fore-shafted javelin. Second from top is a one-piece arrow. Third, fifth and seventh from top shop the use of red-tailed hawk feathers. Fourth from the top shows a wooden foreshaft. Sixth from the top shows the skip-bomb arrow. Eighth from the top shows, left to right, foreshafts used for squirrels, war and birds.

Bottom, left and right, shows chipped stone knives set in wooden handles by means of asphaltum. Center is a skip-bomb roll of tule for use on the javelin shown at the top.

All of the above were made by Wahumchah, last surviving man from the Yowlumne tribe.

411 223 Bird fore-shafts had a sharp wooden point with two crossed pairs of small sticks attached to it by sinews about an inch and a half from the point. Yokuts claim that this point would not glance off the feathers of the bird, but would pull many of them out, tearing the skin, and badly bruising the body. This point also often broke the wing of a bird when an ordinary arrow would not.

411 224 Squirrels were shot with a wooden pointed foreshaft having a barb attached to it about two inches from the point. The projecting foreshaft prevented the squirrel from crawling

Yowlumne

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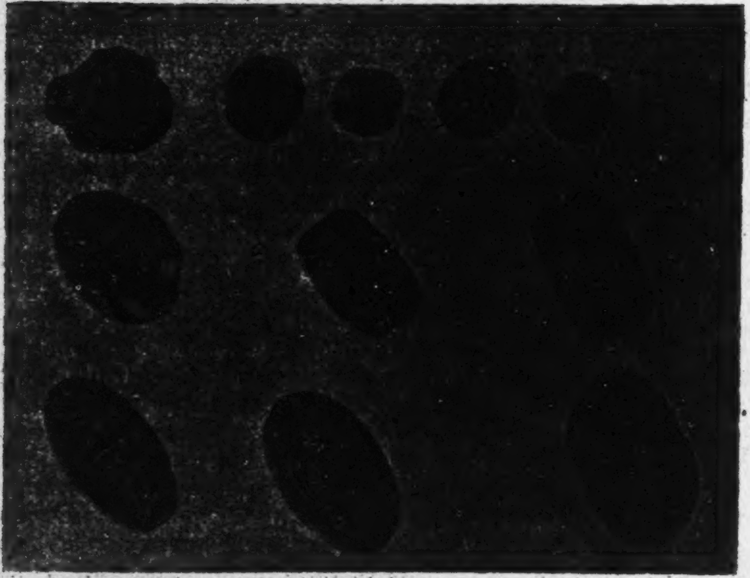

Yokuts arrow straighteners and the tools with which they were made. These were all unearthed for the author by Ichow, an aged Wukchumne. He had seen his grandfather bury them about 1865, "During the white man's big war," said Ichow.
At the top left is a sharp fragment of hard blue stone used to peck the articles to shape and to the right are four more which through use have been reduced to hammer stones. At the left, center row, is a stone which shows hammer-stone marks and which was discarded because it contained a flaw. To the right is another which broke while being made. The other four show varieties of construction. The completed arrow straightener was heated in the fire and used to harden and straighten the cane arrow shafts. Buttonwillow and gooseberry shafts were most often dried and hardened over an open fire.

down a hole and the barb prevented the foreshaft from slipping from the wound.

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A most ingenious device was used on ordinary waterproofed stone-pointed foreshafts for shooting ducks when they were resting on water. An ordinary arrow dives or is stopped almost as soon as it touches the water. To prevent this the Yokuts slipped a small roll of tules on the foreshaft. This lodged against the ferrule on the end of the main shaft. When the arrow struck the water the roll of tules prevented its diving and allowed it to skip forward on top of the water. It was the original skip-bomb weapon.

Yowlumne

411 237 Arrows were commonly fletched with feathers from the tail of the red-tailed hawk. Feathers from the wings of this hawk were also used. When red-tailed hawk feathers could not be secured, tail and wing feathers were used from the other native hawks, and sometimes from the great horned owl. Feathers were fastened to the mainshaft by means of sinews [823] which were commonly waterproofed with asphaltum. Feathers were trimmed to shape with the glowing edge of a fired piece of sycamore bark.

411 824 Yowlumne Indians state that the best arrow shafts were made from long, straight shoots of spiny gooseberry. These were very strong and, when once straightened, remained straight. But most arrow shafts were made of the heartwood of buttonwillow, which was also very strong. After it had been straightened and hardened by being seasoned over a fire, or on a heated soapstone arrow straightener, it also retained its shape very well. The native cane or bamboo was also used for making arrow shafts. These were straightened on the heated [258] soapstone arrow straightner. The Yowlumne also harvested a crude sugar from the leaves of this same cane in much the same way that salt was harvested from the leaves of salt grass.

411 [224] Spears were also commonly used by the Yokuts. For some kinds of hunting they were used almost entirely. Raccoons and bears were most often killed with spears. There were two kinds of spears. One, to be held in the hands and used for repeated thrusts, was short and heavy and was made of one piece of elderwood.

[824] A second type of spear was actually a primitive javelin. The shaft was also made of elderwood, was tapered smaller toward the rear, and was from five to six feet long. Javelins were foreshafted like the two-piece arrows, but used a much larger stone point, some as long as four inches. As all spears [823] might be used in the water (but never to spear fish) all sinews were waterproofed with asphaltum.

A roll of tules was also fitted to the foreshaft of the javelin when it was thrown at raccoon, beaver, or otter in the water. This converted it into a skip-bomb weapon.

Wukchumne

CHAPTER III

YOKUTS TRADE

A WUKCHUMNE TRADING EXPEDITION

One of my most interesting expeditions with Indians was 438
made when I took the Henry Ichow and George Garcia families 484
from the Kaweah River to Dunlap to gather clay for pottery, 123
the black paint used in their ceremonies, and to trade basketry materials. The *Wukchumne* gathered *hupud* (hoo'-pud), or cladium roots, and *chawkish,* or bunch-grass, along the Kaweah. These they traded at Dunlap for *muhnokits* (muh-no'-kits), or black sword-fern root, and *ahnup,* the red outer wood of redbud. For several years I had been planning this expedition and was all expectation as we prepared to start.

Leaving Tulare at five a. m., I drove to the Kaweah River below Woodlake and began loading. There was a fifty pound flour sack full of small bundles of hupud and a large bundle of chawkish. There were several nests of baskets, tied up in flour sacks that had been ripped open. In them were brushes made of soap root husk, salt from salt grass and several roots and herbs with which I was not familiar. Some of these I placed in the trunk on the back of the car. Then I began loading the car. It was a seven passenger sedan, but it was surely stuffed when we were all aboard.

Ichow weighed at least three hundred pounds—I slightly [141]
less. We, with William and Virginia Garcia, occupied the front seat and from it to the dash and the top. Ada Ichow, Katie Garcia, her daughter, and the three oldest Garcia girls, Letha, Helen, and Melchor, piled into the rear seat. George, Johnnie and Howard Garcia occupied the two folding seats. Every inch of seat room in the rear compartment was taken up, either by Indians, or by bundles of trade materials.

The first stop was made on the grade leading down into the old Chris Evans' Rattlesnake Ranch, below old Aukland. I heard a grunt from Ada, which Henry translated into, "You stop here." I stopped and immediately learned that the old Pierce Arrow was blowing like a steam engine.

Ada and Ichow began giving instructions in the Wukchumne language. All but the youngest children scattered along the road and began searching the cut bank. The cut had

Wukchumne

123 been made into a mass of partially decomposed granite, with
438 an overburden of about ten feet of soil. Soon Ada grunted
484 again, and the whole expedition gathered around her. With a
sharpened stick, which she used to dig basketry roots, she was
digging into the soft granite and removing chunks of a heavy
[317 blue-black material which she called *Kodeen* (Ko'-de-en). This,
135] I have since been informed, is a form of crude graphite, which
was deposited in crevices in the top of the granite.

386 While the rest dug, Ichow explained to me how the old-time Yokuts used to prepare paint from this material and how they used to paint with it after it was prepared. A fire of dry oak wood was burned down to a heap of red coals. Then the graphite was dumped into a hole in the center and covered with hot coals from the rim of the fire bed. This was left until the entire bed of coals was reduced to ashes. After the whole mass had cooled, the burned graphite was carefully removed and placed in a bag of tanned deer-skin. Ichow later burned some of the material we gathered that day, but he did not follow exactly his own directions.

When the wood had burned to a mass of red-hot coals, Ichow placed the graphite in a portion of the bottom of a broken cast-iron kettle and sank it in the coals where it soon became red-hot. Within a couple of hours he removed the container and set it aside to cool. When I examined the material I found that it had changed character and color. Instead of being composed of several lumps of hard, heavy, blue-black material, almost exactly like the Rising Sun Stove Polish in use when I was a boy, it had slacked into a fine, sooty, black powder, in appearance like commercial lamp-black, but heavier.

[302] In this manner was gathered and prepared the black paint for which the ceremonies of the Yokuts tribes were famous. Officials who danced in these ceremonies painted their bodies black. In some tribes white stripes were painted across the chest and abdomen, vertical white stripes on the legs and arms, and large white spots on the face.

[439] White for this painting was prepared from diatomaceous
earth, some of which was traded from Yokuts who lived in the
Coast Range of mountains. One deposit of this crude chalk lies
[317] near Lompoc and another near Crow Creek in Western Stanislaus County. It provided a pure white pigment.

Both of the above pigments were mixed with plant juices
[824] to form a paint. One of my authorities, *Pahmit*, a *Dumna*

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

Wukchumne

Yokuts from Friant, informed me that his people used only 386 oil from the seeds of the chilocothe, or wild cucumber. The other, Ichow, stated that the Wukchumnes mixed this oil with [824] sap from the tall, blue-grey milkweed from which they gathered fiber for manufacturing string. This same sap was also made [261] into chewing gum. In my own experience I have found such gum to be exceptionally durable, and anything but palatable.

Crowned with the standard Yokuts *Juk* (Jook), or dance 769 headdress, the dancers were certainly spectacular performers 302 when they surrounded the glowing fire during the annual dance for the dead. It is not surprising that pioneer whites who saw this dance likened the performers to dancing skeletons.

After about ten pounds of graphite had been gathered, Ada 123 grunted again and the entire party began searching the soil 438 above the decomposed granite. Then came another grunt and again we all gathered about her. She dug from the soil a round 484 hard nodule of light-colored clay. In about two hours three of [317 these nodules were excavated and, together with the graphite, 323] were loaded into the car among the thirteen pairs of feet.

Where the grocery store had once stood at the old ghost village of Aukland we unloaded again and ate our picnic lunch in the shade of an oak tree. Ada murmured a few soft Yokuts words and Ichow explained for her that the old buildings just below us were once the home of Perry Byrd, father of Mollie Byrd who became the wife of the famous outlaw and train bandit, Chris Evans. When the Ichows first saw Chris he was working for Tulare County. He came along with a road grader and interrupted their work when they were gathering black paint material.

As we ate our lunch, Ichow explained to me that for many generations his people had visited the place, which they called [103] *Hutudu* (Hoo'-too-doo), Hoot-Owl Place, to gather the material for black paint and the clay for making pottery. Although the deposits were in the range of the Wuksatche tribe, "They were our good friends and they let us come and dig whenever we wanted to. We had a big picnic when we came and traded basket roots, just like we do today," said Ichow.

Our work and lunch had delayed us until it was almost two o'clock in the afternoon; so I told the Indians we would have to hurry, as I had a dinner engagement in Tulare. In less than a minute all were packed in the car and we were on the road to

Wukchumne

123 438 484 Dunlap. None of them seemed to hurry, but with a few soft, murmuring Yokuts words they faded into the car.

At Dunlap we entered the gate of the first Indian camp. I expected them to finish their trading in a few minutes, so we could return to the Kaweah in short order. Although they hurried from the car to the house, I noticed that the sack of
[574] hupud and the large bundle of chawkish were left in the car. They visited a few minutes, exchanging news of all the friends and relations. Then Ada grunted and we all trailed back to the car. On we went to another place, where the performance was repeated. I was impatient at this, as the afternoon was fast slipping away. I saw that I would probably be late for that dinner engagement, but I knew better than to say anything.

At the third place we had no more than entered the house than Ada grunted. Letha ran out to the car and carried in the basketry materials. The trade was soon made and in less than five minutes we were on our way back to the Kaweah.

On our return I asked Ichow why Ada had not traded at the first places we visited. He explained that those first people had their bundles of hupud made up too small. I remembered that bundles of hupud were hanging on the walls of the houses, but, until Ichow mentioned it, I had not observed that they were smaller than Ada's bundles. All the way home Ichow and Ada tried hard to explain to me how trading was carried on between the Yokuts tribes and how their bead money was used in connection with it.

436 438 [484] According to Ada, bundles of cladium root and redbud wood were made up the same size. But sword-fern root was made up about two-thirds as large. Because, as Ichow translated, "They had to travel a long way to get it and it had to be colored."

[195] Ichow, prompted by a few soft murmurs from the rear seat, explained at great length—great length for a Yokuts—how important it was to have everything put up in the right size. Here is one of his statements. "In them old days them old people don't got scales to weigh with, don't got yard-stick to measure with. They make that black paint all into same size
[804] balls, not so big as your baseball. My old grandpa, *Che'-chin*, trade some balls that black paint for some balls white paint when I was a little boy. I see him do it. Both kinds paint they trade was in same size balls."

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Yokuts bead money and three types of measurement used by various Yokuts tribes to denote one Chok, or unit of money. At the left is shown the measurement extending around the hand. At the center is the measurement extending from wrist to finger-tips. At the right is the measurement around the hand foreward of the thumb. The Indian woman at the left is wearing strings of bead money around her neck and in her hair.

Between the Wukchumne, *Pahdwishi* and *Kaweah*, the *Chok*, or unit of measurement of bead money—in other words, the Yokuts dollar—was the distance around the hand, measuring just outside of the thumb. Among the *Telumne* (Tay'-lum-ne), distant only twenty miles from the Wukchumne, it was the distance from the tip of the longest finger to the first wrinkle in the wrist. Incidentally, these two distances are almost equal. Some of the Yokuts tribes measured the chok around the rim of the hand. Ichow explained that in such cases the hand was placed flat on the ground and the beads measured around the hand from the last joint of the thumb to the last joint of the little finger.

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804
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438 Said Ichow, "When you trade with them people, you got
436 to know how much in their chok. You measure their chok and
then you figure how much it is worth beside your chok."

In the old days one Wukchumne chok of beads of low value
435 would buy twenty bundles of hupud or ahnup. A half chok of
432 average shell beads would buy twenty bundles. Ichow explained
how the half chok was measured: "You double the string
[804] after you measure one chok." Two shell beads of low value
would buy one bundle of basketry materials, or one tanned deerskin.
Ten average beads would buy one tanned elk skin or two
tanned antelope skins.

From *Yoimut*, an aged *Chunut*, from *Pahmit*, an aged
436 *Dumna* (Doom'-nah) and from other Yokuts, I learned that
both asphaltum and paint of various colors in standard pack
were also traded and sold for money throughout Yokuts territory.
[804] This standard size is uniformly described and approximates
a size midway between that of a tennis ball and a baseball.
Their statements were substantiated by archaeological
remains in widely separated portions of Yokuts territory.

436 When the Smithsonian Institution expedition of 1937 excavated
the old *Tulamni* Yokuts village at the east point of the
172 Buena Vista Hills in western Kern County, a number of balls
of asphaltum were recovered. They were almost exactly the
size described by my informers. Some appeared to have been
wrapped in tules or in rabbit skin strips. This can be appreciated
when one takes into consideration the stickiness of asphaltum.
I also recovered similar balls of asphaltum in Indian
cemeteries at Alamo Solo in southwestern Kings County, and
at the Sweet Mound, about four miles southwest of Waukena
in western Tulare County.

It is of interest to note here that Wahumchah states that
[261 these balls of asphaltum were burned by the Yowlumne to provide
the black smoke for sending smoke signals.

372] At the Menjoulet Rancheria on Los Baños Creek in western Merced County I found two "standard pack" balls of red pigment and one of white, also several crude chunks of the diatomaceous earth from which the white pigment had been prepared. The balls of pigment showed the finger prints of the person who had formed them. In the Broder Mound (west center of Section 31, T18S. R26E, MDB&M) I recovered from disturbed burials one standard ball of black pigment, probably made of burned graphite taken from the old Yokuts diggings

near Aukland. In an old cemetery on Grizzly Gulch, about on a 436
line between the villages of Woody and White River, I found 172
both yellow and red pigment in standard sized balls.

If the uniform size of the above findings is to be considered as more than purely coincidental they show a remarkable spread of standardization.

YOKUTS TRADE AND TRADE ROUTES

From widely scattered specimens of paint pigment, pipe- 487
stone, and other objects easily identified as having come from
specific localities, it is well known that the North American 439
Indians had established extensive trade routes. From a grave
near Dunlap in eastern Fresno County was taken a remark- [172]
able piece of pottery, a water jar of fired red clay, having on
top a well modeled human head, and around the sides five openings. This jar was identified by Dr. F. W. Hodge, Director of the Southwest Museum, Pasadena, as probably being of *Mojave* manufacture. It was probably traded to the *Entimbits* Yokuts from the Mojaves.

In my own collection is a small decorated clay pitcher and 487
a decorated clay pipe. The pitcher was excavated by a Tulare
resident in an Indian burial ground at a locality known as 439
Turnbull, west of Tipton. The clay pipe was collected from 172
the cultivated surface of an Indian village site near Alpaugh.
Both were identified by the late Dr. T. T. Waterman of Fresno
State College as having come from northeastern Arizona, or
southeastern New Mexico. In my collection are also an ancient [177]
rusted iron axe and the badly rusted pieces of what was probably once a sword. These were excavated from an old *Choinok* Yokuts cemetery, six miles east of Visalia. These were the only articles of white manufacture recovered from approximately six hundred burials excavated at that site and so must have been traded to that village soon after the Spanish first visited the coast of California.

Obsidian, or volcanic glass, from Mono and Inyo Counties, is found at Indian village sites along the California coast.

Coast seashells are found as far east as Arizona and New Mexico. Dozens of other evidences of Indian trade could be cited. But we have more than archaelogical evidence.

Yoimut, last survivor of the Chunut Yokuts tribe from the 487
northeast shore of Tulare Lake, related to me that organized 439
trade was carried on between her people and those on the coast.

487 Her verbatim account of such trade is reproduced in Chapter
439 XIII near the end of this volume.

Ichow, a full-blood *Wukchumne*, quoted freely in this work, stated: "Some of our men go to coast to trade, go over the mountains to Owens Lake to trade. They go across to coast by where Coalinga is now. They go across the mountains from Tule River across Kern River where white people built that Jordan Trail. My grandpa, *Chechin* (Che'-chin), told me about that. His father used to trade at them places. From here he take deer skins, antelope skins, elk skins, *kadis* (kay'-dis) [steatite], *ahdit* [salt from saltgrass], and good baskets over to them Indians at Owens Lake. He bring back lots of fine *kots* [obsidian] to make good arrow point and some salt like white people use. He sell that kots and that salt here for our money and buy more things to trade."

The most interesting account I have been able to secure
concerning Yokuts traders came from *Wahumchah*, one of the
last two living full-blood *Yowlumne* Yokuts. For two genera-
tions back, his direct male ancestors were traders. His father
was born at the Yowlumne village of *Woilu* on the site of pres-
ent Bakersfield. He explained the position of traders in his
tribe. Said Wahumchah, "My father told me he was born right
[361] where Bakersfield is now. His people had two villages there,
one on each side river. One was on high knoll close by river.
It was my father's business to trade and to run anywhere his
487 *Teah* (Te'-ah) [Chief] wanted him to go. He was *Winatun*
439 [Messenger]. Sometimes them people let fire go out in one
624 village. Then someone had to make new fire with two sticks.
Fire most always went out when it rained. Then everything
372 was wet and it was hard to start new fire. Then my father
would swim river and get fire from other village. If fire went
out in other village he had swim across and take fire to them.
That was his business.

[482] "When my father carried fire he put it on top his head. He
put some ashes on piece buckskin. Then he put some red coals
[481] on ashes. He cover coals with ashes. Then he roll that buck-
skin up and tie it on top his head and swim across river. Some-
times them coals get pretty hot on his head. They burn him
pretty bad. Most time he got his hair burned off top his head.
[551] So Yowlumne call my father *Oi'-oi*, Roadrunner, because in
773 them old timers' stories Oioi stole fire and carried it across the
river just like my father did."

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

Yowlumne

A few Yowlumne traders traveled to what is now Inyo County to trade for mineral salt, and for obsidian, the volcanic glass used in making arrow and spear points. They also traveled to the West Side to trade for asphaltum from the deposits near present Maricopa and McKittrick. Some venturesome traders traveled to the coast near Moro Bay to trade for abalone, Pismo clam, keyhole limpet, and periwinkle shells, from which some of their ornaments and money were made. 487 439

Many kinds of herbs, roots and seeds in addition to saltweed ashes and salt from salt grass, were traded, but to a limited extent, because the growth of most herbs and roots was wide-spread in the San Joaquin Valley. Dried wild blackberries were traded to the people who lived on the plains and lake shores away from the rivers, where those berries grew in abundance. [251]

Yowlumne traders traveled as far north as *Yokohl* Valley, northeast of present Lindsay, to trade for steatite, or soapstone, from which were made their cooking vessels and one variety of bead money. Chalcedony, jasper, agate, and any other stone which was easily chipped into arrow points was also valued very highly. Rare curios or oddities of any kind had a high trade value. Quartz crystals, star-fish, sea urchins, cowrie shells, the canine teeth of grizzly bears, and any other uncommon objects, were certain of a ready market by trade. [135]

To fully explain Yokuts trading and trade routes would require more space than is available for this entire article. But it is necessary to know at least something of this practice, which, because of the low mountain passes to both east and west, was probably more extensive among the Yowlumne than it was among most other Yokuts tribes.

According to old Yowlumne Indians, elk, deer and antelope skins, steatite and the salt from native salt grass were the local key articles of trade. They were scarce in much of the desert territory east of the Sierra.

Yowlumne traders would gather a pack of tanned skins, purchasing them with Yokuts money, and carry them to the desert, where there were deposits of obsidian, or volcanic glass. As there existed a set standard of values between deer skins and obsidian, it required only a short period of visiting, news exchange, and bartering before the Yowlumne trader was ready to return to his home on Kern River.

439 436 487 It is difficult to obtain a set standard of Yokuts values that white people can understand. It has also been very difficult to obtain from the Yowlumne an easily understood explanation of such values. Perhaps the simplest of these has been that between deer skins and obsidian, a bundle of fifty tanned deer skins bringing about fifty pounds of obsidian.

In Yowlumne territory obsidian could be traded for anything, and had a very high trade value. It could be taken to Yokohl Valley and traded for soapstone, or to the West Side and traded for asphaltum. Some traders carried obsidian to the sea coast to trade for the seashells named above.

A few definite things have been learned about the value of seashells, which were the basis of most Yokuts money. One of these is that the complete shells had little value compared to the beads that were made from them. From one periwinkle, or olivella shell, at most three beads could be made and this required much labor. One tanned deerskin was worth three such beads. Beads or ornaments made from abalone, keyhole limpet, or Pismo clam shells had more value than did those made from periwinkle shells. These ornaments, or beads, were much larger than those made from periwinkle shells. From these few facts can be determined the relative values of a number of Yokuts commodities.

When the first white settlers arrived in the San Joaquin Valley they paid the Indians as much as twenty-five cents for a large, tanned deerskin. Some were purchased for as little as five cents. This furnishes almost the only data available concerning the comparative values of Yokuts and white money.

436 685 In 1852 a Kaweah Indian boy was brought to trial at Visalia for shooting an arrow into a work ox and seriously injuring it. For this offense he was fined fifty buckskins. The fine was promptly paid by his people. From early records and the statements of pioneers we know that an ox was at that time worth from sixty to eighty dollars. If we knew what portion of the value of the ox the fine represented we would have a ready measurement of the value of buckskins. We are probably only justified in assuming that an uninjured ox was valued at more than fifty buckskins.

439 487 Wahumchah's grandfather and a brother of this grandfather were two of the four Yowlumne Yokuts who swam with Padre Garcés across Kern River at the Rio Bravo Rancho (present Olcese Ranch) in May of 1776. The great-uncle lived

to tell Wahumchah of this experience, as well as about the old trade routes. When Wahumchah was a small boy his father herded sheep on Kern River for the Jewetts. From the hills beside Cottonwood Creek he pointed out to Wahumchah the old trails over which his father had traveled in trading to the coast and to the desert, east of the Sierra. In 1937, following the powerline road south of the mouth of Kern River Canyon, I drove Wahumchah to those same hills and had him point out to me the routes of the old trails his father and great uncle had pointed out to him, more than sixty years before. After he was a grown man, Wahumchah had worked at the Tejon Ranch and had traveled over several of the trails on horseback and had heard other old Yowlumne Yokuts relate the same stories his father had told about them. So the routes were well fixed in his mind. 439 487

Here is Wahumchah's statement, recorded in May, 1937, in his own words: "In them old days the Indians got no trail up Kern River. They go up Cottonwood Creek and around the mountain the way that old wagon road go to Whiskey Flat [Kernville]. Then the trail go over Walker's Pass or out Walker's Basin by Piute Mountain to desert. One trail go up to Tehachapi and out Oak Creek Pass to desert. Another trail to desert go up Tejon Canyon back Tejon Ranchos House. Next old trail go up Pastoria Creek across the mountain south to Quail Lake. I don't remember about one go up Grapevine Creek where highway is now. Maybe it did, but I don't remember it.

"Most important old trail go over mountain where them white men get oil long time ago [Old Sunset, southwest of present Maricopa]. It go by Paleta to Cuyama Valley. All trade from Santa Barbara, and Santa Maria go that way. 'Nother old trail go by Carrizo Plains to Coast. Then one more go by the same road you go now from Bakersfield to Paso Robles. I think that's 'bout last road I know to coast.

"But they got some trails in valley too. They got one trail on each side Kern River. One from Tejon cross Kern River where Padre Garcés cross. That's the one he come from Tejon. It run on to Tule River and Kaweah River. One trail go across *Trawlawin* (Traw-law'-win), San Joaquin Valley, north of Buena Vista Lake and one south of Kern Lake. Them old Yowlumne traders use them old trails all time. They go everywhere and nobody bother them. My grandpa and his

439 brother take big roll of tanned deer skins, maybe antelope skins,
to desert, bring back maybe fifty pounds *kots* (obsidian). Then
487 he make good arrow points and sell 'em for good Yokuts money,
maybe shell beads, maybe *kadis* (steatite) beads. He sell one
good tanned deerskin for one good kadis bead, maybe three good
seashell bead."

The preceding represents all the definite information I have been able to record concerning Yokuts trading and trade routes, but around the remainder of the rim of the San Joaquin Valley are easy mountain passes which show signs of Indian encampments and which were undoubtedly old Yokuts trade routes. The fact that early Spanish and American expeditions traveled these passes, often guided by Indians, makes it almost certain that they were so used. Some diaries kept by scribes accompanying these early expeditions actually record that they were following Indian trails.

Most prominent of these old routes through the Coast Range are the following: Coalinga to San Benito and King City; Big Panoche Valley; Los Baños Creek and via Saucelito and Quien Sabe Valleys; San Luis Creek and Pacheco Pass; Orestimba and De la Puerta Creeks; Hospitál Creek; Corral Hollow; Buenos Aires Creek; and Altamont Pass. Over most of these passes roads were established early in the settlement of the San Joaquin Valley. Old trails through them connected with others paralleling the Coast Range and Sierra foothills and the west bank of the San Joaquin River and the lakes to the south. Along these three last routes were established the first wagon roads to traverse the length of the San Joaquin Valley.

THE YOKUTS MONETARY SYSTEM

It will come as a surprise to many persons that the Yokuts,
436 so often contemptuously described as "diggers" or "the lowest
form of human life," were among the few Indians in North
America who developed a medium of exchange worthy of being
classified as a monetary system. This writer had gathered data
from aged Yokuts for about twenty years before he became
aware of the fact that when the Spanish arrived the Yokuts
were advancing out of the more primitive trade and barter culture into that of a system of monetary exchange. True, their monetary system was very crude, but the necessary elements were there and the money could not be successfully counterfeited. A penniless Yokuts could kill deer, tan the skins, carry them

into the desert territory where they were scarce, trade them for 436 obsidian, which was plentiful there, return it to his own land and sell it for Yokuts shell or steatite beads, which passed for money. It will be seen from this and from what is to follow that Yokuts money represented principally the accumulation of labor.

The cheapest Yokuts money was made from periwinkle or olivella shells with the tips ground off, so they could be strung. The smaller shells were of less value than the larger. The *Wukchumne* Yokuts called these shells *Chawik*. Olivella shells were made into three forms of beads besides the one describd. They were split in half. The large, outer half was punched for a string. Some of these beads were five-eighths of an inch across and more than an inch long. In some Yokuts cemeteries these two crude forms of Yokuts money have been found in great quantities; in some instances there have been several gallons [454] in one grave, the hoarded savings of the first penny-pinchers and nickel-grabbers of the San Joaquin Valley.

The whorl of the periwinkle was made into a thick bead having a curved edge. When strung, these nested somewhat like the snake-like gold chains made by modern jewlers. One of these beads was worth six of the shells with tips ground off, or two of the large half-shell beads. They were called *Huchin*.

From the thin lip of the periwinkle shell was made a bead which sometimes strung as many as twenty to the inch. "Two of these," said *Wahumchah*, an aged *Yowlumne* Yokuts, "were worth one curved bead. We called them *Mochowkuh* (Mochow'-kuh)." Beads made from purple mussel shell were called *Sueyuk* (Suey'-ook). From the keyhole limpet shell a hair [301] ornament was made. Wahumchah stated that they were not common and that he did not know the value they had in relation to the other old Yokuts money.

From fine-grained steatite the Yokuts made a valuable 436 form of bead-money. This steatite was mined by the *Yokodo* 324 Yokuts near Lindsay Peak, east of the present town of Lindsay. [438] It was traded or sold by them to Yokuts traders from tribes over the entire southern San Joaquin Valley. Steatite bead money was very valuable. Wahumchah stated that it was three times as valuable as the most valuable olivella beads. Near Woodville I once found a place where a steatite bead maker had manufactured and cached his product for many years. From the sandy soil I screened thousands of completed beads, as well

436 as more thousands in all stages of completion. A study of these
324 proved that the steatite was first split into thin slabs, gouged,
scraped, and sanded smooth, then cut into strips by means of a
chipped stone saw. I found two of these saws, their chipped
[412] edges still coated with steatite. The strips were next cut into
squares. Cuts were made from opposite sides until the strip
was severed. Then holes were drilled in the square blanks.

Ichow, last chief of the Wukchumne, explained to me the whole process of making steatite beads, not knowing at the time that I had already found proof of almost every statement he was making. Said Ichow, "When I was a boy I saw an old Wukchumne man make lots beads. He drive stake in ground. He sit on ground straddle that stake. He cut little square hole in top that stake. He put square bead in that hole. Then he take little stick with *kots* (obsidian) drill point on end. He spin that drill between his hands and make holes in them square beads."

Ichow went on to explain that the square beads were strung on a small, hardened rod of chamise wood and rolled between the hand and a gritty, flat piece of sandstone. This ground the corners from the square beads and left them of uniform size. This steatite bead was the most common form of Wukchumne money. Said Ichow, "Most our money was them soapstone beads. Them *Telumne, Kaweah, Koyeti,* and *Choinok* used the same beads almost all time. Them *Chunut, Tachi,* and *Wowol* people used more shell money, but they used some our soapstone money, too."

The most interesting feature of this steatite Yokuts money is that the edges of it were milled, almost exactly as are the edges of our silver dollar. The principal difference in the milling was that the Yokuts bead-money was milled at an angle with the flat sides. This milling is surprisingly uniform and will be found on this form of Yokuts money at old village sites from Paleta and Tejon Canyon on the south, to Coalinga and Friant on the north.

Spangles and ornaments of various forms and sizes were
436 made from abalone shell. I have several statements establish-
301 ing the fact that they passed from person to person as money;
but because of their supernatural power, they were valued so
highly that such use was greatly restricted. They were known
as *Tahp* and were used on *Tripne* (supernatural) ceremonial
costumes. They were also placed over the eyes, ears, and/or

They^ were also placed over the eyes, ears, and/or 436
mouth of the dead, as Ichow stated, "So that dead person could 301
see, hear, talk good in *Tihpiknits'* (keeper of the hereafter)
Pahn (land)." Such use of Tahp has been found in some of the 764
most ancient burials discovered in Yokuts territory, which indicates that it had long been valued by the ancestors of those people.

The most valued of all Yokuts money was made from the 436
shell of the famous Pismo clam. Most of this Pismo clam shell- 439
money was probably traded through Cuyama Valley from Canaliño neighbors to the southwest. Tejon informants have stated to me that the word, *Cuyama,* was the Canaliño name for the Pismo clam shell and that the Cuyama Valley was the channel through which these shells were traded to the Yokuts. Curiously enough, clam-shell ornaments are less common in adjacent Yokuts territory than they are farther north in Chunut Yokuts territory. My informers concerning the above were Rosa and Ramon Hino and Juan Losada of Tejon Canyon. Wahumchah, one of the last two living Yowlumne Yokuts, has told me that his tribe obtained their clamshell money through the Cuyama. Wahumchah's father and grandfather were both traders and his observations along these lines should carry more than ordinary weight.

I have heard no claims made that Pismo clam shell-money 436
had any curative or preservative powers, only that it had great 764
value as money. This is borne out by the use made of it in Yokuts burials. It was almost always placed in the mouths of the dead. *Yoimut,* an aged Chunut, once stated to me, "To pay them bad fish-people to let the dead person cross that narrow bridge to Tihpiknits' Pahn. They put it in the mouth so that dead person don't lose it and he sure to have it when he get to Tihpiknits' Pahn."

The Pismo clam ornaments were of three standardized 436
shapes and had holes drilled through them. Discs were made
in sizes from more than two inches in diameter to less than one- 321
half inch. The edges of most of these were decorated with in- [531]
cised geometric forms in several designs. Indications are that the incisions were originally rubbed full of asphaltum. This bright black material contrasted strikingly with the white of the clam shell and made them the most spectacular and impressive forms of stone or shell money, or ornaments produced by the Yokuts.

^[i.e., spangles and ornaments of abalone shell.-Analyst]

436 321 From the Pismo clam were also produced nicely smoothed and rounded curved objects with pointed ends. These were drilled from the pointed ends, the opposing holes meeting at the middle. I have never seen one of these objects taken any place in Yokuts territory, except from the mouth cavity of a buried skeleton.

Slender, straight-sided tubes were also made from Pismo clam-shell. They varied from three-eighths of an inch in diameter and three inches long, down to one-fourth of an inch in diameter and less than one inch long. Some were not cylindrical, being larger at the middle than at the ends. The Wukchumne Yokuts called these *Cutscotch* (Coots'-cotch).

The most valued of all clamshell money were long, curved tubes. These varied with the size of the shell, the largest being more than six inches in length. They were slightly wider than they were thick and were perforated lengthwise. This perforation is the most remarkable feature of all Yokuts manufactures.

The shell of the Pismo clam is as hard as the glaze on a piece of china. To drill two opposing holes, each three inches deep, through such material, having them meet in the middle, is a feat worthy of modern tools in the hands of a practiced mechanic. Mayfield, who was a white man raised by the *Choinimni* 439 Yokuts, stated to me that an old artisan of that tribe obtained in trade slender objects which he (Mayfield) believed were "walrus, or sea lion whiskers." The large ends of these were pounded between two rocks, forming a sort of short-bristled brush. A shallow hole was drilled with a stone-pointed drill as a starter. Fine, sharp sand was placed in this hole. Then the brush-pointed "whisker" was placed on top of the sand and spun between the palms of the hands. Mayfield had not seen the Pismo clam money drilled in this manner, but had seen other hard objects so drilled. From Ichow I learned that an identical process was used by the Wukchumne and Yokodo. The only variance was that no "whisker" of any sort was used. The drill was made from the slender chamise-root splint used in reducing 412 the square steatite beads to a round form. Said Ichow, "That old fellow take piece of green chamise root and scrape it just about this size [illustrating with a piece of ordinary bailing wire which he picked up beside his chair and which he continued to hold in his hand as he talked]. Then he hold this piece root over fire and scrape and dry him good and straight and hard like this wire." A brush was pounded on the end of the chamise-root splint and use made of it exactly as described by Mayfield.

In my collection of Indian artifacts are a number of these Pismo clam-shell tubes that had been broken before they were placed in the mouths of the dead. In a number of cases it is clearly shown that the two opposing holes did not at first meet at the middle. In the correction of this error was involved the most surprising feat exhibited in all Yokuts manufactures. The drill was diverted so that a branching hole was made and the two holes did meet. This was done so as not to be visible until the tube was broken.

The common Yokuts name for the Pismo clam form of Yokuts money is *Humana* (Hoo-mah'-nah).

[P. 74 not Processed]

CHAPTER IV

DRESS AND COMMUNICATIONS

YOKUTS MEN'S DRESS

291 If one is expecting a lengthy and detailed account of an extensive wardrobe worn by the various Yokuts tribes, he is doomed to disappointment. In dress they are often unfavorably compared with the Great Plains Indians. To do justice to these people, however, it must be known that the Great Plains Indians, with the exception of a few members of each tribe, did not appear as we are in the habit of seeing them pictured.

291 114 Probably the motion picture has been most responsible for the misinformation which has been spread about Indians. Pictures have been made in which we are assured that as many as two thousand Indians have been employed in the cast. From what one sees in the picture, one would never know but that every tribe was composed of at least nineteen hundred and ninety-nine chiefs and one common, ordinary Indian.

291 The elaborate dress and head dress which is so commonly placed upon the pictured Indian was worn by probably not more than six men in a tribe of two thousand Indians. Another Indian of that tribe, when he was not entitled to it, would have taken his own life before he would have placed the head dress of a chief upon his head.

The common citizen of the Great Plains tribes did not appear a great deal unlike the average Yokuts Indians, the
[142] principal difference being that the San Joaquin Valley natives were
shorter and heavier and generally wore no foot covering of any
sort. When the Spanish brought horses, hats and boots among
[177] them, they took the Spanish words for those articles and still
use them when speaking their own language.

The men wore their hair long, but probably did not braid
302 it until after they became acquainted with white people. They
bound their hair into two coils somewhat resembling braids.
These hung in front of the shoulders over each ear. Most often
the hair was allowed to hang loose, being thrown back over the
shoulders. It was held in place by a string wrapped around
the head just above the eye-brows. This string was generally
[283 made from the fiber of the milk weed, and had woven into it
237] sacred down from the breast of the eagle, or from the red-tailed hawk.

302 tailed hawk. Into the hair at the back of the head and under [237] the string might be thrust several feathers. These feathers might be in natural colors, or white goose feathers dyed red, [301] yellow, or blue. Beads of periwinkle shell, or of steatite, were hung around the neck, or fastened into the coils of hair.

304 Sometimes the ears were pierced, this practice being carried to such an extreme that in some instances, we are told, the rim would be almost separated from the rest of the ear and [301] stretched so that it hung almost to the shoulder. As much as a pound of ornaments might be suspended from these rings of flesh. At least upon the occasions of ceremonies, the face and 302 other parts of the body were painted.

The only article commonly worn by men, which could be 291 considered as clothing, was a breech clout (*nong-itch'-un*), supported by a gee string (*wuh-suk'-un*). This apparel was worn much in the same manner as was that of the Great Plains Indians. The breech clout was generally cut from a deer skin. It was about four feet or more in length. Both gee string and breech clout were placed behind the wearer and the two ends of the gee string brought to the front, where they were held by one hand, while with the other, the loose end of the breech clout was brought between the legs to the front. While the end of the breech clout was held under the chin, the gee string was tied around the waist over it. Then the end of the breech clout was allowed to fall downward, forming a small apron. This apron might be painted several colors, a design [531] peculiar to the tribe or family of the individual, or it might be left plain.

During extremely cold weather the skin of a mountain lion, deer, or wild cat might be thrown about the shoulders and pinned in place. But this would only be during a period of actual storm or cold and was not a common procedure. No other apparel of any sort was deemed necessary. Several tribes say that there is in their language no word for foot covering of any sort. The ***Wukchumne*** word for such was ***Wong-kud'-uh,*** and their elk-skin moccasin had a loose, boot-like leg which was tied just below the knee.

We are told by Indian as well as white pioneers that in [137] the early days no foot covering was necessary, for the San Joaquin Valley floor was covered with grass as soft and comfortable to the foot as a velvet carpet. We are told that all of [177] the plants of today which would in any way make barefoot

[text continues on p.78]

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Lowumit and Hawtey, dressed in native costumes made by their grandparents, Ichow and Wehsoomkot. The beads are of Indian manufacture, of steatite and shell materials. They were constructing the tule house which appears in the background.

291[travel uncomfortable were brought by the white man. It is
[177] probable that in some instances, particularly in rocky, brushy
country, some sort of moccasin was used.

137 It is interesting to pass along the roads of the San Joaquin Valley with the Indians of the older generation and have
177 them point out the plants which came with the white man and
824 those which are "old timers." Among the introduced plants
are fox tail, cockle burrs, Spanish thistle, puncture vine, sand
burrs and many others, any one of which would have forced into
the language of all Yokuts Indians a word for some sort of
foot covering.

YOKUTS WOMEN'S DRESS

291 As regards dress, the Yokuts woman was, until the year
just passed and the coming of the "new look," quite modern,
short skirts and no stockings having been in style for many
years before Hollywood modes were adopted. Painting was
[304] not unknown, although it was often done in permanent form by
tattooing.

The Yokuts women often wore bangs and allowed the remainder
302 of the hair to hang loose over the shoulders, or gathered and tied it behind the neck. Young unmarried women are
said to have made themselves more attractive by separating the
hair at the back and forming it into two wrapped coils, bound
by strings of beads or other bright ornaments. This practice
was called *pin-ke'-itch*. They sometimes wrapped string around
their heads and stuck feathers under it at the back of the
head. In this they followed very closely the ancient customs of
their red sisters throughout America.

302 When in mourning for a brother, sister, father, mother,
husband, or grandparent, it was in some tribes customary for
765 Yokuts women to bob their hair. It was cut off short across the
back, sometimes by means of a piece of glowing sycamore bark,
the hair being clamped between the parts of a split stick. They
called this operation *hu-pahn'-mas*. [during the period of
mourning there was a tabu against washing, or bathing and the
eating of meat]. The hair removed was tied to a rock and
thrown in a deep hole in the river. I have been assured by individuals
of tribes among whom I have worked, that none of
[283 their people would have used or even preserved hair removed in
this way; this in spite of the fact that I have found in Yokuts
172] graves numerous lengths of cord, made of twisted human hair.

302 765 Over the cheeks was applied a mixture of powdered charcoal and pine pitch. This badge of mourning was sometimes allowed to remain in place for approximately one year, or when a yearly mourning gathering and dance was held. This painting was done to accentuate the dirt which accumulated under the eyes while the mourners were constantly crying and could not wash.

304 301 The women, and men, too, sometimes perforated their noses (*tong-ok-e'-en*), and thrust through the openings a long slender piece of bone, or hardwood (*tong-ik'-un*) or the rim from an abalone shell. These ornaments were often six inches in length and are said to have added a note of sternness to the naturally impressive, dark-visaged natives.

304 Tattooing varied with the various tribes throughout the valley. They called it *ship'-ah wah'-shud*. It was accomplished by making cuts in the skin with sharp chips of stone and rubbing powdered charcoal into the cuts.

304 531 Tattooed designs consisted mostly of straight lines, both solid and composed of rows of dots. They occurred on the chin, across the cheeks from the corners of the mouth, and sometimes on the forehead. Each tribe doing this is said to have had its own distinctive design.

304 301 Women pierced their ears, (*pu'-wah he'-un*), and wore suspended from them beads, seashells, and other small ornaments, to a greater extent than did the men. Strings of beads were also worn about the neck and suspended with, or wrapped about, the hair. These beads were made of steatite, or of seashells, appearing white, or blue and bluish black.

302 172 Painting (*ship'-ah ush'-uh*) was probably common among the valley Yokuts tribes. Balls of paint have been found in graves at such widely separated points as the Los Baños Creek in western Merced county, the Alamo Solo in northwestern Kern county, and Grizzly Gulch in eastern Tulare county. They included three colors, red (*haw'-yow*), white (*huh-so'-sid*) and black (*wow'-won*), red being most common.

Several craniums have been found having the marks of paint upon them. As the flesh decayed, the color on the skin was deposited on the cheek bones. The colors used in these cases were red and white. There was some difference between the use of these ancient cosmetics and those applied by present white women of the valley. The Yokuts painted the face red

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172 and painted white stripes across it, exactly opposite to the present practice.

291 Only the principal article of women's clothing remains to be described. This was a short skirt affair (*chong-ish'-un*), made in the form of two small aprons, a small one behind and a smaller one in front. [237] The skirt was made of various materials, deer skin, tules, hemp, rabbit skin, mud-hen skin, grass and bark being reported from different portions of the San Joaquin. It reached almost to the knees. Some of these skirts were weighted by small balls of asphaltum attached to the lower edge.

While present day Indians are quite careful about conforming to the white woman's standard of dress, they appreciate quite fully that the present tendency is decidedly toward the old Indian custom. Several years ago I took an Indian woman to several of the valley schools to give demonstrations in basket making. We arrived at one school during a period when both boys' and girls' physical education classes were in session. The boys were on their own courts playing basketball and wearing only trunks. The girls were on another court playing the same game, wearing middies and bloomers, but no stockings. During the demonstration, the Indian woman sat on the floor of the gymnasium where the program was being held. The front row of spectators was composed entirely of girls, none of whom wore stockings.

After the performance, and when about thirty miles of the return trip had been made, the Indian woman said, "Ugh!" At this I listened closely, because such an exclamation always preceded a heated statement. Following a long pause came again, [186] "Ugh! White people don't wear any more clothes than old-timer Indians. All style. They tell Indians you nasty, you dirty, you don't wear clothes. So Indians *wear* clothes. Indians all die. Now *white people* don't wear clothes. Maybe Indians nasty. White people nasty, too."

YOKUTS SUMMER VACATIONS

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484 The most unique of all boats, or other structures for that matter, built by Yokuts tribes and probably by other tribes on the Pacific Coast, were the great tule rafts built on Kings River and probably on other rivers in times past for summer migration to the lakes in the San Joaquin Valley. By residents of the San Joaquin who must spend the hot summer months at home,

this annual pilgrimage to the lake shores will be appreciated. 501
We learn from pioneer white settlers that when it was possible 484
they, too, used to spend a portion of the summer at the valley
lakes, Summit, Tulare, Goose, Buena Vista, and Kern.

One of the great experiences of the eighties was to be a member of an excursion about Tulare lake on the steamboat owned by Judge J. J. Atwell of Visalia. There would surely have been a marked contrast between the Atwell boat and the great tule rafts of the Yokuts, had they met upon the lake. At the sight of the smoke-belching Atwell boat the Yokuts occupants of a tule raft would probably have swum across Tulare Lake and hidden in the Coast Range Mountains.

The Yokuts raft is best described by T. J. Mayfield, whose 501
account in "Uncle Jeff's Story" is repeated here for the benefit 396
of those who have not read it.

"A great, long tule raft was built. The Indians used to 484
build small tule rafts that would carry one or two persons for
use on Kings river below the rancheria opposite Sycamore
creek, but this raft for the lake trip was at least fifty feet long.
It was made up of long bundles of tules, pointed at each end,
and bound together with willow wythes.

"The bundles were made separately and then bound, or lashed together, making a sort of keeled boat with a depression along the center of the deck. The tules were lashed together in such a way that the raft, or boat, was pointed at the ends and resembled a great cigar, except that the pointed ends were turned up so that they were two or three feet above the deck.

"Along the center of this boat was piled their dunnage. 501
This dunnage consisted of supplies and camp equipment, and 484
included mortars and pestles, baskets of acorns, acorn bread,
seeds, dried meat, skins for bedding and many other things.
On the sides of the boat sat eight or ten Indians, generally one
or two families.

"For us children this trip was an occasion of great excitement. We were all eyes and ears and could scarcely contain ourselves.

"The trip was made in the late spring when the flood from the melting snows in the mountains provided enough water in the river to float the raft over the sandbars.

"The whole rancheria did not make the trip. As I recollect, there were three rafts built the first year. They were built several miles below Sycamore creek, just how far I cannot say.

501 484 We were almost a day carrying dunnage from Sycamore down to the place where the rafts were built. It could have been ten miles below the rancheria. I do remember that the river was wide there, and that a great quantity of tules grew in a slough leading out from the river. It was in this slough that the raft had been built.

"When we were all aboard, the boats were poled out into the stream and allowed to drift with the current. Three or four of the men stood at the sides of the raft and kept it away from snags and in the main current. In this way we floated along at about two or three miles an hour.

"At night the raft was moored to the bank in a quiet place and we camped on the shore. It was really one of the greatest experiences I have ever had, and certainly the greatest I had while living with the Indians. I believe that they, too, enjoyed these trips more than any of their other experiences. We traveled in style and in comfort. The river was lined with trees and vines and it was one beautiful scene after another.

"In after years I used to cross Kings river many times on the bridge south of Kingsburg and the scene there always reminded me of our trips.

"Of the amount of time used in making the trip to the lake shore I have no accurate recollection. We traveled very slowly and hunted a great deal along the way. Sometimes the hunters did not board the boat at all during the day but met us with game when we had made camp in the evening. I suppose that it must have taken us at least ten days to go from Sycamore creek to Tulare Lake."

SMOKE SIGNALS AND SIGN LANGUAGE

175 202 In the diary kept by J. C. Frémont while he was traveling through the San Joaquin Valley he wrote, under date of April 6, 1844:

"After having traveled 15 miles along the river, we made an early halt, under the shade of sycamore trees. Here we found the San Joaquin coming down from the Sierra with a westerly course, and checking our way, as all its tributaries had previously done.

"We had expected to raft the river: but found a good ford, [136] [probably Gravely Ford, below present Herndon] and encamped on the opposite bank, where droves of wild horses were raising clouds of dust on the prairie.

raising clouds of dust on the prairie.' Columns of smoke were 175
visible in the direction of the Tule Lakes to the Southward— 202
probably kindled in the Tulares by the Indians, as signals that there were strangers in the valley."

This mention by Frémont of an ancient custom of the 202
Yokuts Indians is probably the most significant of any that he made on that trip through the San Joaquin Valley. We know from old Indians and early white travelers and settlers that the Yokuts had for countless years telegraphed to the far ends of the San Joaquin Valley by means of smoke signals, warning that their territory was being entered by a strange, or hostile party.

When a party of Spanish entered the lower end of the valley for the purpose of securing proselytes for the missions, within four hours the tules were afire from the Cosumne River to the south end of Kern Lake, and a message was passing by means of smoke signals along the Sierra and Coast Range foothills from one look-out station to the other.

In this way the size of the party, the kind of people of which it was composed, the direction in which they were traveling and their actions were described to those tribes more than 250 miles away in less time than it could be taken today by means of automobiles.

If this party was reported to be hostile, immediate preparations were made to remove all women and children to hiding places, and to collect and arm all men for resistance.

Concerning the details of sending smoke signals little has been preserved. From *Cham'-sah*, an aged *Koyeti*, I learned that a small fire was used, it being partially smothered by weeds and grass which gave off a dense smoke when burned. Wahumchah states that the Yowlumne obtained asphaltum from the west side and used it for sending smoke signals.

A large cooking basket was placed over the fire to interrupt the smoke and divide it into puffs. A long series of short puffs was the signal of alarm. A long series of widely separated puffs meant that all was clear. Chamsah stated that a small isolated hill southeast of Porterville, known as *Chewil Tipin*, meaning Cottontail's Home, (NW ¼ of Section 6, T22S, R28E, MDB&M) was long used as a Koyeti signal station.

It was due to this close-knit allegiance of the many Yokuts [619]
tribes that they were able to resist all invading forces, except the Forty-niners, and to continue as a peaceful people.

648 Primitive tradition contains numerous mention of peoples living in continual fear of invading forces. This is the old story of humanity from the present time back beyond the very beginning of history.

The story of an invading host spread like wild-fire. In silent terror a few belongings were snatched from their accustomed places. Light packs of food were prepared and women and children fled to the hiding places about them. After the invaders were gone, these people returned, often to find their homes in ashes and all of their belongings destroyed.

Occasionally they were caught without warning and had no time in which to flee. They were then attacked in their dwellings. The tremendous confusion and hurried flight on such occasions is one of the most powerful forces in developing and controlling the instincts of primitive people.

861 648 White people are surprised to find that Indian children obey their parents without question and that they do not cry, except upon the most exceptional occasions. These characteristics are the direct growth of the conditions which have just been mentioned. The Indians of the San Joaquin Valley were much like their brothers, the wild animals, whose young by instinct will remain perfectly quiet when hidden by their mothers, even though they are almost trampled upon. Mere anxiety on the part of the parent is infectious.

Indian children were reared upon stories that recounted the many invasions which the tribe had suffered, and which kept ever before them this peril which might at any moment envelop them. They had no way of knowing that they would be safe for any certain length of time. The lookout on a nearby peak might at any moment signal that an invading force was distant only a few hours', or a few minutes' travel.

In this way the protection of the parent was much more a real necessity to the young child, to the young man and young woman and even to grown individuals, than is the case among civilized races. Because he knows that it is made safe for him to travel to almost any place he pleases, the young boy of today does not have this feeling of dependence toward his parents. Because of this the children of white parents are more prone to disobey than the children of primitive people. Undoubtedly this close dependence and fear of a common enemy was responsible for the fact that it was seldom if ever necessary to whip Indian children.

The children of American pioneers who were brought up in the wilderness, far from neighbors of their own kind, and in the same state of suspense concerning their safety as was common to the red men about them, behaved in much the same manner as did the children of those red men. And they kept this stoic, dry-eyed behavior through life. It was the most fixed characteristic of the Anglo Saxon pioneer. 200

Although I have heard a number of references to Yokuts sign language, I have been able to gather little data concerning it. *Ichow*, last chief of the *Wukchumne* Yokuts tribe, stated that his people used a sign language in talking with tribes from east of the Sierra. Most signs were made with the hands, but they were used in relation to other parts of the body. 201

Ichow could remember only a few signs, as their use was discontinued before he was born. Those he remembered had been taught to him by his grandfather, *Chechin*, the noted Rattlesnake Doctor. Sleep was indicated by inclining the head to one side and closing the eyes. One day, or one sun, was indicated by pointing to the sky, directly overhead. A mountain was indicated by holding the hand in front of the waist, palm from the body, and all fingers extended close to each other. The hand was then slid upward and away from the body. The height and angle at which the hand was raised indicated the height and steepness of the mountain.

A snow storm was indicated by the hand, held palm downward, and fingers extended close to each other. The hand was lowered slowly as it moved from side to side. Fallen snow was indicated by shifting the weight from one foot to the other, accompanied by a grunt with each shift. This imitated the sound of walking in loose snow.

A rain storm was indicated by holding the hand in front of the face, palm down, fingers separated and curved downward. The fingers were then wiggled, slightly for a little rain, and violently for a heavy storm.

An old person was indicated by placing the hand on the head and then giving the sign for snow. The hand held in front of the body, palm down, thumb and little finger closed, the middle three fingers partly extended, indicated a man. Two fingers extended in the same manner indicated a woman.

Wahumchah, aged eighty-five years and last full-blood man from the *Yowlumne* tribe of Yokuts, who once lived

Yowlumne

20| around the site of present Bakersfield, had the following to say about the sign language used in this locality.

"Them old-time Yowlumne had a sign language. I knew some old people who could talk that language, but I forgot almost all of it. I don't see that kind of talkin' since I was 'bout fourteen years old.

"To say, 'I saw,' they close both hands in front of eyes. Then they open first finger on each hand and move hands ahead little ways and point ahead with fingers. The sign for deer they made with both hands. They put their wrists together and spread their fingers little bit, to look like deer horns. If the deer had big horns they raised their hands little bit when they made sign. For forked horn they put up only two fingers, for three pointer, three fingers, for four pointer, four fingers. When they go hunting, they got to keep quiet. They can't talk. When one man saw deer he make the sign for 'I see' and point his fingers where deer was. Then he made sign for deer. Then everybody knew where there was deer.

"The sign for elk was almost the same as deer. They held wrists farther apart and spread their fingers wide. They had sign for antelope. They made it like deer sign. But they put up just first finger on each hand and next finger part way. They look like antelope horns. To put out one hand with palm down and all fingers together and raise it up high meant big deer, or elk, or anything like that. To show whether deer or elk, or anything was fat they had another sign. They close all fingers but thumb and first finger on each hand. They put ends thumbs and ends fingers together to make circle. If deer or antelope poor, they made little circle, if fat, they made big circle.

"They had sign for roll over. They put hands beside each other in front of breast and move them around once. To make sign for walkin' they open just one finger on each hand and point down. Then they move hands like they walkin' with them fingers. To show that something ran they open first two fingers on right hand and work them back and forth fast, like legs runnin'. That's 'bout all I remember 'bout that sign language."

CHAPTER V

HOUSES AND HOUSEKEEPING

YOKUTS PERMANENT HOUSES

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It has been said that to know a man's house is to know him. While that statement is probably rather broad if applied to the Yokuts Indians, it is certain that to know the construction and arrangement of a Yokuts house and the village in which it was situated would afford at least a superficial knowledge of many phases of their life.

Early travelers through the San Joaquin Valley are quoted as saying that when they approached an Indian village the inhabitants came running like rabbits from burrows in the ground. Had we no other description of their houses and life than this we would fall far short of judging accurately the manner in which the Yokuts lived. However, it is true that some of the houses were partly underground and that these were covered with an earth, or sod roof. Over this roof grew wild grasses, covering the houses to such an extent that the inhabitants probably appeared to be coming from burrows.

From information furnished by aged Indians and white men who were familiar with the construction of permanent houses built by the Yokuts Indians, we are able to furnish a description of how they were built and used. A roughly circular hole or pit was excavated, the earth being loosened by means of pointed sticks. The earth was then placed in baskets and thrown on the ground around the hole. This formed quite a high levee, or bank, which rose probably six or seven feet above the bottom of the excavation. The holes varied in size from ten or twelve feet in diameter to a much larger diameter, and in depth to about two feet.

Around the inside of the excavation, against its walls, were placed willow or other green poles, with the smaller ends upward. They were embedded in the floor of the pit to a depth of a foot or more. These poles varied in size from less than an inch in diameter to as much as three inches, and in length from ten to probably as much as thirty feet.

At the south side of the enclosure an opening was left between the poles. At this point in the construction, a row of

342 slender branches, fourteen to sixteen inches apart, extended from eighteen to twenty feet above the level of the surrounding ground. Next a green oak pole or shoot was bent upon itself and lashed together, forming a hoop probably thirty inches in diameter. The tips of the standing poles were pulled together at the top and lashed to this hoop.

Then other poles were bent around this frame-work parallel with the ground and lashed to the upright poles by means of bark or milk weed fiber cord. These horizontal pieces were spaced from twelve to eighteen inches apart. By this time the house resembled very much a rustic or wicker-work affair, roughly semi-spherical in shape. It had a circular opening at the top and a rectangular door, facing the south and probably two feet wide by five feet high.

[361] As these houses were almost invariably built along the shores of streams or lakes, an abundance of tule was available, and a tule thatch was laid on top of this frame work. The larger ends of the tules were placed against the ground on the outside of the frame work and lay with their tips extending into the opening at the top. When first applied, the thatch was probably from six to twelve inches in thickness.

Then the loose soil, which had been removed from the excavation, was thrown on top of the tule thatch. It formed a sod covering, varying in thickness from three or four inches at the circular opening at the top to probably several feet at the level with the surrounding ground. We are informed that in some instances the tules were first covered with a layer of mud approximately three or four inches in thickness. The writer is inclined to believe that this was the practice at many places. The evidence indicating such practice exists in old house pits in the form of fired clay which shows upon one side very plainly the marks of the tules and small branches.

The heavy earth covering compacted the tules until they were probably about an inch in thickness and by these tules was kept from falling through into the house below.

As most of the houses were destroyed by fire, the mud covering hardened and fell into the pit below. The floors of several old house remains have been found to be covered with such debris.

At the doorway, an inclined floor led from the level of the floor of the house to the level of the surrounding ground, the house being entered much as one would enter a shallow cellar

A permanent, earth-covered Yokuts house under construction. It was built in 1929 on the Kaweah River by Wukchumne Indians. The willow poles were later bent together at the tops and lashed to the oak ring which lies on the floor. Then the framework was covered with a layer of tules and last with a layer of mud and dirt.

or dugout. The door being considerably lower than the head of the average man, it was probably necessary to bend quite low in entering it. During bad weather this opening was closed by the skin of some animal, or by a tule mat.

Until about 1935 there were numerous remains of these houses existing in western Tulare county. South of Waukena they still exist on ranch property owned by Adolph Sweet, and south of Paige they were on the W. H. Wilbur ranch, but have been destroyed by farming. Several of these were excavated by the writer. The findings verified the statements made by aged Indian and white pioneers.

YOKUTS TEMPORARY HOMES

In considering the various types of houses used throughout the breadth and length of the San Joaquin Valley, we find that the Yokuts built at least five different types of dwellings. The most pretentious of all these houses is the permanent house, which has already been described and which was often used

342 for probably ten or fifteen years before it had to be rebuilt. The rest of the houses were of a more temporary nature.

Surely the most striking of all Yokuts houses was the long, mat-covered, communal house called *Kawi*. This house was used by *Wowol, Chunut* and *Tachi* and probably by the *Tulamni, Tuhohi,* and *Hometwoli*. It sometimes reached a length of three hundred feet and looked from the exterior like a long, wedge-shaped tent.

In the communal house lived many families. We are told 342 that in some instances the people of an entire village occupied 592 one house. The house was built with a long ridge-pole supported by crotched posts and with a steep-pitched roof. On the sloping side poles, were left stubs of some of the small limbs. 352 These served as hooks to support horizontal poles over which were thrown the tule mats. Such stubs were also left on the underside of the sloping poles, or rafters, and also on the center posts. Strings of dried acorns and of fish and meat and all manner of camp equipment were hung from these Indian clothes hangers. It is thought that each family constructed its own part of this house, with doors at both ends as well as along the sides. These doors could be closed at night with tule mats. Although there were no partitions in the house and one could look through from one end to the other, each family had its own space, its own door and its own fire place, and it was considered a breach of etiquette to walk lengthwise of the house through the portion occupied by another family.

Along the front of the house a shade was constructed. This 342 shade is still used by many of the Yokuts Indians and is called *Ch'-iniu*. On the treeless plains and shores of Tulare Lake it was indispensable. Crotched poles were set in the ground at regular intervals. Other poles were laid across them and tule mats were unrolled on top of the cross poles. Near streams a covering of willow brush was used, instead of tule mats. It was this tule mat and light framework house that the *Tachi, Nutunutu, Wowol,* and *Chunut* dismantled, rolled up quickly and placed on their large tule rafts when river-swollen, or wind-swept Tulare Lake flooded their camp sites.

It is unfortunate that more details have not been preserved concerning the long, wedge-shaped house. Life under conditions which existed in such a dwelling must have been complicated, to say the least. Each family was in close contact with 362 the neighboring families and there was practically no privacy for anyone in the tribe.

for anyone in the tribe. This type of structure brings home to one more forcibly than any phase of their culture the fact that the primitive Yokuts were all city dwellers. Country yokels were probably unknown among them. 342

The *Yowlumne* of lower Kern River, as well as the other tribes to the east of the tule lakes, built structures somewhat like that described above, but much shorter, and kept each family separated by partitions. [184]

One of the most interesting descriptions I have ever received of this Yowlumne house was given in 1943 by the late Thomas A. Baker, son of the founder of the City of Bakersfield. Here it is:

"When we first came here [Bakersfield in 1863] the Indians were living mostly in brush shelters, four posts with poles across them and brush piled on top. There were one or two tule houses. They were not round and not square, but were sort of oval shaped; about ten feet wide and fifteen feet long with a small door in the middle of one side. They had round ends. They had two posts inside, and a short ridge-pole. I never paid much attention to them, but I believe they had poles leaned against this ridge pole. The tules were stood on end around this pole framework. I don't think the tules were made into mats. I think they were stood around the framework loose. Maybe they were tied down to the pole framework.

"The ridge of the house was not closed tight. There was an opening in the ridge in the form of a slot about eight inches wide and about six feet long.

"I was in these tule houses a number of times, but I remember very little about them. I do remember that there were strings of acorns and dried fish hanging from the pole framework. There were also baskets and bags of all kinds of Indian things on the ground inside. Everything was so smoked up inside that you couldn't tell what most of it was."

The *Yowlumne* of Kern River, the *Wechikit* of Kings River and probably the *Apaichi* north of Kings River built a small tule house of an oblong shape. The ends were rounded, but almost vertical. A short ridge pole was erected on two upright crotched poles. Poles were leaned against this ridge. This left not the wedge-shaped house, but a rounded affair, probably much like the one described above by Thomas A. Baker.

There was only one door. In some instances there was no ridge pole. The poles were then bent all the way over and

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A typical Yokuts camp. In the foreground is the firepit and the woodpile for outside cooking. In front of the house is the universal tule-mat shade. The oblong tule covered house has a slot shaped smoke hole directly over the door. Beneath the smoke hole is the firepit for indoor cooking and heating. The ends of the house are round. Wahsumchah, eighty-five years of age and last surviving full-blood man from the Yowlumne tribe, appears at the left. He lived in such a house until he was sixteen years of age. He supervised the construction of this camp.

lashed together. These houses were probably not larger than ten by eighteen feet. As in the case of the other temporary houses this house was also covered with tules and was called *Che.*

On Tule River the *Yaudanchi* built their winter house of tules in a cone shape. The house had a hoop at the top to which the poles of the leaning framework were attached and which left an opening for the smoke arising from the fire pit directly below.

[285] The framework was covered by sewn tule mats. The houses were placed in rows with brush covered shades in front. These Yaudanchi houses more nearly approached the tepee of the plains Indians than any other Yokuts houses. The Yaudanchi also built a larger house, which had a ridge, two fire places, and a door at each end; but we have no details of the construction.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

Yowlumne

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Wahumchah, aged 85 and last surviving man from the Yowlumne Yokuts who once lived about present Bakersfield, showing the use of the tule-mat door in a tule-thatched house.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

Yowlumne

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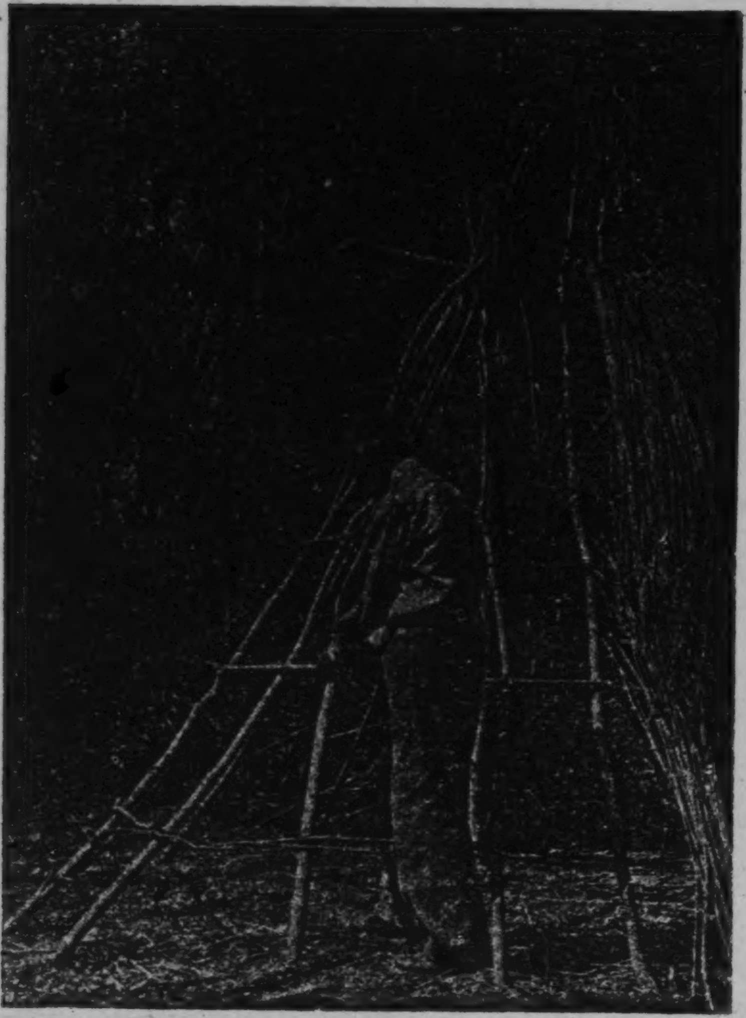

View of a Yowlumne Yokuts house under construction, showing Wahumchah tying the horizontal poles in place with willow bark. The ends of this house are round; the sides straight. There are two posts with one ridge pole. It is thatched with loose tules, tied in place with milkweed fiber string. A portion of the tule mat cover shows in the upper right corner.

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A Chukaimina house which stood in Squaw Valley, Fresno County, about 1900. Except for the boards and metal stove pipe, it is like those built by that tribe before the white people came to Squaw Valley.—Photo by courtesy of Mr. A. D. Overholtzer, Squaw Valley Corners.

The *Chuk'-chansi* and *Gashowu* on Fresno and San Joaquin Rivers built a cone house similar to that of the Yaudanchi, but covered it with thatch. The floor of this house was generally lowered about a foot with a digging stick. The door faced the south. The house was about twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. It was called *Ho*, meaning to live, or sit. They also built a house covered with bark and brush thatch, which they called *Siamsh*.

When camping or traveling, the Yokuts built smaller and less permanent structures. These were formed by leaning poles together and covering them with bark or brush. They were the temporary shelters so often described by early settlers in the San Joaquin and were practically the only houses built after the Indians had been dispossessed of their permanent village sites.

THE SWEAT HOUSE

The sweat house was oblong and generally excavated to a depth of two or more feet. It had a heavy ridge which rested on poles at the ends. Over this ridge were laid poles which were 343

343 covered with a brush and tule thatch and then with dirt. The roofs of these houses were so low that a man could probably not stand upright in them. Some of the tribes called the sweat house, *Mosh*.

The structure was generally quite small, probably never more than twelve or fourteen feet in length, and was not used as a dance house as was frequently done among other tribes. We do not know of its use as a council chamber, or assembly hall. What information the writer has been able to secure on 623 this subject indicates that the Yokuts probably used the house of the head man, or chief, for these purposes.

During the winter the sweat house was a regular sleeping place for the older men. The door generally faced the south, but if the house was on the south side of the stream it faced the stream. We are told that in some instances a brush shelter, or wind break, was erected on either side of a path leading from the sweat house to the water, which was never more than a few yards distance.

343 515 In using the sweat house, a fire was built in the center and stones were heated in it. All openings were closed and water was poured upon the hot stones. In addition to the intense heat due to the closed door, as well as the smoke from the fire, the steam from the hot rocks soon brought the inmates to a state of profuse perspiration and near suffocation.

413 237 During the time of sweating, a sweat stick, or scraper, was used to remove the perspiration from the body. This scraper was sometimes made from a split elk rib. It was about eighteen inches long and curved both along its length and in cross section. The elk rib was split along the edges and the thin, concave inner half used.

After enduring this state of affairs as long as possible, during which time there probably was competition as to who would be the last one to leave the place, the opening cover was thrown aside and a group of yelling, perspiring Indians ran from the house and jumped into the water.

Often this form of bath was indulged in at night, after which those participating would go to their beds and to sleep. 512 In the morning, generally before sun-up, practically every Indian in the rancheria would have left his house, running and shouting, and would have bathed in the near-by stream.

I have been told by old Indians, and have proved by investigation, that the Yokuts sweat house was located at the lower, or down stream limits of the village. It is explained that this was done in order that the bathing would not disturb the water of the stream which was used by the inhabitants of the village. 343 515

In many instances the *Winatun*, or messenger for the Headman, or Chief, lived near the sweat house. It was his business to meet strangers, or visitors, and escort them to the chief. A second Winatun lived on the main trail at the up-stream limits of the village. It is probable that the lower Winatun occupied the sweat house when he happened to be a man without a family. Women never entered the Yokuts sweat house. 343 624 [562]

It was due to the practice of sweating that measles and smallpox, as well as other fevers, took such heavy toll of the Indians not only in the San Joaquin Valley, but throughout the western United States. Fevers were apparently unknown to them. Their ordinary ailments were principally rheumatism and other infirmities due to cold and exposure. Pioneer settlers of the San Joaquin Valley have repeatedly described the death within a few weeks of almost entire tribes of Indians due to measles, or smallpox, when treated in the sweat house. 164 515

The sweat house was held in high esteem by all Indians. Why this should be the case has aroused the curiosity of many persons. When one considers the most important use to which it was put, this attitude on the part of the Indians is not strange. Most Indian hunting was done by stalking. Deer and other animals were killed with bow and arrow, often at a distance of less than forty feet. White deer hunters will appreciate the difficulty of approaching this close to a deer, even should the hunter be disguised by a deer head and horns and covered with a deer skin. It is readily appreciated that often at the distance of several hundred yards the deer will scent a hunter and take flight. The Indian also knew this. For this reason he was very careful about two or three things. His hunting equipment was always hung up where it would not be touched except when he was hunting. In this way it carried no scent. 343 224

Before going hunting the Indian entered the sweat house and bathed in the river. Taking his weapons, he proceeded to the game country with the knowledge that, for at least five or six hours, deer and other game would not be able to distinguish his scent. As this gave the sweat house a very practical and vital use, it is not strange that the Indians almost universally came to regard it as sacred. 224 [778]

YOKUTS HOUSEKEEPING

115 353 Regarding the interior arrangement of Indian houses, we are indebted principally to T. J. Mayfield, a San Joaquin valley pioneer who, from the time he was six years of age until he was about sixteen, between 1850 and 1862, was kept by members of the *Choinimne* tribe of Yokuts on upper Kings River. It is from his statements that the following has been taken:

354 "In the center of the single room, directly under the small circular opening at the top of the room, was a fire pit approximately two feet in diameter and excavated to a depth of from ten to twelve inches below the floor of the house. It was about half filled with rocks used in cooking. In bad weather a fire was kept in this house day and night and during that time the family cooking was done over it. At other times all food was prepared in an outside firepit and eaten outside. In fact, the house was used only for storage purposes; except during the rainy, or cold season.

352 "The floor next to the walls of Indian houses was sometimes covered to a depth of several inches by tule mats. These mats were formed by lashing a layer of tules together at intervals of twelve or fourteen inches. These mats could be rolled up like the grass matting so commonly used in pioneer white homes.

"The beds of the inmates were arranged around the fire pit, the heads being toward the wall with the feet toward the fire. In a large house this left a circular aisle several feet in width between the fire pit and the feet of the sleepers.

352 513 "In making a bed, a hole was excavated several inches into the floor of the house. This hole was filled with loose tules, the tules being covered by several thicknesses of tule mats. On top of this crude inner-spring mattress was thrown, if obtainable, the skin of a grizzly bear, the hair being upward. The sleeper lay on one-half of the bear skin and pulled the other half over him. In case of severely cold weather a rabbit skin blanket might be used next to the sleeper, the whole making probably as comfortable a bed as one could wish.

251 353 "With the possible exception of acorns stored in an outside granary, the food supply for the entire family group was stored inside the house. Baskets and bags full of all sorts of seeds and dried fruits, tule roots, grass nuts, prepared acorns and other food stuffs too numerous to mention, filled the space next to the wall between the heads of the sleepers. Dried acorns

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Wah-puk'-in and Ne'-we-un showing the interior of a Yokuts tule-thatched house and a bed. A shallow pit is filled with loose tules and covered with a tule mat. Covers consist of a doubled rabbit-skin blanket. Hanging from the house frame is a twined and a tule chowwish, or all-purpose hanging baskets. The large basket at the left shows kots, or obsidian arrow point. The one at the front right shows quail, arrow point and ants.

and meats and fish were suspended from the framework of the house overhead. In addition to these things was the usual collection of wild animal skins, prepared basketry materials, fiber for making string, and any amount of other raw materials from which were to be prepared the various articles necessary to the life of the Indians.

"At every permanent village occupied by two or three hundred Indians, there were probably from four or five to as many as a dozen of these larger semi-permanent houses. They were used for ten or twelve years, or until there was a death in the family, at which time the Indians burned the house in which the death occurred." 342 361 [162] [768]

Often a sick or aged person was carried outside to die, so that it would not be necessary to burn the house. In 1937, *Ichow*, last Chief of the *Wukchumne*, died of dropsy after several days of exposure under a broiling July sun, because he 342 888 763

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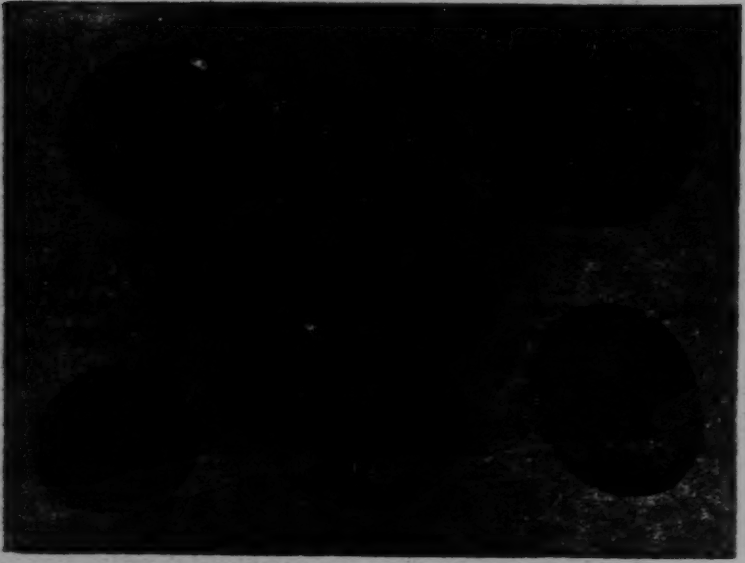

It was probably because the Yokuts had access to several deposits of steatite that they did not develop the art of pottery making. The above steatite cooking vessels were placed directly in the fire. Top center and lower left are frying pans. Top left and right are large closed pots, holding about three gallons and used for boiling and stewing. The two lower right are shallow, open cooking vessels. Aged Yokuts have stated that meat, greens, acorns, mushrooms and other fungi were cooked in such vessels.

had been taken sick in a white man's house and the family knew they could not burn it.

361 In many places where cultivation has not destroyed them, the remains of these houses are even yet to be found along the banks of streams and lakes throughout the entire San Joaquin Valley. At one village site near what was once the northwestern shore of Tulare Lake and described in a former chapter, the writer just a few days before this manuscript went to press counted the ruins of more than twenty of these houses.

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342 During the acorn and other seed seasons, with the exception of a few old persons, the Indians were likely to leave the permanent village and live for a month or more at temporary camp sites near the ripening seeds. Consequently, during the major portion of the time, when the most of the Indian population was

abroad gathering foodstuffs, the Indians lived in crude shelters, 221
or huts, more than they did in permanent houses. 342

When the salmon were running in the San Joaquin River 221
the Yokuts migrated to that place. During the season when
millions of wild ducks and geese entered the valley, the Yokuts
were to be found about the sloughs and swamps snaring them
and shooting them with their bows and arrows, gorging themselves
upon the fresh meat, and drying much of it to be carried [251]
many miles across the plains to the permanent villages.

The arrangement of the village was not as haphazard as 361
we might be led to suppose. There were some rules governing
the arrangement of the camp. These rules might be likened to
some of our town and city ordinances. The Headman, or
Chief, of the tribe was likely to occupy the most desirable location.
The sweat house, which has already been described in detail,
was located down stream from the rest of the village. This 361
was due to the fact that care was taken not to polute the
streams above the village. An Indian would be careful in 364
wading across the stream above the village. Bathing and
washing were generally done at or below the sweat house.

At least one writer, Steven Powers, and several pioneer 361
whites, as well as aged Yokuts Indians, have stated that the
plains and lake houses were built and arranged with almost 114
military uniformity. When several houses stood near each
other they were erected in a straight line which approximated
a row of houses in a pioneer white town.

At every village several fires were kept going in the open, 361
day and night. A hole several feet across and a foot or more
in depth contained burning coals and cooking rocks. Into this 364
fire pit was thrown all sorts of camp refuse. A pile of dry
wood lay nearby. In at least some camps there were rules that
the kitchen refuse and the offal from freshly killed game must
be disposed of in this family fire-pit. Deer and large game was
generally dressed in the field, the carcass being carried to the
camp by the men who killed it. There it was taken in hand by
the women.

In well organized tribes a stranger was not allowed to enter 609
an Indian village unattended. At the lower and upper limits of
the village were situated *Winatums* (messengers) whose business 624
it was to meet strangers and conduct them to the chief or 576
head man and to run all sorts of errands for him.

600 It is surprising to most persons that the life of the Indians
was so complex. It requires volumes to recount the many de-
tails of their life regarding the securing and preparing of
food stuffs, wearing apparel and the multitudinous materials
utilized by them. Even at the present time the surviving full-
824 blood Yokuts Indians will be found to have within their houses
in addition to the food stuffs known and used by us, many
additional seeds, plants, roots, herbs and other materials. It is
impossible to attempt to cover all of these things in detail.

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW PROBLEM

606 Probably the most interesting convention of the Yokuts was
their custom concerning the relationship between the mother-in-
591 law and son-in-law. When the young Yokuts man married, it was in some tribes customary for him to go to live with the parents of the bride for a period of time approximating one year. During this time he helped with the hunting and other arts and pastimes and shared the responsibilities of the head of the house. Out of this practice there developed a problem which civilized people only too well understand and which led to the mother-in-law taboo. Among tribes where this practice was common, it became customary for the son-in-law never to speak to the mother-in-law and for the mother-in-law never to speak to the son-in-law.

There was no ill feeling between the two because of this. It was simply a necessary custom, and they conformed to that custom religiously. It is said that in some tribes the mother-in-law, upon meeting the son-in-law, would turn to one side and cover her face. This probably represents the custom at its extreme practice. Among some tribes no taboo of any kind was known.

As the period of sojourn with the bride's parents was over, the young couple removed to a distance varying from a few yards to a half mile or more, as the experience of the past year would seem to dictate, and built for themselves a home.

The following experience was related by a man who worked
606 for many years among the Yokuts. He had traveled many
574 miles in the heat of summer to visit a Yokuts basket maker on one of the Sierra streams. Upon arrival at her little shack, after a walk of several miles from the end of the road, he found that she was gone upon a long trip for the purpose of gathering roots and other materials for basketry. At home were the husband and an elderly lady, who was a stranger to the visitor.

Upon learning that the basket maker was gone, the caller decided to return to his car, but being quite thirsty, asked for a drink of water. This immediately created for the host a real problem. There was no water in the house. It was approximately one-fourth mile to the spring. He could not very well leave his guest there while he went to bring water. Neither did he consider it hospitable to tell his guest to go after it. The elderly lady was his mother-in-law. She could not understand the English conversation, and he could not talk to her at all in any language.

After studying for a moment, he walked out of the house. Standing quite close to the wall near where the mother-in-law sat, he placed his hands to his mouth, and in a very moderate tone, called in the Indian language to his wife, who was from two to three miles up the canyon, "Mary, come and bring the white man a drink of water." Then he immediately came back in the house, sat down and began to entertain his guest.

The mother-in-law immediately arose, picked up a bucket and, as her son-in-law had intended that she should, brought water from the spring.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

[p. 104 not Processed]

CHAPTER VI

FOODSTUFFS

GATHERING AND STORING ACORNS

262 222 The acorn, which the Wukchumne Yokuts called *poo'-tus,* was the staple article of diet for most California Indians. It was stored, prepared, and eaten in large quantities and was the most common food consumed by them.

Indians living near the foothills preferred the mountain (Kellogg) acorns to those grown in the valley. The foothill scrub-oaks are smaller, [illegible] produce a smaller acorn, which contains a great deal of bitter tannin. The valley oaks bear a large acorn, often three inches in length and almost one inch in diameter. It is sweet, but according to the Indians, does not contain the nourishment found in those borne by the mountain oaks.

The process of gathering and preparing acorns entailed an immense amount of labor. The trees bearing the crop were often several miles distant from the rancheria. An Indian family would consume from one to two thousand pounds of
[482] [462] acorns a year. They were carried to the rancheria on the backs of the *mokes* (mo'-kees, women.) The harvesting took place when the acorn crop had nearly all fallen from the tree. At this time, during the years of a good crop, the ground under the trees was almost completely covered with acorns.

[285] The Indian women used a flat-bottomed basket in gathering acorns. Stooping over, they slipped the basket along the ground and rapidly tossed the acorns into it. When the basket was full, it was taken to a burden basket and emptied. The burden basket was called *ahng'-ush* and was made of light, twined material in the shape of an inverted cone, being about twenty-four inches across the large, upper end and from two to three feet in height. The pointed end of this basket was often thrust into a squirrel hole to hold it upright while the acorns were being emptied into it, or the basket was leaned against a rock, or the trunk of a tree.

[482] When the ahngush was filled with acorns it was placed upon the back of one of the mokes. On top of the load she

[text continues on p. 107]

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Wahnomkot demonstrating the use of ahng'-ush, the cone-shaped Yokuts carrying basket. When loaded it was balanced by means of the shoulders and hips. In her hand she holds kieta, the winnowing tray. The carrying strap is twisted so it will not slip from her head when she is walking.

threw the basket in which she had been gathering acorns, some- 222
times also a child three or four years of age. This burden 262
often reached a weight of about two hundred pounds. [482]

During the summer of 1930 the writer saw one of the two then surviving *Nutunutu* (Noo-too'-noo-too) women carrying just such a load. She had waded Kings River in water almost to her waist and was just starting on a three mile trip to Del Piedra. Although she would undoubtedly have traveled the entire distance without resting, it is of interest to note that she willingly, and probably very gladly, accepted the offer of a ride.

The ahngush is carried with the large portion slightly be- 222
low the level of the head and is held in place by a flat strap, 262
called *sho-mit'-te*. A basket cap was often worn under the
carrying strap. This protected the head of the moke. The 482
Indians call this cap *wah-coo'-moots*. In the foothills the fiber
for making carrying straps is obtained from a tall milkweed
called by the Indians *hung'-uts hung'-uts*. Along the streams [824
in the valley the fiber is often obtained from wild hemp, called 283]
shock'h, and sometimes from the fiber of the nettle, called *tro-we*. The strap is passed around the basket about half way between the top and bottom and across the upper portion of the forehead.

It will be appreciated by any one that great effort was necessary to bring a two hundred pound burden from the ground to the back of the moke. The basket was sometimes lifted upon a rock, or in the fork of a small tree, or upon a bank. The moke then placed her back against it, pulled the strap over her head, and walked away with it. Sometimes other Indian women, who were helping to gather the acorns, would lift the basket and place it upon her back.

Upon arriving at the rancheria, the acorns were placed in 251
a granary. This granary was made of small branches which 262
were bound into a circular form. The bottom of the granary was sometimes a foot or more above the ground. The granary was lined with grass and the acorns emptied into it. Some aged Indians have stated that this grass is both moth and squirrel repellent. The top might be eight or nine feet above the ground. These granaries would hold from ten to thirty bushels of acorns.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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Acorn granaries and a Chukaimina Indian woman in Squaw Valley about 1890. Note that her hair is bobbed in mourning. The Yokuts Indians were dying in such great numbers during the 1880's and '90's that few photos taken during that period show a woman without bobbed hair. Photo furnished by Jesse G. Pattee.

THE PREPARATION OF ACORNS

252 When she decided to prepare acorns, (*Putus*, poo'-tus), the *moke* (mo'-ke) took a flat bottomed basket (*kot'-chow*) of about half-bushel capacity, placed it under the granary, and pushed apart the grass and branches, allowing the acorns to slide from the granary into it. When the basket was full, the branches and grass were replaced, sealing the granary as it was before.

252 412 The acorns were taken to a cool, shady place and there were hulled. The hulling was done by means of a rock. This rock was generally a nicely shaped stone of a size to be easily grasped in the hand and known to collectors as a mano (Spanish word for hand stone), but called *ko'-dis*, or *wik'-sid*, by the In-

dians. This same stone was used as a rubbing stone and was 252
generally flat on opposite sides. The ends were kept rough 412
by pounding them with a jagged rock. This was done so that
the mano would not slip off of the acorn while it was being
hulled.

A second rock was often used in the hulling, it being embedded in the soil in front of the worker and having drilled in it one or more shallow holes. The acorn was placed upright with the point in this hole and the large end struck with the rough end of the mano. A slight tap was sufficient to break the hull loose, and it fell away from the acorn. The hulled acorns were placed in a basket, the process being carried on until several gallons of hulled acorns had been obtained.

The sweet valley acorn had a very thin hull, which often 252
split while drying. It was not necessary to crack them with a
mano. The cracked hulls were pulled off with the fingers. The
other hulls were removed with the teeth. As these acorns were
badly eaten by moth larva, they were smoked after being hulled.
Holes were drilled in them. They were then strung on
hemp strings like beads and hung from the inner framework of
of the house where the smoke from the fire prevented the moths
from depositing their eggs. The acorns were next taken to a [412]
mortar. These mortars, along the streams, often existed in the
large earth-bound rocks, and remain today as almost the sole
evidence of many Indian village sites.

Away from earth-bound rocks, portable stone mortars 252
were used. Some of these were excavated in very rough 412
boulders. Others were nicely shaped inside and out. A few
were so finely shaped and polished as to appear to have been
made on a potter's wheel. In primeval days many wooden
mortars were used. Pioneer white San Joaquin Valley settlers
tell us that when they arrived in Yokuts territory the trunks
and large limbs of fallen oak trees were cut full of holes where
the Indians pounded acorns. A double handful of acorns was
thrown in the mortars, which the Indians called *puh'-wus.*
Pahd'-uh-we, the pestle, a slender stone, was grasped between
the hands and the end brought down on top of the acorns. Repeated
blows pulverized the greater portion of the acorns,
which, by reason of curing in the granary, were dry and brittle.

Sifting of the pounded acorns was done with a flat tray 252
called *ki-o'-to.* The powdered material was brushed from the 415
mortar onto the tray by means of *tro'-kote,* a brush made of

[text continues on p 111]

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A Chukaimina woman preparing to pound acorns. Photo taken about 1900 by Mrs. A. D. Overholtzer, of Squaw Valley Corners.

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Weh-puk'-in showing how acorn flour is leached. A shallow basin is scooped in the sand of a stream bed and lined with wild grapevine leaves. It is then filled with acorn flour. Hot water is poured over the flour until the bitterness has been leached into the sand below. The water is poured on a grass brush so that the flour will not be washed away.

soap-root husk. The tray was held with the edge over the mortar and shaken.

The coarse particles rolled into the mortar and the fine material remained on the tray. The fine material was shaken into a separate basket. This process was repeated until the acorns were reduced to a powder of about the consistency of coarse flour. This was then taken to the stream, where the bitter tannin was leached from it. 252

A hole was made in the sand, by the stream, lined with leaves, generally from the wild grapevines, and the acorn flour poured into it. Water was heated in a separate basket by means of hot rocks and poured over the flour. This process was repeated several times, the flour being tasted for sweetness after

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Leached acorn flour and equipment for handling acorns. Foreground: Cakes of leached acorn flour, resting in a sand basin, lined with grapevine leaves.

Center, left to right: First: A grass brush over which the hot leaching water is poured. It prevents the flour being washed away when the water is poured.

Second: A soaproot husk brush used in brushing flour from mortars and for many purposes about an Indian camp.

Third: A looped acorn mush stirrer. It is made of a green oak limb and is used for stirring the cooking mush and for removing the cooking rocks from the mush and replacing them in the fire. Fourth: An acorn flour sifting tray with a cake of leached acorn flour on it.

Rear: Cooking baskets; at the left is shown a lightning pattern, at the right the gopher snake pattern in a milkweed fiber carrying net.

each leaching. Count of the leachings was sometimes kept by laying aside a short stick each time. Leaching was quite successful in removing the bitterness, even from the most bitter mountain acorns.

The leaching being done, the material was covered with a piece of deer skin (*hoey'-in chud'-way*) and left to harden. After it had dried, the cake, or loaf, was lifted from its bed, the leaves removed from the bottom of it, and it was taken to the house.

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Weh-puk'-in showing the method of heating water and cooking acorn gruel with hot rocks. Rocks are removed from the fire with green wooden tongs and dipped quickly into the small basket of water at the right. The resulting flash of steam removes the coating of ashes and burned acorn gruel. The rock is then dropped into the large basket of water or acorn gruel and is stirred about with the looped acorn stirrer. When the rock has lost its heat it is lifted from the basket in the loop of the stirrer and replaced in the fire. The design on the basket at the left shows "coming night." The one at the right shows "measuring worm."

At the present time we find the Indians lining the holes in the sand with cloth, generally an empty sugar sack, but we are assured by most old Indians and pioneer whites that in early days only leaves were used.

It is of particular interest to note here that *Wahumchah* is positive that the old-time *Yowlumne* lined the leaching holes in the sand with cloth. As the southern Kern County tribes *did* make cloth, it is more than probable that his statement is correct.

Much acorn bread was eaten raw from the loaf. As needed, pieces were broken off and given to the children, or eaten by their elders. [264]

From this cake was made a thick acorn soup, or mush. By the Wukchumne Yokuts it was called *ta'-pin*. To make this

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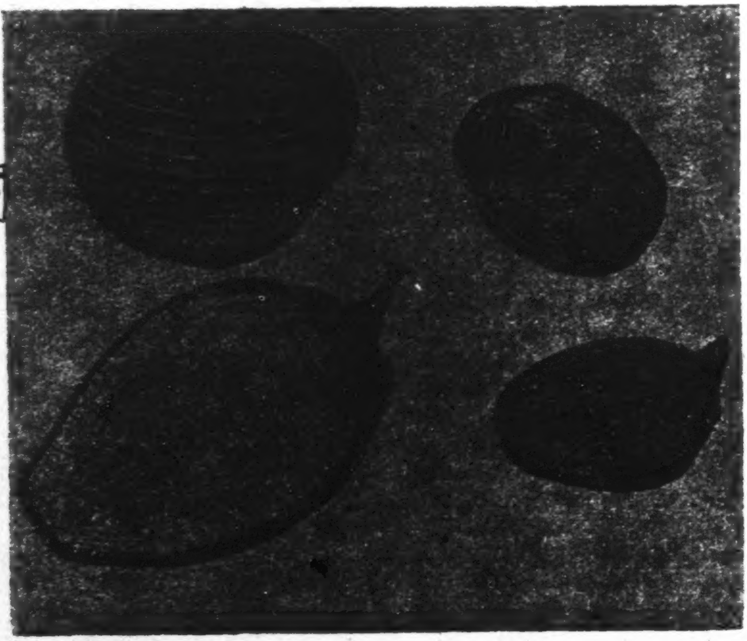

Four Yokuts harvesting and camp wicker utensils. The two at the top are tuh'-meuks or simple collanders. Those at the bottom are seed beaters. With one of these in the right hand a woman was able to beat the seeds of oats, wild rice and other standing grasses into a large wide mouthed basket held under her left arm.

mush, the cake was pulverized in a mortar and placed in a basket. Water was added, and the whole cooked quite thoroughly by means of hot rocks (*chak-toy'-tuh*). The rocks were placed in the basket by means of two green sticks used as tongs and removed from it by a looped stick (*shi'-ow*) which was also used to stir the soup. When first removed from the fire by means of the green tongs, the rocks were quickly dipped in a basket of water. The flash of steam caused by this removed from the surface of the hot rock most of the ashes and burned acorn meal with which they were coated. The Wukchumne used soapstone cooking rocks, claiming they were superior to any others. Much of the cooked mush was allowed to harden into a loaf, or cake, of bread.

Acorn soup was dipped from the basket with the first 264 three fingers and placed in the mouth. Both it and the cake were very nourishing, being rich in oil and starch. A small [146] piece the size of a base-ball is said to contain food value equal to more than an entire loaf of our bread.

To the uninitiated, acorn bread is a tremendous disappointment. To me it tasts flat and chalky, but white persons who persist are said to learn to like it.

SALT FROM SALT GRASS

There being no natural deposit of mineral salt accessible 263 to the Yokuts Indians of the San Joaquin Valley, the obtaining of this important article of diet was a serious problem. Along the east side of the San Joaquin Valley it is quite likely that a portion of the salt used was mineral salt obtained from mountain Indians [439] who had in turn obtained it by trade from the inhabitants of the desert region east of the Sierra, where natural deposits of this mineral were common. We are assured by old Indians that salt obtained in this way was very expensive. [435] Many beads of shell or steatite were demanded for a few handfuls of the crude salt offered.

A large portion of the salt used by the Yokuts tribes in 263 the San Joaquin Valley is still obtained from salt grass. Although 222 the method of obtaining this salt has been observed by white settlers since as long ago as 1850, it is remarkable that there have been available through libraries and newspaper files no detailed accounts of the method of harvesting and refining it.

All salt grass does not bear enough salt to make it useful as a source of that material. Most persons who have walked through some fields of salt grass in the early morning have found it covered with what appeared to be heavy dew, have later had the experience of finding their shoes covered with a heavy incrustation. This is the salt used by the Yokuts.

The salt is exuded from the leaves of the salt grass and adheres to them in small globules smaller than a mustard seed. In the early morning this excretion exists as a small drop of liquid. By noon of a warm day it has become solid and by midafternoon is dry and hard and can be removed from the leaves of the grass by threshing.

As the grass itself is not desirable, the problem exists of removing the salt without breaking up the brittle leaves and

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Wahnomkot, full-blood Wukchumne Yokuts from the Kaweah River east of Visalia. She is working in the old salt grass field near Guernsey, Kings County, where the Yokuts tribes have harvested salt from salt grass from time immemorial. On the ground is tah'-menk, generally made of cottonwood twigs and put to innumerable uses. This is a good illustration of features, posture, and the way the salt grass is pulled. The fingers of her right hand are bandaged in order to prevent the grass from cutting them.

mixing them with the refined product. The method by which this is done is extremely interesting, and has several times been witnessed and photographed by the writer.

The most desirable location in the vicinity of Tulare Lake was an area about four miles northeast of Guernsey. This area has been utilized as a harvest field for salt grass for at least one hundred and fifty years, and probably much longer.

Harvesting is done during the later part of July, or the first of August. At about ten or eleven o'clock the globules of salt are partly dried, too dry to be smeared in picking, and too moist to be brushed from the leaves. So the Yokuts harvest crew enters the field. The workers kneel and break the grass off close to the ground, placing it in shallow wicker baskets. They then very carefully stack it with the stems resting on the ground and the leaves upward. This whole process must be very carefully executed, otherwise the salt will be dislodged from the leaves and wasted upon the ground. 222 263

By two o'clock in the afternoon the salt globules are very dry and easily dislodged, so the pulling of the grass is discontinued and the Indians begin threshing. During the preceding four or five hours, while the grass has been stacked with the leaves uppermost, the salt has completely dried and hardened, but the leaves of the grass are still tough, although somewhat wilted.

It is important that the threshing or flailing of the grass be done at this precise stage, because if delayed longer the grass itself becomes brittle and is pulverizd and mixed with the salt. If threshed too soon the salt is not dry and is not easily removed from the leaves of the grass. It is because the grass is stacked with the stems down and the salt exposed to the sun that the salt dries faster than the grass itself, which remains tough for the threshing.

Small quantities of the salt grass are now thrown upon a deer or elk skin, which is spread upon the ground. Three or four Indians seat themselves about this pile of grass and begin flailing it lightly, using small willow poles from which the bark has been stripped. Care is taken not to pound the grass heavily, but merely to tap it so that the salt is dislodged from the leaves and sifts through the grass to the deer skin below.

When it is seen that the salt has all been removed, the grass is gathered loosely in the hands, is shaken thoroughly, and discarded. This process is repeated until a layer of salt approximately one inch in thickness is deposited upon the deer skin. This salt is then placed in a basket and the process repeated, until several hundred pounds have been obtained. The Indians move very slowly, but methodically and a family of four Indians will gather during the harvest season approximately six fifty pound flour sacks full of this crude material. By sifting and winnowing, after the crude material has been taken to the rancheria, approximately four fifty pound flour sacks full of salt will be obtained. The Wukchumne Yokuts call this salt *ah'-dit.* Other Yokuts tribes call it *ahlit* or *ahlet.*

263 The salt obtained from salt grass does not taste like common table salt. It has a sour, salty taste much like that of a dill pickle. Although it is not acceptable to the untrained palate, surviving Yokuts Indians still use it for seasoning, almost to the exclusion of all other salt.

263 264 The salt is not all placed in cooked material. Some of it is eaten separately. A little of it is kept in a small basket or clay receptacle and occasionally a small pinch is placed in the side of the mouth. This may be done while the meal is being eaten or while housework is being carried on. Some of the salt is mixed with water and cooked. After it is reduced to a thick consistency it is formed into small cakes. As needed, small pieces of this solid salt are placed in the side of the mouth and dissolved like an all-day sucker. The Tachi wet the dry salt and form it into lumps about the size of a golf ball. The children run about the camp licking these lumps.

RIVER JUNGLE GROWTH

137 Persons who have not lived along the San Joaquin Valley rivers prior to the time when they were cleared for farming and in running cattle and sheep upon their bottom land, will scarcely believe the stories told by pioneers about the wild plant growth along those streams. As late as 1900 some of this growth still existed along the Merced River and along the nearby San Joaquin, but only enough to suggest something of its previous rank nature. This jungle consisted not only of trees, but of wild grapes, several varieties of tule and willow, wild blackberries, nettles, grasses, and many other plants too numerous to mention.

It was not until the fall of 1925 that the writer became familiar with the last remaining jungle along the Kaweah river, which he was assured had been almost destroyed at that time, but which was even then beyond the belief of many persons who had lived for years within a few miles of it.

During the spring of 1931, while searching for material to be used in constructing two California Spanish-type oxcarts, I made an exploration of the remaining jungle between Lemon Cove and Visalia. A dense portion of this area lay approximately six miles east of Visalia and near East Mineral King Highway. This territory had been burned over the previous fall and did not present one-third of the growth which had existed the year before.

The search for large cottonwood trees, from which to make ox-cart wheels, revealed several trees approximately four feet in diameter and of great height. Surrounding these large trees were great areas of wild blackberries and wild grapevines. Some of the grapevine trunks were six inches in diameter. They reached to the very tops of the tallest trees and then hung to the ground. 137

By the latter part of September and the middle of October, the grapevines were loaded with grapes which were gathered by many nearby white and Indian residents for use in making jelly. Some areas, an acre or more in extent, were piled twenty feet or more in height with wild blackberry vines. During June, these had born a tremendous crop of berries. These were about the size of the Himalaya variety of tame blackberry and tasted much like it. In addition to the cottonwood and other trees mentioned, a variety of ash was quite common. There had also started a rather thick growth of young oaks. [222]

It would take several hours to catalog and describe the many varieties of grasses and water plants that in 1931 were growing in the tangled jungle along the banks of the main Kaweah River and its sloughs. Two or three varieties of these grasses are used by the local Indians in basket making, many of them growing to a height of eight feet or more and so thick that passage through them was made with difficulty. Great patches of nettles covered some portions. At other places wild hemp was quite thick.

Over the burned area a young growth of blackberry and grapevines gave evidence that the next year would see several more acres covered to a great height with these plants. During the succeeding fall, (1931), this last jungle area was again burned over and, with the shortage of water and the confining of what remained to the artificial channels, such growth will probably never return to this area.

The descriptions of some pioneers are easily believed by one who saw this last remnant of river jungle, which was soon gone. I have been assured by these early settlers that in some areas the oak growth was so thick that a team and wagon could not be driven between the trees, and that the branches overhead formed a closed canopy which shut out the sun entirely and offered refuge for countless numbers of birds and animals of all varieties.

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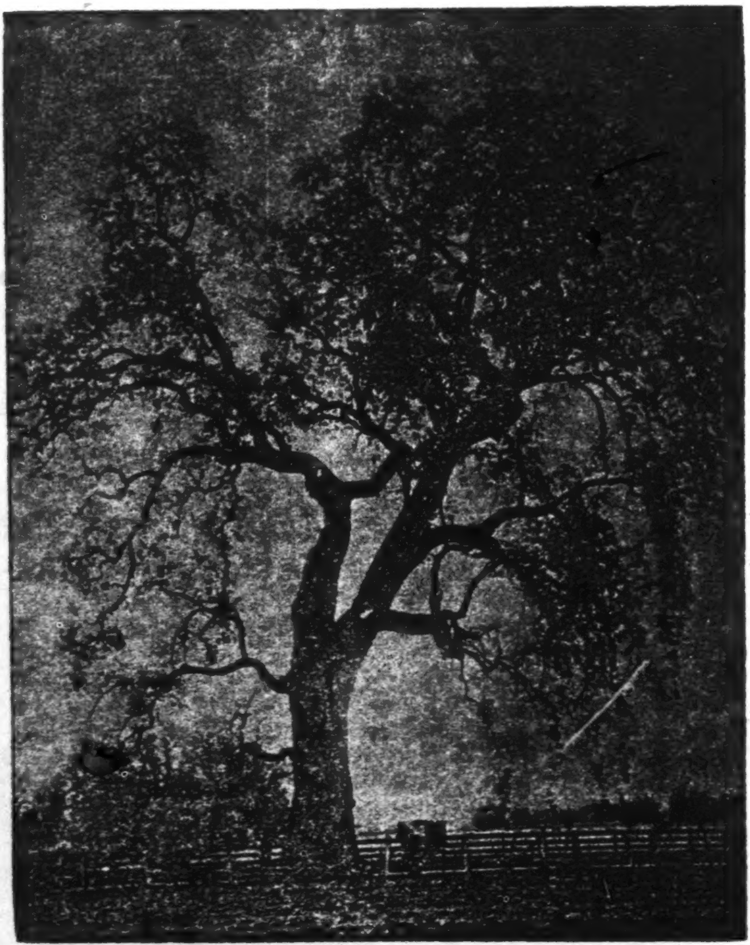

The giant oak, at the Giant Oak Ranch east of Farmersville, in 1910. It was then one hundred and seventy feet tall and forty-five feet in circumference two feet from the ground, having a diameter of fourteen feet and three inches.

With the broad, slow-moving streams, and the numerous Indians who lived along their banks, this entire territory formed the most delightful refuge in the entire San Joaquin Valley, but it can never be appreciated by one who did not see it.

The following incident will probably impress upon the reader something of the immensity of the growth along these rivers. In the search for cottonwood timber to make the ox-carts already mentioned, a tree was cut which surpassed in size anything of its kind I have ever seen along San Joaquin streams. The tree was a cottonwood, more than five feet in diameter, and measured, as it lay upon the ground after being felled, 115 feet in height. The trunk of the tree was perfectly straight and free of all branches for twenty-four feet. 137

This is certainly remarkable for cottonwood growth, but I have been assured that many of the oak trees which were cut for rails and log houses during the '50's and '60's measured eight feet in diameter and were straight as an arrow for more than thirty feet. Some of these trees undoubtedly stood more than 170 feet in height.

Believing the Indian names for the various San Joaquin Valley landmarks and natural attractions will be of interest in connection with the sketches in which they are mentioned, an effort is being made to insert them in their proper places. As the names varied somewhat from tribe to tribe they are all taken from the Wukchumne tribe, which once occupied the little valley of Lemon Cove. 192

Following is a list of the Indian names involved in this sketch. They were thought to be too bulky for inclusion in the text of the article.

Ash—*Wah'-shick*
Basketry grass—*Chaw'-kish*
Basketry root—*Hoo'-pud*
Blackberry—*Mah'-mid*
Cottonwood tree—*Dah'-pah*
Grape—*In'-suh Naw'-tip*
Hemp—*Shock'h*
Nettles—*Tro'we*
Oak tree—*Trah'-tah*
Tule—*Suey'-yow*
Willow, black—*Shah'-dum*
Willow, button—*Ki'-one*
Willow, common—*Shock'-otch*

BLACKBERRY JAM

262 137 222 Many persons, including those who have lived near San Joaquin Valley Indians, appear skeptical when told that blackberry jam was a common dish among those peoples. Wild blackberry vines covered the river bottoms in patches several acres in extent and climbed many yards above the ground. I have been informed by Kaweah River pioneers that single primeval blackberry thickets covered as much as five acres and climbed about through the willows so that a mounted man could ride under them. They were favorite hiding places for grizzly [231] bears, so I have been told by aged Yokuts Indian women, and it was customary to take dogs into a thicket when beginning to pick berries. Said *Ah-kah-dih'-nim,* an aged *Wukchumne* Yokuts, "The dogs chewed the bear's hind legs while we ran to camp."

262 222 The berries are ripe during the month of June. Along the Kaweah, shortly after it leaves the foothills, and at one or two other places where the vines have not been killed by burning, they are still loaded with ripe berries at that time.

The wild blackberry is not unlike the tame one. It is smaller and a little sharper in taste. But when they are completely ripened the berries are as sweet as tame berries and of much better flavor. This wild blackberry was an important staple among the Yokuts Indians, who called it *mah-mid.*

262 222 415 Descriptions of the gathering and curing of these berries still form one of the most interesting accounts of Yokuts food preparation. Two utensils, or containers, are utilized in gathering berries. The first container is an acorn shaped basket about six inches in diameter and ten or twelve inches in depth. It is rounded at the bottom and fitted with a deer-skin handle much like the bail of a bucket. The Indians call this basket [482] *chaw'-much.* It is suspended from the neck, and is one of the most convenient utensils used by the Indians, as it leaves both hands free for gathering berries.

262 222 In addition to the chawmuch, a hooked stick is used in pulling the blackberry vines within the reach of the worker, and in forcing them apart so that berries underneath may be reached. [412] The chawmuch having been filled, it is emptied into a shallow wicker basket, or colander, called *tah'-meuk.*

After the tahmeuk is filled it is emptied into the burden basket which is then carried to the rancheria in much the same manner as are baskets of acorns. During the season of 1931 I saw one *moke* (mo'-ke, Indian Woman) carrying approximately one hundred pounds of blackberries which she had picked during a short afternoon. 262 222

When the rancheria was reached, formerly the berries were placed upon a tanned deer-skin and allowed to dry. Today they are placed on a canvas. During the first several days that they are subject to the sun they are turned several times, so that the drying is equal on all sides. If the berries are stored in this state they will mold, so an additional treatment is necessary. 251

When the berries are completely dried, they are placed in a basket and taken to the mortars. There they are pounded into a coarse meal. This meal is then mixed with water and kneaded into a thick paste. The Wukchumne mash them into a paste before they are completely dry. This paste is patted into cakes and again put out to dry. Very little water is used in this process. The cakes will dry through in one afternoon. They are then gathered up and stored away in baskets inside the house. 252

It should be appreciated that this is really a clever way of handling blackberries. Had the uncured berries been mashed and made into cakes, they would have fermented before the cakes were thoroughly dry, but drying them in the natural state, and then pulverizing them, and adding only enough water to form them into cakes prevented fermentation.

The dried cakes required final preparation before they entered the jam state. They were again pounded in a mortar and the resulting coarse meal placed in a basket. Water was added and the whole cooked with hot rocks. The result was a blackberry jam which did not differ greatly from jam made by white persons.

The writer has noticed that the local Indians, in making jam, skim from the top of the basket the most of the seeds, which being lighter than the jam, collect there very soon after the cooking begins. Whether such refined practice was common in the old days is problematical. At any rate, the smearing of juvenile faces with blackberry jam did not originate in this territory with the coming of the first white youngsters.

[P. 124 not Processed]

CHAPTER VII

GAMES

SHINNY

526 It comes as a surprise to many persons to find that a number of the games played by pioneer white children were well known to the Indians. One of the most characteristic of these is Shinny. Shinny was probably the most wide-spread of any of the athletic-type games, and is said to have been common over the greater portion of North America. "Shinny on your own side" is not a new expression in the San Joaquin Valley. The game was called *Kah-dah-doo'-itch* by the Wukchumne Yokuts.

The shinny game was an extremely rough game among the Indians. We know this to be true of the game played by white boys, but we are assured that it was much rougher as played by young Indians. They would yell, push and shove, and strike each other on the shins with their clubs. They entered into the game in the most aggressive sort of way. In spite of all this, we are told by pioneers that they never saw a fight or quarrel in connection with an Indian game. This conforms very [157] well with what we know of Indian characteristics, as, except when under the influence of liquor, they possessed far more self-control than most white persons.

We are told by native Indians that several highly prized shinny clubs were included in the equipment of every well-regulated household. A great deal of labor was often expended in preparing the club, and it was very carefully preserved. Indians yet living say that when they were children they hunted along the banks of the streams for small saplings having a curved root exposed. The roots and lower portions of the saplings were carefully cut away and taken to the rancheria. They were then carefully whittled and scraped to shape, seasoned and hardened in the fire. The result was a smooth, nicely balanced club, resembling the hockey club now in use by white people.

A wooden ball, generally made from an oak burl, was used. It was about the size of a baseball, and was called *hupduish* (hoop-do'-ish). Two Indians started the play about as boys do

526 in a shinny game, often placing the ball on a small mound of earth resembling a golf tee. We are told that in some instances the ball was buried in the earth and that the two who started the play were required to dig it from the ground with their clubs before striking it.

I remember well that when I was a boy in the San Joaquin Valley I visited relatives who used this last method of starting the play in shinny. It was with great surprise that I afterward learned that the Indians had used the same method many years before, and that we had probably obtained it from them. Many pioneers have been surprised to find primitive Indians [177] playing shinny. Few of them ever realized that it was originally an Indian game and that the whites first learned it from the Indians.

On May 2, 1943, I for the last time interviewed the late Thomas A. Baker, son of the founder of Bakersfield. He told me of playing shinny with the Yowlumne Indian boys who lived in a village located in Bakersfield between where the Santa Fe passenger station and Mercy Hospital are now located. It is typical of the pioneer accounts of Yokuts shinny: "I remember that I used to play shinny with the Indian children. They used a block of wood about the size of a tennis ball, and almost any old stick they could find for a club. They were surely hard to beat at shinny, and were as rough as could be in their play. I have always been amazed that the Indians learned to play shinny so well so soon after the white people came here."

In playing the game most like ours, which was called *Daht'-k'hoo Nun-coo'-ish,* the goals were established about four hundred yards apart and consisted of two holes in the ground. The play was begun in the middle of the field, equally distant from each goal. Sides were chosen and the play began. One side attempted to take the ball to one of the goals and the other side tried to take it to the opposite goal. The game might continue for four hours and was ended as soon as the ball was goaled by one side.

The game most commonly played and called *Kahdahduitch* (Kah-dah-doo'-itch), was in the form of a race, and was elaborately staged and carefully managed. A paid umpire was [292] necessary in conducting this game. He was dressed in Indian finery, consisting of feather headdress and feather skirt. Compared with one of our present day football officials, he would have been a striking figure.

Kahdahduitch was played by two contesting teams of from three to seven men. Each team had a ball. A single goal, consisting of a hole in the ground, was established on a long starting line. The balls were placed on the starting line and the umpire yelled, *"He'-am tahn'-se,"* meaning "Everyone go!" Each team then struck its ball and the game was on. The balls were taken around an outpost, a tree, rock, or stake, about two hundred yards distant, and then returned to the goal. During the play the umpire followed the teams close enough to the outpost to be sure that the ball passed outside of it and then ran back to the finish to supervise the goaling. During the whole time he kept an eye open for any interference of one team with the other, which was not allowable. Throughout the contest his warning cry of *Low'-ill, Low'-ill, Low'-ill* was constantly repeated.

When both arrived at the goal at about the same time, the umpire watched the goaling and decided which team had precedence. His decision was final and indisputable.

The play was continuous, an immediate teeing off being made, until one team had goaled the ball the third time. When the third goal was made, the goaler held up his club and yelled a long drawn out *Co-coooooo.* This indicated that the game was over. If the play of his team had been fair, the umpire awarded the game and with it the prize of buck-skins, beads, or like treasure.

THE FOOTBALL GAME

As among the white people who now occupy the San Joaquin valley and compete for athletic honors, often on the very gaming grounds of the Yokuts, the most strenuous athletic game of the primitive Yokuts was football. Most persons are surprised to hear that the Indians were great gamesters and that there were generally games of all sorts going on at the rancheria at all hours of the day and evening. We are assured by old Indians, that foot racing was carried on long before the white people entered the valley, and that when a man was established as champion of a rancheria he was sent to neighboring rancherias and distant tribes to race the best men at those places.

The game of football varied slightly from tribe to tribe. We are assured that some tribes used a large wooden ball, *odud* (oh'-dud), about five inches in diameter, much larger than the

526 ball used in playing shinny. Some of the tribes used a stone ball about the size of a tennis ball. These round, polished stones are more or less common throughout the San Joaquin Valley, but are seldom recognized as game stones by those who collect Indian relics. In the collection of the writer there are more than a dozen, several of which are as smoothly polished and as evenly rounded as most modern machine-made stone articles.

291 As the Indians seldom wore a foot covering of any sort, and probably never when playing football, it will readily be appreciated that punting was not in practice. The toes were pushed under the ball and it was lifted and thrown by them. Old Indians say that the ball could be thrown fifty or sixty yards in this way and was a missile well worth avoiding.

The goal was established on a line with the starting point. It was about 400 yards from a stake, or outpost.

The method of goaling varied among the tribes, but is described by the Wukchumne as passing the ball between two stakes about four feet tall and set just far enough apart to allow clearance for it.

549 237 The wooden football was made from a burl obtained from the side of an oak tree. It was burned and whittled nicely round and was sometimes covered with untanned deerskin, (*hoey'-in chud'-way*).

Five men constituted a team. Two teams competed. Three men of each team stood abreast and about three steps behind the ball, which was placed on the starting line. The other two men followed about six yards distant.

There were four umpires, *Hokawtich* (Ho-kaw'-titch). Two umpires watched the goal and two watched the field. The umpires who stayed at the goal also kept an eye on the score keepers. One of the umpires acted as starter. He stood in the middle of the field and yelled, *"He'-am tan'-se,"* meaning "Everyone go!" Then the players quickly advanced, one team on each side of the goal, and the middle one in front in each team kicked the ball as far as he could.

The players followed the ball at top speed, but tried to maintain their position with relation to each other. If the ball did not go straight, one of the leading men at the side kicked it. If the leading man missed the ball all three kept running, but jumped to one side so that the following players could kick it past them.

The game was a race between the two teams. The ball was taken to the stakes, set about 400 yards away from the goal. It was passed between the stakes and then back to goal. 526

The field umpires saw that there was no unfair interference upon the field. To count a goal the ball had to pass between the posts in the direction in which it was brought to the goal. It could not cross the starting line except between the goal posts.

As soon as the ball was goaled, it was immediately replaced on the starting line and the whole performance repeated. The umpire announced the goal and saw that the scorekeepers moved over one counting stick.

The game went to the team which took the football around the distant post and brought it back to the goal three times ahead of their opponents. The scorekeeper, called *Cu-puh'-utch,* used three short sticks, called *weched* (we'-ched), for each team. The game was not won until one side had won at least three straight goals, and had three weched to their opponents' none. In this way the game might continue with slight favor to either side until one team began to weaken. Their opponents could then run three straight goals quite easily.

The writer has received descriptions of other variations of the game from several persons who settled in the San Joaquin Valley during the fifties. In addition, he has talked with a number of old Indians concerning the game. But the most interesting account, although different from the Wukchumne game, was given by T. J. Mayfield, who as a boy, and later as a young man on upper Kings River, often took part in it. His account is given herewith:

"One of the most amusing games played by the Indians was a sort of football game. A round stone about two or two and one-half inches in diameter was used. This stone was often very round and nicely polished. The stone was not kicked, but was thrown. The toes were caught under and it was pushed, or thrown forward. Sides were chosen and goals arranged. Sometimes two trees about two hundred yards apart would be used for goals, or sticks might be planted for goals. Everyone played, and they surely made a rough house of it. One person started the ball. A point was scored when the stone was brought in contact with the goal of the opponents. They used to push, shove, hold, trip and wrestle. Sometimes one side would find that they had one or two more players than the other. Then

526 they would each hold one of the opposite side. This would leave one or two of their players to make a goal unhindered. Sometimes, when the ball was near the goal, both sides would crowd close, like a band of milling sheep. Then the ball might come rolling out between the many feet and some one would pass it to the other goal before the mass could break up and stop the play."

THE WOMEN'S DICE GAME

524 Among the common Yokuts games was the dice game, called *Huuchuish* (Hoo'-utch-oo'-ish), and played by women only. The game varied slightly among the San Joaquin tribes but was practically the same throughout that territory. It was played by four women, two pairs of partners.

The players were seated upon the ground, partners side by side and their opponents opposite. Between them was placed a large flat tray made of basketry material and having slightly upturned edges. This tray was called *ti'-won*. The dice, called *hoo'-utch,* were thrown upon the tray.

In some localities we were told that the dice were made of acorn caps, but in most instances they were made from nuts of the native black walnut. The nut was split in half, the kernel removed, and the hollow filled with pitch or asphaltum. Into the pitch were pressed small bits of abalone shell or white shell beads. In this way the dice were numbered from one to eight; in some instances to as many as twelve.

Considerable work was expended to make the dice accurate and attractive. The walnut shells were very smooth on the outside. I have seen these dice, after they have been used for years in gaming, when the edges have been worn round from continued shuffling.

As was the case with many Indian games, score was kept by means of small sticks, or *weched* (we'-ched). Twelve sticks were sometimes used in the dice game. The dice were gathered from the mat between the two hands and sometimes rolled together. They were then thrown upon the mat.

Four combinations were recognized in scoring. Three flat sides remaining up counted one point and one of the twelve sticks was awarded to the partners making the point. Two flat sides up counted one point. All flat sides up or all flat sides down counted five points each and awarded five of the counting sticks. When only one dice lay upon the tray with the flat side

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Wahnomkot, Wukchumne full-blood from east of Visalia, throwing dice in the Yokuts woman's dice game. The dice are made of halves of walnuts. She made the game tray she is using. It shows the quail, or brant goose design.

up, the thrower lost one point and the dice were awarded to the two opposing players.

Either of the partners could throw the dice. Considerable skill was thought necessary in throwing them. A *moke* (woman) who could roll the dice most rapidly and who could pour forth [777] the most convincing entreaties was usually accorded this privilege.

A Huuhchuish game has been known to continue without interruption for several days and nights. The most interesting description of this game, as recorded by early observers, was that left by Stephen Powers in 1870. The scene was located on Tule River among the *Yau-dahn'-chi* tribe of primitive Yokuts. Mr. Powers' account follows:

"The Yokuts have a sort of gambling which pertains ex- 525
clusively to women. It is a kind of dice throwing and is called *u-chu'-us*. For a dice they take half of a large acorn or walnut shell, fill it level with pitch and pounded charcoal, and inlay it with bits of bright-colored abalone shells. For a dice-table they weave a very large, fine basket tray, almost flat, and ornament- [285
ed with devices woven in black or brown, mostly rude imita- 531]
tions of trees and geometrical figures.

525 tions of trees and geometrical figures. Four squaws sit around it to play, and a fifth keeps tally with fifteen sticks. There are eight dice, and they scoop them up in their hands and dash them into the basket, counting one when two or five flat surfaces turn up. The rapidity with which the game goes forward is wonderful, and the players seem totally oblivious to all things in the world beside. After each throw that a player makes she exclaims, *yet'-ni* (equivalent to one-y), or *wi-atak,* or *kimai-eh,* which are simply a kind of sing-song chant."

GUESSING GAMES

Almost the only vice possessed by present-day Indians which was not brought to them by the white man is that of gambling. We are assured from many sources that the Indians, almost without exception, were inveterate gamblers. A game might continue for days and nights and at the end of this time an Indian might have gambled away all of the food and clothing he possessed, and, possibly, as is maintained by some authorities, even his family.

One of the most characteristic Indian gambling games is the guessing game. This type of game is the most common [171] of all primitive games. Various forms of the guessing game are reported from the Aleutian Islands to Cape Horn. There is probably less variation between them than there is between most other games. The Yokuts game was sometimes played by a group of as many as eight, composing two sets of four partners each. The opponents sat facing each other, with a blanket on the ground between them. The main object of the game was to guess in which hand the opponent held a marked stick, or a piece of bone or shell. However simple this game may seem, we are assured by persons who have played it, that one uninitiated to its many possibilities, could not win one time out of ten. Surely, if this is true, the Yokuts Indians were able to realize to a remarkable degree the possibilities of a comparatively simple contest.

During the game a constant sing-song was kept up by any or all present. The two sticks, or dice, one black and one white, or one marked and one unmarked, were shuffled from one hand to another, or were placed behind the back, and then the two hands were brought to the front. After considerable manipulating, the opponents were allowed to guess in which hand the blackened, or marked stick, was held.

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Guessing was done by pointing at the hand, and although it was possible that the black stick had been seen in that hand the fraction of a second before, it was quite likely to be found in the other hand when the guess was made. As the Indian guessed, he yelled "*Tah-chah'-min*" (It is in your left hand), or, "*Pah-dah'-min*" (It is in your right hand). 525

When the hands were presented, and before the guess was made, they were often moved about in a circle near each other in such a way that the marker could be shifted from one hand to the other. By means of this, and other sleight of hand, the marker was made to appear in the hand where it was soon found not to be. If the guess was correct, the dice passed to the opponents and the shuffling continued. One of the counting sticks, sometimes twelve in number, and common to many Indian games, was awarded to the successful guesser.

In this manner the guessing continued until all sticks were on one side. This often did not occur for many hours, but when it did the prizes were then awarded and a new game started.

The variation in this game consisted principally in the manner of concealing the markers and the method of shuffling them. We are told by some of the Indians that it was not uncommon for an opponent to introduce two blank markers, and that great care had to be exercised, or this would be done. To prevent this, in some instances, the markers were strung on a string and the opponents allowed to hold the string. In some cases the markers were wrapped in grass and laid on the ground in front of the players. This eliminated a great many of the possibilities of making the game "interesting."

One record states that the players are forced to hold a deer skin in their teeth and stretched tightly between them. The markers were shuffled below the skin and then brought above, where the guessing was done. In this way it was made certain that no one saw how the markers were being shuffled, but it must certainly have eliminated the vocal portion of the game.

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The passion for this game among the Indians was so strong as to be almost entirely unappreciated by white persons. Possibly an incident mentioned by Dr. Saxon Pope of the University of California, who worked for several years gathering data from *Ishi,* will be of interest. Ishi was a wild last survivor of the Mill Creek Indians. He was found about 1911 by white 526 115

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29
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526 persons. The incident will serve to illustrate quite forcibly the Indian addiction to gambling.

115 Ishi was taken to the University of California and saw for the first time all of the wonderful inventions of our civilization, telephone, telegraph, motion picture, street cars, railroad trains and steamboats. Dr. Pope said that Ishi was only mildly interested in all of these things; that there was only one thing that impressed him and in which his interest continued. This consisted of several little sleight of hand tricks which the Doctor himself was able to perform.

Ishi would watch these tricks for hours and have them repeated again and again, trying to imitate them himself. These alone, of all the wonders about him, Ishi would have been able to realize upon in his primitive state. If he could have performed one of these miracles whenever he desired and produced a blank marker whenever he wanted it, he could have owned all of the deer skins and beads and other Indian finery on Mill Creek.

THE POLE AND HOOP GAME

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526 There were two games played by men and young boys upon the gaming court. One of them is known to white settlers as a pole and hoop game and the other as an arrow game. The best description of the pole and hoop game is furnished by T. J. Mayfield, who was raised by the *Choi-nim'-ne* Yokuts on upper Kings River. Mayfield's account of both the gaming court and the game itself follows:

"Each rancheria had a gaming court at, or near, its center. This court was made by smoothing the earth and tamping it solid. It was then covered with fine sand, and many games were played upon it.

"Here was always an excited, shouting, yelling, laughing group, generally including men, women and children, all intent upon their game and as carefree and happy as it is possible for human beings to be.

"The game I remember best was played with a hoop and a pole about ten feet long. The pole was about the same size as one of their fish spears. The hoop was made of bark coiled into a flat disc and held together with slender willow shoots.

"The disc was about one and one-half feet in diameter and had a hole in the center about two or three inches in diameter. Any, and everyone played this game.

"Sides were chosen and one person selected from each side to roll the disc. These two persons stood about twenty or thirty yards apart and at each end of the game court. They rolled the disc back and forth between them. 526

"The game was to throw a pole through the disc as it rolled by. For each pole thrown through the disc two points were awarded to the side having the lucky, or accurate player.

"If the pole passed only partly through and knocked the disc over, it counted only one point. The players lined up on each side of the course where the disc was rolled. They laughed and yelled and made a great deal of noise at this game and did all they could to rattle the opposing players when they were about to throw a pole.

"This was a great deal more exciting game than you might think just from reading about it. When the disc was rolled across the court as many as thirty or forty poles would go flying through the air and the biggest problem in the game was to dodge the poles that came from the other side.

"They kept the score by calling it aloud much as we keep score in a game of horseshoes."

Like many other Yokuts games, the arrow game varied slightly from tribe to tribe. The *Wukchumne* on the Kaweah River played the game with wooden pointed arrows and a disc similar to that described by Mayfield for the pole and hoop game, but somewhat smaller. They described the disc as being about a foot in diameter and having a hole in the center approximately two inches in diameter. This disc was rolled back and forth between two men, one at each end of the gaming court. The players lined up on opposite sides and shot arrows at it. [184]

The disc was rolled six times, one point being awarded for each hit, a hit consisting of striking the disc with the arrow. The contestants who obtained the most hits in the six rolls won the game. The Yowlumne called the game *Taw-poi'-un* and the hoop *Taw'-poi*. The game court was called *In*. The scorekeeper was called *Trih-pa'-itch*.

Mayfield described a similar game as played by the Choinimne. This one used instead of the willow-bark disc a perforated stone about the size and shape of an ordinary doughnut. His account of this game follows:

"For another game a small perforated stone was rolled instead of the disc. This stone was about three or four inches in

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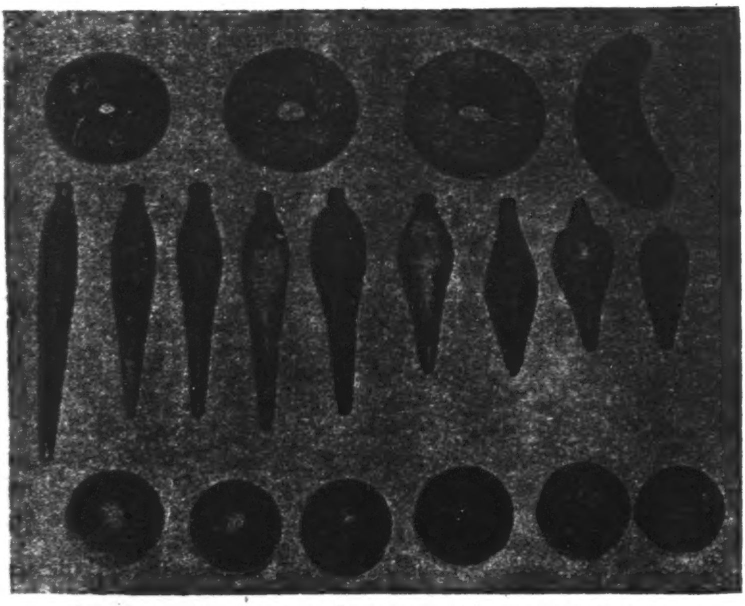

Top left are three perforated stones used in ceremonials and as game stones. At right is a crescent shaped stone, reported as having been used in a girls' adolescence ceremony. Center are charm stones. The one at the extreme right was found near Mountain View, Santa Clara County. The eight stones at the left were found in a "nest" at the Harris mound, six miles west of Tulare. Bottom row shows six stone footballs, found buried together under an oak tree on Kings River Island near Laton.

diameter and had a hole in the center about an inch in diameter.

"This game was played principally by the young men. It was a much quieter game than the disc game, but was scored in the same way. They shot wooden pointed arrows at the stone as it passed by.

[412] "This same stone was used to straighten their arrows and their shafts for gigging fish."

MISCELLANEOUS GAMES

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526 In addition to the statement made by Mayfield concerning the Indian game courts, we are assured by other pioneers who lived near the Indians during the early settlement of the San Joaquin Valley, as well as by old Indians themselves, that

a gaming court was maintained at each village site. As has already been described, this court generally consisted of a smooth, level place, free from rocks and generally covered with a thin layer of fine sand. From numerous remains over the valley it is known that the court was longer than it was wide. Remains of such courts have been found which were fifteen to thirty feet in width and from twenty to sixty yards in length. 526 361

Upon these courts a number of games were played. Some of the games were participated in by old and young. Some were played by men only, and some played by children only. The writer has heard of no Yokuts athletic type game played exclusively by women. 526

Pioneers in the vicinity of Hanford and Lemoore have said that the Indians played a game upon these courts which resembled very much the white man's game of pitch-penny. Circular thin rocks were pitched at a line. The writer has been able to find no data concerning this game and is of the opinion that it was an imitation of the practice of soldiers and whites of pitching money at a line.

Another game consisted of rolling round rocks at a hole in the ground and resembled the "purgatory" game played with marbles by white boys.

A typical children's game was called *Mohoo* (Mo-ho'-o), meaning Bear game. The game began with one child, who was called Mohoo or bear, pursuing the rest of the players.

As soon as Mohoo was able to catch or touch one of the other players, that person also became a bear and helped to catch the rest. This was carried on until the last person was caught. This person became bear for the next game. It was considered an honor to be caught last and also to be the bear for the succeeding game. In playing this game the children ran about the rancheria, climbed upon houses, into trees, and even plunged across the river.

Another similar game was played entirely in the water, and called *Huwidwush* (Hoo-wid'-wush). It was really the bear game, engaged in while the youngsters were swimming, and was a game of water tag. Swimming races took place between the bear and his opponents. Diving, remaining under water, and other methods were used to elude the pursuing bear. [481]

It is unfortunate that a great deal of information concerning the Yokuts games will probably never be forth-coming, for the reason that those Indians were thoroughly disturbed by the

526 white settlers before such data was gathered. When such work was begun, gaming had almost passed out of existence, and as a result, rules, names and other details had been forgotton. However, it can easily be seen from the amount of information presented upon these pages that the Yokuts were not the sullen, undemonstrative people we imagine them, but were, instead, a laughing, carefree, gaming race. 181

CHAPTER VIII

HUNTING AND FISHING

THE MANUFACTURE OF CHIPPED POINTS

There are many traditions about the North American Indians which persist with surprising uniformity and which are also quite characteristic of that noble race. There are on the other hand certain traditions which are even more persistent and which are certainly not generally true, and some possibly with no foundation in fact. Probably the most dogged of these last traditions concerns the manufacture of arrow and other chipped points. The most common tradition concerning this type of work holds that the chip was removed by heating the stone and then applying water, or some other cooling agent. 324

Some stories state that the stone was heated in the coals, and the water applied with a small wooden stick, or brush. Other accounts state that the moisture was applied from the mouth by means of a milkweed string which was allowed to come in contact with the heated stone. Other variations of this account are too numerous to mention, but they all depend upon the supposed reaction of heating and sudden cooling. It is probable that such a chipped point has never been manufactured since the beginning of time, but no amount of reasoning or scientific research or definite statements by Indians seems to be sufficient to put an end to such stories.

The most common method of chipped point manufacture depended upon the breaking from a large piece of stone of a suitable flake. This flake was thrown off from the stone by means of a heavy blow. The hammer generally used was a heavy piece of bone, often the shin bone of a deer or elk, the blow being struck with the end of the bone. [412]

By some manufacturers the large fragment of stone was held against a lump of stiff clay and the flake thrown off between the clay and the stone. It is explained that this kept the blow from fracturing the flake itself. If the flake was quite large and a large spear point or knife was to be made from it, it was placed against the same lump of clay and further reduced by blows. These chips were removed with the bone hammer in

324 the same way that the first flake was obtained. In this manner the flake was roughly reduced to shape.

The remainder of the chipping was done by pressure and not by blows. The method by which this was done probably varied, but the principle was always the same. It is stated by one authority that the Indian squatted with his knees on either side of an up-right stake which had been driven securely into the ground. The work was rested on the top of this stake. The [412] implement used in pressing off the small flake was generally the tip of a buck horn.

The selection of materials like bone and horn for the work of chipping brittle stones, or obsidian, which is really a volcanic glass, shows thorough understanding of the nature of the material. The horn or bone is hard enough not to be broken in removing the chips, but at the same time is yielding enough that the edges of the chips cut into it and are not shattered, as would be the case with a steel or stone implement.

The flake which was being reduced by shaping was held in the left hand between the tips of the fingers and the base of the thumb with the edge toward the worker, the hand being protected by a piece of buckskin. The buck horn was held in the right hand. It was sometimes lashed to a stick, which extended up as far as the elbow and was held between the upper and lower arms, with the elbow bent almost double.

The side of the flake was placed upon the edge of the top of the stake, which extended several inches above the knees of the worker. The buck horn was placed across the opposite edge of the stake with the tip resting upon the edge of the flake where the chip was to be removed. The point where these two met was elevated approximately one half inch above the top of the stake.

By bearing down strongly on both buck horn and flake so that they could not slip on the stake and then raising their outer ends gradually, the worker could secure tremendous leverage, and bring great pressure to bear upon the edge of the flake. As the flake cut into the buck horn, and as both were lowered toward the top of the stake, the pressure became so great that a chip was thrown off the flake. By varying the direction of the pressure exerted against the flake, the direction of the fracture could be controlled. The fracture was almost directly in the line of pressure.

The writer has seen arrow and spear points made in this 324 manner. In less than four minutes of measured time a flake was removed from a large piece of obsidian and reduced to a finely worked point. During this time complete explanation was made of the entire process.

I know that this method will be questioned by many laymen, but not by persons who have investigated these methods of manufacture. A popular bit of misinformation will always survive. I have a very distinct recollection of searching through a vineyard for arrow points and Indians beads and of collecting a mixed handful of them only to be told by one of the natives (white) that they were not beads or arrow points, but were pumped from the irrigation well and that they could be found in all parts of the field.

THE ANTELOPE SURROUND

One of the most interesting methods of taking game, common 224 to the Yokuts Indians, is that of the "surround" or "drive". In some cases, as in taking jack rabbits, a net and Indian fence were used.

Probably the largest game taken by driving was antelope. Before the coming of the Americans the San Joaquin Valley 136 was covered with vast herds of these animals. If the descrip- 224 tions of early travelers and settlers are to be credited, there were probably hundreds of thousands of these animals within a distance of twenty or thirty miles. They ran in herds and covered the surrounding country like a moving tan blanket.

The pronghorned antelope of the San Joaquin Valley is undoubtedly extinct. In the northern portion of California there is a wild game preserve upon which have been placed what are said to be some Great Plains antelope. They are also said to be the same as were those of the San Joaquin Valley.

The horns of the antelope were not shed like the antlers of the deer. Both male and female carried horns. These horns were about ten to twelve inches in height and stood almost erect. The tops curved sharply together in the shape of large question marks. Near the base of each horn was a small webbed point, or eye guard. The base of the horn was rough, but the tip was smooth, like the horn of a cow.

Antelope were probably possessed of more curiosity than any animal with which we are familiar, unless it is the more or less domesticated mule. It was this curiosity which made the

136 antelope easy prey for the Indians and which was responsible for the system of hunting known as the Antelope Surround. 224 Undoubtedly this system was used by many Yokuts subtribes. However, our most detailed account of this is reported from the *Koyeti*.

The Koyeti subtribe of Yokuts, of which there are now no 101 full-bloods living, occupied the territory adjacent to lower Tule 131 River from a point above Porterville, known as Chico Flats, down to a point probably two or three miles west of the pres- 224 ent Southern Pacific Railroad north of Tipton. This tract of [103] land was called by them *Kia-wit'-nau*. Their principal village was near Porterville and was known as *Cho-ko-wish'-o*. From individual Koyeti and from some accounts given by aged members of neighboring tribes, the details of the Antelope Surround are known.

224 The ***Wukchumne*** say that once or twice a year they used to join with other surrounding tribes in aiding the Koyeti with [476] the drive, providing probably a thousand drivers. One or two Indians secreted themselves in the tall grass near a point where antelope were in the habit of watering. Drivers from the several tribes secreted themselves at a distance around this point.

When the antelope began to come to the water hole the two decoy Indians lay on their backs and raised their feet into the air above the grass. In some instances strips of skin, or woven grass, were tied to their feet, which were kicked backward and forward in a way to wave the attached materials before the antelope. It seems no antelope ever lived that was able to resist the temptation of approaching as closely as possible to such a performance. They were as fascinated as is a speeding automobile driver with an approaching passenger train. They would crowd together and circle about the Indians, first at a distance of several hundred yards and then gradually nearer, until, forgetful of everything else, many hundreds of them stood within a few yards of the decoys. Many times this system was used for the purpose of decoying and killing one or two antelope, but upon the occasion of the "surround" the game was not disturbed until the hundreds of scattered Indians had drawn inward and formed a complete circle, or Indian fence, around the huddled band of animals.

When the word was given, the decoys arose and fired into the band, probably killing two or three. As the band attempted

to scatter, they were turned by the Indian fence and forced 224
into a frightened, milling mass.

One Indian from each tribe or, if only one tribe was present, one Indian from each family, was allowed to enter the circle for the purpose of killing antelope. It is explained that if too many persons were allowed to begin shooting, the line would soon be broken and practically all of the antelope escape. The meat was carried home. Some of it was cooked at once and [251]
eaten fresh. The remainder of it was dried for future use.

There is one interesting detail in connection with the sur- 224
round. It concerns the superstition of the huntsmen regarding 825
the killing of antelope in this way. Sometimes, as the running antelope passed one of the Indians who was doing the shooting, a sharp whistling sound was heard.

Whether this whistle was caused by the passage of the running animal through the air, or by his breathing, is unknown, but the Indians regarded this noise as of great significance. They would not shoot an antelope from which this sound seemed to come. They said it was made by the ghost of [776]
Peek'-ook, the little Ground Owl, which after death selected some particular antelope to guard. This attitude on the part of the hunters can be better understood when it is known that the Ground Owl was the represenatitve of the *Ahanich,* or profes- [533
sional singers, who performed at the *Lonewis,* or annual cere- 769]
mony for the dead.

SNARING AND STALKING

Snaring was one of the most interesting and clever Yokuts 224
methods of taking game. We are assured by Indians and pioneer white settlers that almost all kinds of game were taken in this way, ranging in size from the ground squirrel to the elk.

The method of snaring was practically the same for all animals. A twig or limb was bent downward and fastened in place by a trigger. Attached to the trigger was a loop made of waxed string, or heavy cord. The loop was placed over a trail, or run-way, or in the mouth of a burrow in such a way that the game would pass part way through it and become entangled in it. As the animal struggled to free itself, the trigger was released and the branch sprang up-right, lifting the game partly or entirely from the ground, where it soon strangled.

In snaring small game a wythe was generally used. The larger end of it was thrust into the ground and the tip bent

224 over to the trigger. Rabbits were snared in run-ways, or by rocks where their trails were constricted and where they could not escape the noose. Larger game, such as foxes, coyotes, and raccoons were snared in much the same way, but by means of much larger and stronger equipment. The Indians blocked with brush all trails except the one on which the snare was set. A limb of a tree or a bush was then bent downward and fastened by a trigger.

Elk were snared where they were in the habit of approaching water among the tules and where it was easy to confine them to a narrow path. A large willow or oak was selected and one of the upper branches bent downward and fastened to a lower branch by means of the same kind of trigger used in snaring smaller game.

The noose was suspended from the end of the upper branch and was fastened so as to become entangled in the horns of the animal. When the trigger was released the upper branch sprang upward and held the elk until the Indians arrived and dispatched it with arrows.

223 The most interesting system of snaring known by Yokuts Indians was that used in taking wild pigeons. It was done from a blind by means of a long stick which had attached to it a small loop of stiff milkweed string. The pigeons were generally baited in front of the blind for several days before the snaring was begun. The Indian entered the blind early in the morning and attracted the pigeons by means of a decoy pigeon.

The decoy was sometimes a stuffed pigeon skin, but it was more often a live bird, blindfolded and perched on a stick similar to that used in making the snare. One leg was attached to the stick by a short string. The Indian held the stick a short distance from the ground and moved it about, causing the blindfolded pigeon to flap its wings in order to keep from falling. The flapping wings attracted other pigeons.

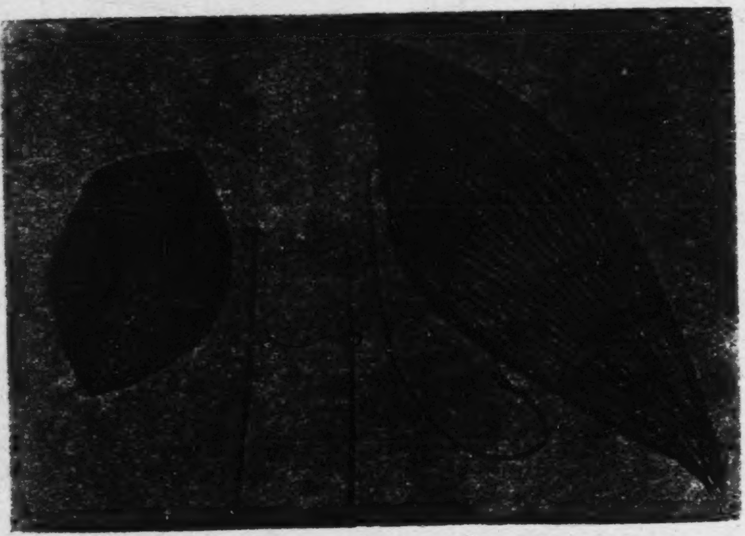
The snare was allowed to lie on the ground with the loop over the bait. When a pigeon was standing over the loop the stick was given a slight twist. This caused the loop to rise around the feet or neck of the wild bird. The stick was then quickly jerked into the blind, bringing the pigeon with it. The Indian broke the neck of the pigeon between his fingers and held it between his knees while he removed the snare and placed the pigeon in a sack to keep it from further disturbing the other wild birds by struggling.

Pidgeon blind built by Chamsuh, a Koyeti, on Tule River about 1920. The hunter lay under the brush blind and peeked out through the grass curtain. The pidgeon snare was rested across the stick in front of the curtain. Bait was placed on the level platform in the foreground.

The snare was quickly replaced and the decoy maneuvered above it. The wild birds would almost imediately return. Then the process was repeated. We are told by old Indians that in this way several dozen pigeons were often taken in less than an hour.

Stalking of most game was comparatively simple. It consisted of working from the leeward, using the various cover 224 which presented itself, and approaching within shooting range of the game. Some game was not easy to take in this way. Elk are said to have been quite wary and it was necessary to keep them from water for sometime before it was possible to approach very close to them. It was not necessary to stalk antelope, as they were more easily taken by the surround described previously.

The most interesting system of stalking was that used in taking deer, the most wary of all such wild game. The most de-



At the left is a Koyeti, and right a Wukchumne decoy pidgeon cage. At the left center is a Chukchimne pidgeon snare, having a spur to prevent the ring from sliding down the pole and closing the loop. At the right center is a Yowlumne pidgeon snare. These snares are about six feet long.

tailed and interesting description of this practice was that furnished by T. J. Mayfield, who was raised by the *Choinimne* Yokuts on upper Kings River and who left a more or less detailed account of his experiences. The Mayfield story follows:

"When I was quite young the Indians used to kill many deer by stalking and shooting them with the bow and arrow. For this sort of hunting they prepared the horns and hide of the deer and placed it over themselves.

"The head of the deer was hollowed out and fitted over the head of the hunter. The skin covered the back of the hunter.

"A short stick was carried in the right hand, and was used, when the hunter bent forward, to imitate the forelegs of a deer. The bow and arrows were carried in the left hand.

"They would imitate a deer feeding and rubbing the horns on the brush and many other actions of the deer until they approached quite close to the game.

"Sometimes the hunter would work an hour to get just ten feet closer to the deer. 224

"After men began to hunt with guns and could kill a deer at long range, stalking had to be discontinued, as several Indians were mistaken for deer and were shot. Such hunting was always dangerous, even when there were no guns in the country. [177]

"An old Monache Indian once told me of an experience he had had, which I think is interesting. He had stalked a deer for several hours and had finally approached close enough so that he was preparing to shoot.

"Just as he was about to draw the bow he saw something move. He glanced to his right and there on a big rock, as he said, 'There's one mountain lion, he's going to jump right on me. Fool 'em deer too good—fool 'em mountain lion.

" 'Deer go one way, horns go one way, bow and arrows go one way, Injun go one way. Injun no more fool 'em deer!' "

TULE FISHING RAFTS

Pioneers who were on Tulare Lake in the early days say that loose tules used to float on the surface of the water and were drifted by the wind along the lee shore of the lake into thick, floating mats. These mats were sometimes three feet or more in thickness, thirty to fifty feet across, and from fifty to more than one hundred yards in length. 501

When hogs were placed upon the lake shores to fatten, the tule mats caused a great deal of trouble. They were buoyant enough to support several hogs. Sows with young pigs liked to nest on these mats. During the night it was not unusual for the wind to change direction and drift the mats some distance from shore. Then it was necessary to wade, or row a boat into the lake and take the sow and pigs from the mat.

After the mats had accumulated windblown dust and sand and trash they became known as floating islands. At time of low water they would rest upon the ground, but at time of high water they would separate from the bottom of the lake and float away. It is believed that it was from these floating tule mats and tule islands that the Indians first learned to make fishing rafts, and also the rafts which were used on the rivers. The fishing raft varied in length from ten feet to probably twenty, and in width from six feet to eight feet. They were probably from two to three feet, or more, in thickness and were lashed

501 together with twisted hemp or tule rope, or with willow withes. They were pointed at the ends, which were higher than the middle.

In the center of the raft was left a fish spearing hole about
[354] a foot in diameter. In front of this hole was placed a thick
layer of mud and upon it was kindled a fire. Here game and fish were cooked as needed.

We are told that from two to four Indians would board one of these rafts and go onto the lakes hunting and fishing, to be away from shore for as much as a week or two. During this time they slept upon the raft, or upon the tule islands in the lakes, and fished and hunted and cooked the meat and fish at the fire place on the raft.

The Indians learned to make their tule rafts a very ef-
501 fective aid to their hunting and fishing. They threw loose
224 tules over the raft and themselves as a blind, and poled the raft
about the lake, thrusting the pole through the hole in the middle.
[223] In this way they were enabled to approach within a few feet of ducks and geese and other water fowl. At places where antelope and elk watered at the lake, or in the streams where they entered the lake, the Indians were also able to approach those animals quite closely and to shoot them with bow and arrow.

501 It is probable that the hole in the middle of the raft was
first made for use in spearing fish. We are told that fish used
226 to collect in great numbers under the natural tule mats. The mats were drifted by the wind and the Indians used to walk about over them and spear fish through holes which they cut in the mats. Under the mat there was no reflection from the sun and it was easy to see the fish as they passed underneath. It was also impossible for the fish to see the fishermen.

226 The lake trout, which were greatly prized as food by the
Indians, attained a great size. Mr. Fred Wells of Tulare, now
136 past 96 years of age, who fished for the market on the shores of Tulare Lake, tells us that as late as 1880 he caught lake trout weighing more than twenty pounds and more than three feet in length.

Pioneers who came in the early '50's, when the stock of fish had not been depleted, tell us that the fish at that time traveled in great schools which in places almost entirely displaced the water. White fishermen of the 1870's and '80's caught in one haul of a horse-drawn seine as many as eight tons of fish. One of the fishermen who engaged in this work was

"Jackrabbit" Bill Browning, who passed away near Delano 226 136 about 1935. Surely the old lakes were a fisherman's paradise.

In addition to the lake trout described, a small turtle was 225 captured in great numbers and shipped to the San Francisco 439 market. Tulare Lake terrapin was a common article on San Francisco and other bay city menus.

SPEARING FISH

Although we hear much about hunting with bows and 227 arrows and we see some bows and arrows in collections of Indian relics, it is probable that throughout a great portion of the San Joaquin Valley the spear was in as common use as was the bow and arrow. This is particularly true along the tule swamps and lake shores throughout the central portion of the valley. And who has seen a Yokuts spear?

From about the shores of Tulare Lake a collection comprising almost 1,000 chipped stone points contains approximately 700 that would be classed as too large for use with an arrow. Several hundred of them are larger than needed for a spear. From what we know concerning the life of the Indians who were here when the white people came, a considerable portion of the fish taken from the lake were obtained by spearing. How this was accomplished upon the lake has been outlined in the preceding chapter concerning fishing rafts.

For a description of the method of taking fish along the various valley streams, we are again indebted to Mayfield. His description brings home to us the fact that the modern salmon spear, or gig, having a detachable point, was used by the local Indians long before white people were known in this territory. His account follows:

"Trout and other large fish were speared with a gig almost like a modern salmon gig. It had a long slender pole for a handle.

"This pole was often as long as twenty feet, and about an inch in diameter. It would be as straight as an arrow, and as smooth as glass.

"A fisherman took a great deal of pride in his fish gig and would keep it polished until it was shiny.

"On the larger end of the pole they would fit two short, pieces of hardwood or bone. One of these was sharp, was lashed on one side of the big end of the pole, and projected beyond the end of the pole about four inches. The other piece was

227 shorter, and blunt on the end. It was lashed opposite the first, making the two projecting pieces about an inch apart.

"On the blunt end of the second piece was fitted by means of a socket a short, sharp piece of bone or hardwood. It was attached to the pole by means of string through a hole near the middle.

"This string had several inches of slack in it. When the fish was speared, the unjointed tip would pull out, and the socketed tip would be disengaged and turned crossways inside of the fish.

"The fish was then attached to the end of the pole with a short piece of string and could be hauled in without any danger of breaking the gig with its struggling.

"I believe that the unjointed point was necessary in order to keep the other point from slipping off the fish.

"In using the gig they built a sort of scaffolding over the water. A deep place in the stream was selected and two long poles set on end ten or fifteen feet from the bank.

"These poles were about ten feet apart at the bottom and crossed at the top about level with the bank. Where they crossed they were lashed together.

"Then the ends of two more long poles would be placed in the crotch above where the first two poles crossed, with the other ends resting on the bank about ten feet apart.

"This formed two V shaped arrangements with the points of the V's together, the open part of one on the bed of the stream and the other on the bank.

"Across the horizontal poles were laid smaller poles and branches to make a dense shade. The fisherman lay on his stomach on top of the branches and dropped the point of the gig down through an opening in them.

"When the fish passed into the shade below, it could be seen and was promptly gigged."

226 Many of the fish obtained in this manner were known as
136 steel heads; they were large fish resembling both the salmon and the trout. The meat of these as well as many others, was
251 dried and smoked in large quantities. Being cured in this way, the fish could be preserved from one year to another. Along the San Joaquin river, we are assured that many tons of salmon were taken each year during the annual "run" and that the bushes and banks about the rancherias were red with drying fish.

Earlier in this account attention was called to the great 226 numbers of large spear points found on the beds of Summit, Tulare, Goose, Buena Vista and Kern Lakes when those bodies of water first ceased to exist. From statements made by old lake Indians we know that many of these points were lost from Yokuts spears when those people were hunting raccoon, mink, otter and beaver around the old lake shores. But that is not the whole story. Some of the points were eight inches in length and thousands were more than six inches long, all too large to be used on a spear.

Actually, tens of thousands of beautiful spear points were found where the deepest waters had been, ten and more miles from some of the old shore lines. Although most white pioneers classified these old points as fish spears, we know that the Indians *did not* spear fish with such points. Said *Tawp'-naw,* an aged *Wukchumne* Yokuts, "Mr. Latta, I betcha you spear five hundred fish with one them *kots* [stone] spears, you don't catch *one,* I betcha." And Tawp'-naw was undoubtedly correct. There had to be some other answer.

It was many years before I found an Indian who could 226 speak from actual experience of the whole lake culture, and who 115 could describe accurately and in detail the practice of taking fish from tule rafts on the San Joaquin Valley lakes. This aged Yokuts was Josie Alonzo, or *Yoi'-mut,* last survivor of the *Chunut* (Choo'-noot) tribe, which once in great numbers occupied the northeast shore of Tulare Lake.

After Yoimut had answered a thousand questions and I was amazed at the wealth of information she had and the accurate way in which it checked with data gathered from other aged Yokuts, I showed her several dozen large spear points, asked her the use to which they had been put by the Chunut. This was her answer: "They use 'em to catch fish."

That was the only one of all answers given me by Yoimut that I would have questioned for a second. I didn't know what to say.

Yoimut quickly saw that I didn't know how the spear points were used and that I didn't believe her. So she described to me the following practice, something I might have deduced, but which would not have been known as a fact without her statement:

"Sometimes when them Chunut went fishin' on them tule 226 rafts out on Tulare Lake, they didn't catch any fish. Maybe

226 three or four days they didn't catch any fish. Then they come back to camp and get that Indian Doctor. They take him along. He got nice, long, *kots* [obsidian] points like you got here. 226 Sometimes, too, he got good rock like your white boy's spin-top [plummet, or plumb-bob shaped stones].

789 "That Indian Doctor, he make fire of some good kind of [782] weeds. He talk, and talk, and say his good prayers over that fire. All the time he hold his good kots point like big spear point over that fire. Pretty soon that Indian Doctor begin singin'.

"He get up and dance little bit on that tule boat. He hold that kots point in one hand. When he finish dancin' and singin' all his good songs, then that kots point is *tripne* (trip'-ne) [has supernatural power]. Then that Indian Doctor throw that tripne kots point in the lake. Then them Indians catch lots of fish. But they got to pay that Indian Doctor lots of good Indian money, maybe beads. They got three-four kinds beads they use like money."

And that, in my opinion, is the entire secret of the thousands of fine, large spear points found on the dry bed of the old valley lakes.

THE RABBIT DRIVE

224 San Joaquin Valley pioneers who attended the rabbit drives held by white people during the early eighties will perhaps be surprised to learn that this method of taking rabbits was practiced by the Indians on the same grounds many generations before the white man came.

The number of jack rabbits which a barren, desert country will support is unbelievable to the person who has not seen them. During the Fall of 1929, within ten miles of the city of Tulare, in the area of less than ten acres, the writer saw a swarm of rabbits which undoubtedly numbered not less than 1500. These rabbits had taken refuge in a field which was covered with tumble weeds. As the car passed along two sides of the field the rabbits swarmed across the road in bands of fifty and one hundred. In places they were almost as thick as driven sheep. This is largely the condition in many portions of the San Joaquin when it was occupied by Indians. In those areas the rabbits were commonly taken by driving.

The elaborate preparation made by the white people was of course unknown to the Yokuts, although we are assured that

it was an occasion of great enjoyment and feasting, and in that 224
way closely resembled the rabbit drive of the eighties, with its large cans of hot coffee, wagon loads of bread, and barbecued beeves.

Instead of the fence built by the white people, which was often two miles in length and made of wire netting or lath fencing, the Indians themselves formed the line. Instead of the pen into which the rabbits were driven by white people the Indians [283
used a net made of milkweed string against which the rabbits 286]
ran, and where they were killed.

A detailed account of the rabbit drive as practiced by San Joaquin Valley Yokuts was furnished by T. J. Mayfield, who has been so freely quoted in these sketches and who was raised by the *Choinimne* tribe of Yokuts Indians. The Mayfield account follows:

"One of the great sports at the lake was the jack rabbit drive. The flat sage brush plains around the lake were fairly alive with jack rabbits, and the Indians used to plan a drive much like the drives later made by the white people, except that they used no pen or corral.

"A milkweed string net was made. This was about thirty [286
feet long and four feet high. It was tied like an ordinary fish 226]
seine, but I never saw the Indians seine fish.

"The net was used for catching rabbits. The net was erected between two large sage bushes. Then a long line of Indians marched out at an angle from each end of it.

"The most of these Indians carried a stick about two feet long. When the two lines of Indians had formed wings several yards long the outer ends closed in and then they drove the enclosed rabbits toward the net.

"When an Indian came close enough to a rabbit he would throw his stick at it and would generally break its legs. But the most of the rabbits were killed at the net.

"As the rabbits ran along between the two lines of Indians they saw what they thought was an opening in the line at the net. They attempted to run through this opening, but hit the net and bounced back. Then they were promptly clubbed by one or two or three Indians who were hiding there for that purpose.

"It surely was exciting when the drivers had closed in. There would be hundreds of rabbits, and almost as many sticks flying in the air. Many of the rabbits would break through the

224 line of Indians and escape, but a great many, probably two hundred, would be killed in a forenoon drive.

281 "The rabbit skins were made into fine blankets. These
237 were used as a covering for sleeping much as is an ordinary
[513] blanket. They were the warmest and most comfortable bed
covering I have ever used.

"The skins were taken from the rabbits without being split and, while green, were cut into a long strip about three-quarters of an inch wide.

"As this strip dried it naturally curled up with the flesh side inside and the fur on the outside. This made a sort of fur boa about an inch and a half in diameter.

"In making the blanket, two of the strings were twisted together for a distance of about six feet. Then the ends were doubled back and looped through the twists of the first portion.

"Working back and forth across the blanket in this way it was woven into a square about six feet on each side.

"Smaller blankets were used as a sort of cape, or shawl,
[291 in extremely cold weather, or to wrap the babies in before they
294] were strapped on the cradle. The mokes also made their skirts
in this way."

CHAPTER IX

BASKETRY

YOKUTS STITCHED BASKETRY

The Yokuts tribes will probably be noted throughout all 285
time for the wonderful basketry which they manufactured. There were several types of this basketry, as well as a number of forms. These baskets, mortars, steatite vessels, round wooden boxes, dried animal bladders and crude bags were the only containers known to these Indians.

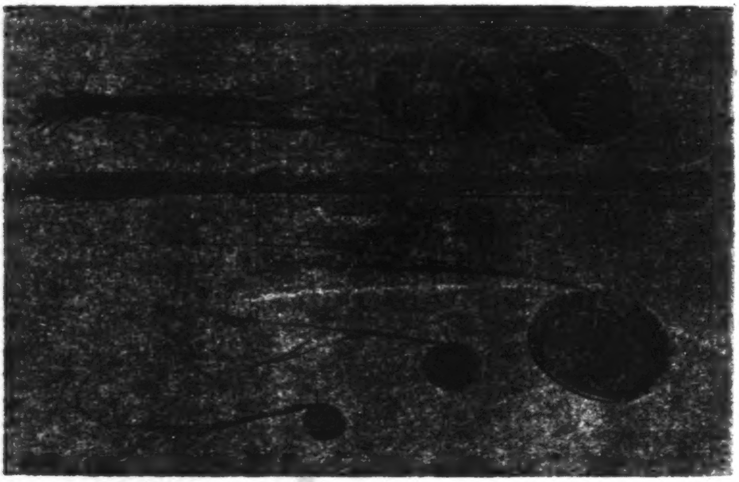
Practically all of the Yokuts baskets were of coiled construction. They were not woven, but were stitched together. This process was much slower and more difficult than that of weaving, but produced a basket as strong as though it were made of sheet metal. Many Yokuts baskets were used for cooking and, when completely dry, would become water-tight twenty or thirty minutes after they were placed in water.

The filler, or coiled material, was obtained from a tall 285
grass which grew in clumps along the valley streams and 824
sloughs. To pioneer white cattlemen of the Joaquin this was known as bunch-grass (Epicampes Rigens). It had no joints, being perfectly smooth from one end to the other, and attained a length of more than four feet. The Indians called this material *chaw'-kish*.

The white, or light, straw colored material with which the stitching was done, came from the root of a swamp grass (Cladium Mariscus), which was at one time quite common throughout the entire overflow area of the valley

Cladium roots attain a diameter of about three sixteenths
of an inch and a length of three or more feet. Yokuts women [412]
still dig it from the ground by means of pointed sticks. The bark is removed from it and it is split into two, three, or four parts.

The splitting of this material requires great care and much 285
practice. One piece is held between the teeth, the other two between each thumb and the next two fingers. By equalizing the pressure between the two hands and the teeth the root is split into three equal parts. In this way Yokuts women can split a root four feet long into three parts so even in size that the dif-



Here are shown Yokuts basketry materials and the beginning steps in making a basket. Top left shows the cladium root (cladium mariscus) after the bark has been removed. Top center is a standard sized trade bundle of split root. Top right is a similar bundle of red bud. Center is a long bundle of the bunch grass used as a filler. Bottom left shows the beginning of a basket, using cladium root for both stitching and filler. Bottom center shows the introduction of bunch grass. Bottom right shows the use of bunch grass alone as a filler, also the bone awl used in stitching.

ference cannot be detected by comparing them side by side. If a root is large enough to make four splints, it is first split in two and then the halves are split.

By means of the sharp edge of a rock, or blade of a caseknife, the split roots are scraped smooth and made into rolls of uniform size for use in trading for basket materials that do not grow in the locality where the roots are harvested. This root is called *hupud* (hoo'-pud).

In beginning the basket, short lengths of hupud are twisted into a small coil and stitched together. When the coil becomes large enough, generally about two inches in diameter, the chawkish is introduced. The chawkish cannot be used in beginning the coil because it is too brittle to bend to such a small diameter. The basket is built from this point to the rim by stitching one continuous coil of chawkish to the previous one by means of the grass root called hupud, or by colored stitching materials.

The material used in stitching to produce the red portion of 285
the designs is prepared from redbud (Cercis Occidentalis).
This is the beautiful shrub of the Sierra which is covered with 824
magenta colored blossoms during the months of March and
April. The outer wood is stripped from the slender shoots of
redbud. These strips are a permanent red on the outside.
Their color greatly resembles manzanita bark. The Yokuts
name for this material is *ah'-nup.*

Some basketry designs make use of black stitching material.
This is the root of the bracken fern (Pteridium Aquilinum)
and is the only basketry material which is artificially
colored by the Yokuts. It was necessary for the valley Yokuts
tribes to secure this root by trade. The root of the fern was
stripped into thin pieces. Some reports state that the pieces
were then buried in the dark mud of a spring for several weeks.
In discussing the coloring of the fern roots with the Wukchumne
I found that they used a different method. They boiled the [386]
root in a quantity of black mud from the sloughs, or tule
swamps. This produced a dead black, which is quite permanent.

I have collected pieces of ancient burial baskets which had been exposed to light for at least seventy years, to find the red and black of the designs almost as bright as those of recent work. The Yokuts call the black stitching material *muh-no'-kits.*

The awl used in stitching was made from the shin bone of 285
a deer. One bone was split and two awls made from it. When 412
completed they were from seven to nine inches long. From [237]
time to time the tip of the awl was broken. A new point was
formed by whetting the bone on a piece of sandstone. When
the length of the awl was reduced to about three inches it was
discarded. The Yokuts call this awl *bah'-oak.*

YOKUTS WICKER AND TWINED BASKETS

In addition to the *ahketse* (ah-keet'-se), or baby cradle, the 285
Yokuts tribes made several receptacles of wicker construction.
The material used was either young black willow or cottonwood
shoots. The *Wukchumne* say that young cottonwood [824]
shoots are better than willow, that they do not become so brittle
with age.

The most common wicker-work utensil is a sort of colander, 285
or sieve. This is used in sifting the chaff of the dried salt 415
grass after it has been flailed, and in separating trash and

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

285 415 leaves from many food stuffs. The Wukchumne call this sieve *tah'-meuk.* The tahmeuk is also used to drain many foodstuffs in much the same way that the modern colander is used. I have seen Yokuts women washing mustard greens and fungus growths in the tahmeuk. The common shape of this interesting utensil is elliptical. It varies greatly in size. Some are as long as two feet and some less than eighteen inches. They are from ten to sixteen inches across the middle and from four to six inches in depth.

285 When ready for use the cottonwood shoots used are about one eighth inch in diameter. They are spaced from one sixteenth to one eighth of an inch apart. Near the ends of the tahmeuk the shoots are drawn closely together. About the edge of the whole is lashed a rim composed of a cottonwood wythe about three-eighths of an inch in diameter. The ends are moistened and then pounded with a stone. They are doubled under the rim and lashed in place with *hupud* (hoo'-pud).

The small shoots are twined together with hupud at intervals of about one inch. This construction produces an extremely light, but durable utensil. The tahmeuk is still used extensively among the remaining Yokuts.

285 412 A seed beater which greatly resembles the tahmeuk is also widely used. It differs most in that it is fitted with a handle at one end. The handle is formed by lashing together the projecting cottonwood shoots, instead of bending them under, as is done in making the tahmeuk. This utensil is called *yah-mah'-he tah'-meuk.* [222] It is used to beat the seeds of dry grasses and shrubs into a basket. In this way one *moke* (mo'-ke), or Indian woman, can gather several hundred pounds of seeds in a day.

285 At least two types of baskets are made by twining, instead of stitching. The most interesting of these is a practical receptacle for use in gathering blackberries. This basket is pear shaped, about five inches across the mouth, six inches across the largest portion near the bottom and eight to nine inches in depth. It is fitted with a buckskin handle which is long enough to pass over the head, allowing the basket to be suspended from the neck and to hang slightly above the waist.

[222 481] This arrangement leaves both hands free for gathering blackberries and speeds up the work considerably. The Indian woman can crawl through the blackberry vines, draw them

[text continues on p.160]

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Wahnomkot about 1923. In her right hand she holds a basket made to be suspended from the neck, leaving both hands free to pick blackberries. Leaning against her is a boy's baby cradle. In her left hand is the flexible cradle, made before the child is born and for use until the other is completed.

285 [222 481] within reach with a hooked stick, and rapidly pass the berries into the basket.

They call the blackberry basket *chaw'-mish*. It is built upon a foundation of cottonwood twigs and is formed by twining. The cottonwood twigs extend upright. The twining materials were looped about them and passed around the basket from the bottom to the top. The materials used in stitched work are also used for this twining. The tan hupud is the principal material, although bands of red are used to decorate the basket. The red material is the ahnup described before. In an emergency such baskets are quickly fabricated of tules.

285 415 During the season when the baskets are not in use for gathering blackberries they are used about the Indian houses as containers for materials of all sorts. They are generally [353] hung from the ceilings or walls, and in them you will find much the same sort of materials that you will find in a sewing basket among white people. There will be odds and ends of stitching materials, small strings, worn out bone awls, stones for sharpening the awls, periwinkle shells, bits of abalone shell, beads, soaproot brushes and other such articles too numerous to mention. Rattlesnake doctors even collected their rattlesnakes in them. They are one of the most useful utensils made by the Yokuts.

A twined burden basket is used for gathering acorns and for carrying all sorts of other materials. This basket is made in the shape of a cone, being pointed at the lower end, about two feet deep, and eighteen inches across the mouth. The lower point is generally reenforced by an extra layer of twining material, or a piece of buckskin. The twining of the basket is done in the same manner and the design is applied in the same way as in making the blackberry basket. They call this basket *ahng'-ush*.

[222] In gathering acorns the Indian women stand the ahngush against a log or tree, or place the point of the cone in a squirrel hole. The acorns are gathered and placed in another basket. They are then emptied into the burden basket. When the burden basket is filled it is placed in a string carrying-net much like a fish net, or it is supported upon the back of the Indian [482] woman only by means of a strap passed across her forehead. In some tribes the word for load, or burden, is *shaw'-nil*.

YOKUTS BABY CRADLES

One of the most interesting phases of Yokuts culture is 854
their method of handling and carrying their children. Many 285
of the things to be discussed here vary slightly among the 352
Yokuts tribes, but the general scheme was once much the same from the Cosumne River and Martinez on the North to Tehachapi and Paleta on the south. By far the most effective Yokuts artifacts, at least as regards the rearing of children, are these baby cradles, or baskets. The most detailed account concerning this interesting piece of equipment was that furnished by a prominent family of the *Wukchumne* tribe.

Among the Wukchumne it was customary to hold a ceremony, 851
or meeting, practically identical with the modern baby 854
shower. Even though many of the primitive customs have held 352
over into civilized life, and persons who have studied primitive life are more or less accustomed to such parallels, it comes as a 285
surprise to everyone to find that such an interesting custom was so well established among the primitive inhabitants of the San Joaquin Valley.

The materials used in the construction of the baby cradle 854
varied slightly among the numerous tribes. The Tachi, who 352
occupied the north shore of Tulare Lake, wove a very interesting 285
cradle of tule. It was soft and pliable and formed a good mattress for the child. The *Choinok* and *Wolasi* attached a tule pad to the bed of a wicker cradle.

The plains and foothill tribes made a very light and strong cradle. Some tribes used slender willow wythes. In the construction of their cradles the Wukchumne used cottonwood twigs.

Among the Wukchumne two separate cradles were used for each child. The first cradle was sometimes made by the mother, although a grandmother, or some other old lady of the tribe, often made it and sold or presented it to the mother. This cradle was about thirty inches in length and so woven of cottonwood twigs that it could be rolled up like a piece of matting, the cross stitching being made of pliable cladium roots. This was a temporary cradle and the baby was kept upon it for a matter of three or four weeks.

As soon as the child was born, materials were assembled and construction started on a large, permanent cradle. This was not possible before, because the design used in weaving the

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Left: A Wukchumne infant cradle, used until the larger cradle was completed, and then tied high in an oak tree until the child learned to walk. Right: A Yaudanchi infant cradle with hoop to support the covering over the face of the baby.

cradle for a boy differed from that used in weaving a girl's cradle.

At the time when construction of the large cradle was started, all the grandmothers and older women of the immediate family group held a meeting. They called upon the mother and her child and brought with them all sorts of materials, including toys and play-things for the baby.

The mother never constructed the larger, permanent cradle. No reason is given for this, except that the mother had many other duties in caring for the child. It is said that the maternal grandmother took a considerable pride in preparing this permanent cradle and I have observed this always to be the case among the Wukchumne.

When the temporary cradle was discarded it was rolled tightly and tied securely, high in an oak tree. It is explained

by Indians that this was done in order that nothing would hap- 854
pen to the child. 352

After the child had learned to walk, the small cradle was 285
taken down and burned. It was thought if anything happened to the small cradle the child would never learn to walk. This accounts for the scarcity of the temporary cradle in basketry collections.

As soon as the permanent cradle was begun, the grandmother devoted all of her time to its construction and had generally finished it at the end of a week or ten days. It was from two and one-half to three feet in length, about eight inches wide at the bottom and about eighteen inches wide at the top. This flat, rigid base was constructed of two layers of cottonwood twigs. The upper layer was placed length wise and the under layer cross wise. These twigs were lashed together in an interesting pattern by the common stitching material, the cladium root called *hupud* (hoo'-pud).

It is the design used in lashing the twigs together that 854
determines the difference between a cradle for a boy and a
cradle for a girl. The design generally extends across the 352
cradle diagonally. In the boy's cradle the design always ends 285
at the opposite side pointing in the same direction in which it 531
it starts from the first side. It may have several off-sets or "Z" shapes like our conventional form for lightning, but it ends in the same direction in which it starts.

The design for the girl's cradle may start out the same as for the boy but changes its direction and ends in the opposite direction from which it starts. Whether this feature of the design is to be understood as a Yokuts recognition of any well fixed feminine characteristic will have to be settled by the reader.

The flat, rigid base, which has just been described, is 854
strengthened and covered at the upper end by a sunshade made
of the same material. This sunshade is formed in a very in- 352
teresting way. A hoop of several cottonwood twigs is sprung 285
across the framework, about eight inches from the upper end. From a point in the middle of the top of the base other cottonwood twigs spread in a fan shape to the hoop, where they are securely lashed. The sunshade is then stiffened by stitching with hupud in the same design which characterizes the base.

In order to make this shade sun and water proof, the pulp from the common soap root is pounded to a paste and applied

854 352 285 to the outside with the hands. This paste dries to a hard, smooth surface and shuts out both sun and rain.

The upper part of the sunshade, which is attached to the top of the base like the handle of a fan, forms a convenient handle, or grip, by which the cradle and the child can be moved from place to place.

Along the sides of the base are loops of buckskin. In the old days soft moss or grass was placed under the child. It was then wrapped in a small rabbit skin blanket, or buckskin. The child was then placed upon the cradle and lashed to it by means of a long milkweed fiber strap, laced through the buckskin loops at the side and criss-crossed over the child much as a shoe is laced.

[531] From the sunshade directly over the child's face are hung short strings of beads, at the ends of which are suspended bits of abalone shell, periwinkle shell, or keyhole limpet shell. These are not to be played with—only to be looked at. The hands of the child are strapped down to its sides under the wrappings.

Originally the Indian mother carried this burden with her by means of a milkweed-string band which fastened to the base of the cradle on either side at a point near where the hoop of the sunshade was attached. This looped band was placed across the forehead of the mother and the burden was distributed between her forehead, back and shoulders. In some tribes the name for this cradle was *shaw'-nil,* the same as the word for burden.

Some of the foothill tribes made a crude baby cradle of a forked stick with other sticks lashed across it by means of sinews, or string.

Yoi'-mut, the aged *Chunut* (Choo'-noot) Yokuts quoted on other subjects, furnished the following most interesting story concerning one of the articles carried with all Chunut cradles:

"Chunut mothers kept a piece of *kodis* [soapstone, steatite, or talc] hanging from the sunshade of the baby cradles. When they changed the baby they scraped some powder from this soapstone to put on the baby. It was just like your talcum powder."

I have in my collection a forked-stick Yokuts cradle which was collected from the *Yaudanchi* Yokuts about 1868 by Wilco Mentz, of Porterville, and which has had one of these soapstone talcum powder cans suspended from it for more than eighty years.

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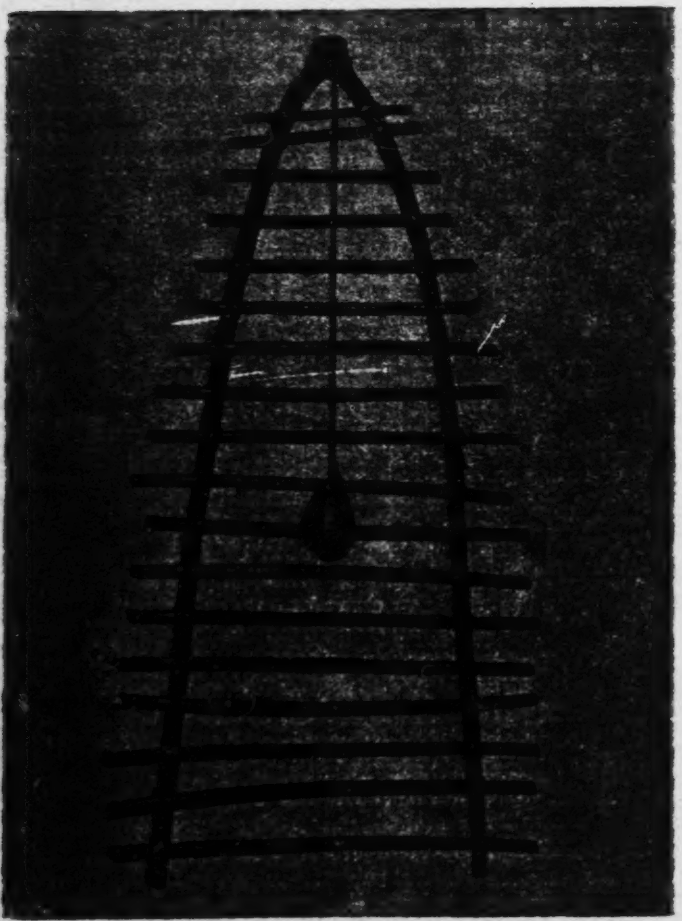

Type of baby cradle used by the Koyeti Yokuts on Tule River. Suspended by the string is a piece of soapstone from which was scraped talcum powder to put on the baby when the grass or moss diaper was changed. This cradle, together with the soapstone, was collected in 1868.

Verily, there is nothing new under the sun.

The *moke* (mo'-ke), or Indian woman, could leave her baby cradle leaning against a bank, a rock, or a tree, and be gone for hours with the certainty of coming back and finding the child

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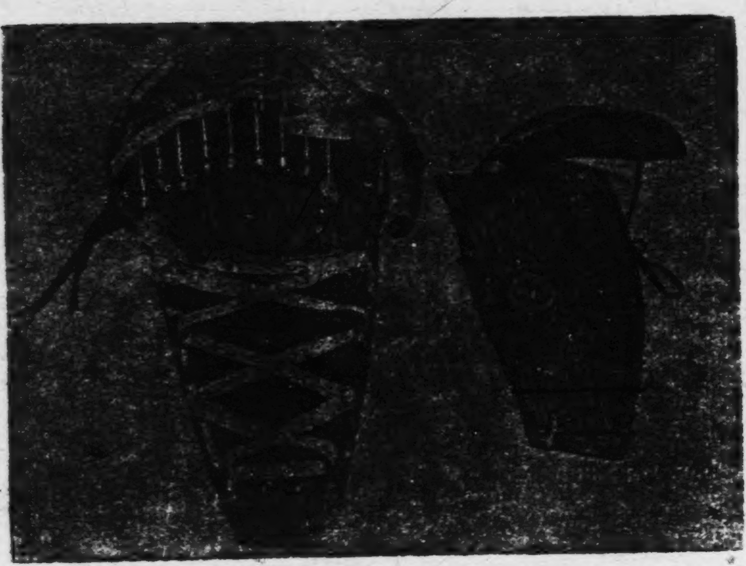

Left: A Wukchumne Yokuts baby cradle with milkweed fiber tie-strap and hemp fiber carrying-strap. Suspended at the right of the sunshade is a steatite reel-shaped stone from which talcum powder was scraped for use when changing the baby. Right: A Nutunutu Yokuts baby cradle padded with tules.

exactly where she left it. It is said by persons who have been close observers that it was often customary to keep the children on these cradles long after they were able to walk. Why the white persons who first settled this country failed to appreciate and appropriate this effective article of primitive culture is beyond understanding.

Probably more interest is shown by whites concerning the Indian name for baby cradle than concerning any other thing relating to Indians. Among the Wukchumne and other Kaweah River Yokuts tribes, the name was *ahketse* (ah-keet'-se). Almost every other tribe of Indians in the western hemisphere had a different name for this article. So did they have different names for *moccasin, squaw, tepe,* and every other primitive article.

000 The word squaw, was adopted from the Narragansett Indian dialect. *Papoose, chuck* (meaning food), *moccasin* and *tomahawk* were taken from an *Algonquin* dialect. Tepe was

adopted from a *Dakota* dialect. In our early literature we incorporated these Indian names into English. The result has been that no one knows the other tribal language names for them. Even the Yokuts Indians have found it necessary to learn these names from distant tribes.

At no time in our history did we adopt an Indian name for baby carrier. So the reader must learn the word from each tribe.

[P. 168 not processed]

CHAPTER X

ARTISTRY

YOKUTS BASKETRY DESIGNS

177 285 531 The most disappointing thing, and one which must be first considered in approaching the subject of basketry designs, is the influence which white "collectors" have had upon the prehistoric designs. Among the many collections which have been made throughout the eastern part of the San Joaquin Valley there are many forms of basketry which have been made to please enthusiastic, if not wise, collectors. This *white* influence reached its greatest depth when Indian basket makers were required to cover whiskey bottles and demijohns with stitched basket materials, copying designs from calico prints.

285 531 The rattlesnake was in olden times probably never shown with a head or tail. Only the pattern on the back of the snake was copied and very cleverly applied to the basket. The snake designs are probably most common of any and are certainly among the most realistic. The stitching of the coiled basket reproduces in a most life-like way the scales of the snake and allows these patterns to be reproduced, although in conventional form, quite true to life. The most common snake forms used are the rattlesnake, king snake, gopher snake, garter snake, and water snake.

The rattlesnake design was often used in connection with the "bottle neck" basket, which was at one time so common on Kaweah, Kern and Tule Rivers. A conventional ant, water skater and quail design is often used in connection with the rattlesnake. The full history of this design is obscured in the past. Quail is represented by a black mark resembling the feathers from the top of his head. Four rectangles form a perfectly charming water skater. Ants are represented by small square dots in groups, or in lines resembling ant trails.

285 531 825 776 The Yokuts rattlesnake was private secretary, or *Winatun,* for *Tihpiknits,* the Yokuts Saint Peter. It was the duty of the rattlesnake to crawl about and locate the Yokuts who were not behaving as good citizens. He sent their names to Tihpiknits, who called them in.

285 531 825 773 [776] Quail was the champion of fair play. Water skater was a messenger, or Winatun. Ant was the person who meted out punishment. As far as the Yokuts knew, for his size, the ant had the most painful sting of anything about them. The story that has been preserved of designs incorporating these three elements is that there was once a bad rattlesnake who turned in the names of good people who were called in by Tihpiknits. Quail learned of this and told the water skaters, who carried the word to the ants, who stung rattlesnake to death and ate him.

285 531 Deer tracks (*hoey'-in trut*) are often used in basket designs and are many times mistaken by collectors to represent arrow points. They are generally represented by two small slender triangles having the adjacent sides parallel and placed close together.

Caterpillars, or worms, are shown by zig-zag lines, often in close series, representing the march of great masses of worms, or in small straight lines about the edge of the basket and representing individual worms.

Sometimes lightning is shown upon the basket and resembles very closely our own conventional form for lightning. The pine tree is represented by a series of triangles placed above each other and gradually diminishing in size toward the top.

Wild geese are very cleverly represented, the brant being easily recognized, although a peculiar conventional form is used. A small rectangle, the outline of which is worked in black, has across the center of it a broad perpendicular dark band which brings to mind quite clearly the marking on the wing of the goose. Extending from one corner of the rectangle at an angle of about forty-five degrees is a straight line which terminates in a short horizontal line representing the head. A series of these figures begins at the bottom of the basket and spirals to the right or left toward the top, illustrating not only the individual bird, but in a very effective way the formation so commonly assumed in flight. Because of the sloping lines above this design, foothill Yokuts generally refer to it as quail, instead of goose.

The bow and arrow is also represented in conventional form, generally by small triangular shapes which really picture arrow points and represent, according to basket makers, not only the arrow, but the bow as well. I have only once seen

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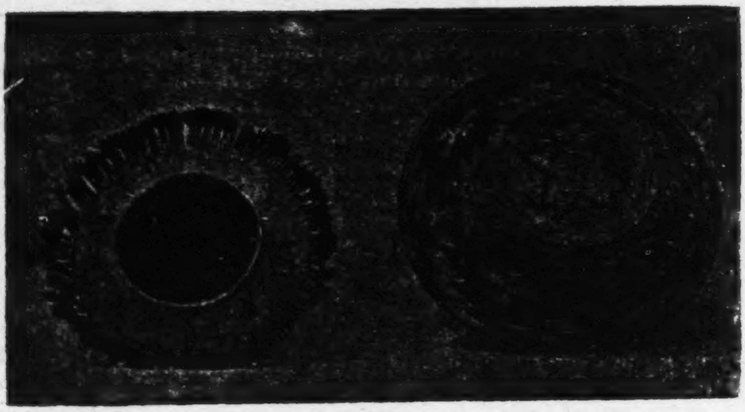

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Left: Top view of a Wukchumne creation basket with quail top-knot feathers as decorations around the edge. It was made to be burned at the periodic pageant which reenacted the creation of world. The stitches are very fine, some almost fifty to the inch. In the bottom is Cheitus, the morning star. The world was finished just as the morning star was beginning to fade. Around the side is a design taken from the pattern on rattlesnake's back. Rattlesnake was the agent of Tihpiknits, Yokuts St. Peter. It was his business to crawl about spying on bad people whose names should be sent in to Tihpiknits. Around the rim are the bow and arrows, sent to the earth by the sun when he went to live in the sky. To the right is the new moon. The world was created during the new moon. Next is Yehk, the watersnake, first water dweller. Next is Sahwekit, the turtle, who brought up from the bottom of the universal water the mud from which the world was made. Next is Wyness, the first man, swimming up from the water. Next is bow and arrow, repeated. Then is Truh-tuh, the oak tree, first tree in the Yokuts world. Next is turtle repeated. Last is meh-sin (blackberry), the first fruit. Right: On the bottom is Cheitus, the morning star. This is another creation basket, one of the most difficult patterns the author has seen. It shows Eagle, the Yokuts Creator, in white, with a red border, which creates another eagle, the white spaces between the four eagles making another eagle. It is an all over pattern which dovetails so as to allow of no waste space. The stitches are fine, about thirty-two to the inch.

among the old baskets a representation of either the bow or arrow in a form resembling their true shape.

Houses are often shown by a small low triangle which makes no attempt to show either the smoke opening in the top, or the door-way. Houses may be shown in any color.

Among the many traditions about basketry designs which are, according to the experience of this writer, clearly in need of correction is the one which states that purposely none of

285 the old Indian basketry designs were made complete, or without
imperfections. Old basket makers say that there is no
531 foundation whatever for the above statement. They say that broken places in the design or places where parts of the design do not match exactly are simply the result of a lack of skill or forethought on the part of the basket maker. When, over a period of weeks and often months, one has watched the developing of the basketry design while the tedious work has been in progress, he can readily appreciate the above explanation.

The Indian woman begins her design at the base of the basket. As coil after coil is added and the circumference of the rim of the basket where the design is being worked out becomes larger, no small amount of ingenuity and mathematics is necessary to make that portion of the design near the top of the basket conform to that which already has been worked out on the smaller portion near the bottom.

In all of this work no pattern is used. The upper portions of the design are left entirely to the imagination and it is often quite difficult to bring them into proper position upon the flaring side of the basket. This whole matter would be comparatively simple if the basket were the same size at top and bottom, but new stitches must be added every few inches as each coil is added, and this not only increases the surface area upon which the design is placed, but also makes necessary with each coil a new count and division of stitches.

In the solving of this whole problem an Indian woman will display a truly amazing amount of ability, not only in placing the design itself, but in the mere mathematics of dividing the various portions of the basket into equal parts.

The writer has in his possession a small basket, illustrated in this chapter, which is about eight inches in diameter and two and one-half inches deep. This basket is of very close weave, having certainly more than 30,000 stitches, spaced about thirty to the inch. Upon its flaring sides are reproduced four conventional eagle designs, about which is quite elaborately worked out a wide border in two colors. The borders about the eagles make more similar eagles which dovetail so that the design covers the basket completely, and there is on the entire side of the basket no space not involved in representing an eagle. The entire design is worked out from start to finish without a single flaw and shows perfect uniformity, not only

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

in excellence of stitching, but in mathematical regularity of 285 531 detail.

In addition to those designs which are worked into the basket itself, it is often embellished with the feather top-knots [237] of quail. This was particularly true of the bottle-neck, or *aw'-suh*, of the Yokuts of Kaweah, Tule and Kern Rivers. In addition, various kinds of beads were sometimes fastened to the outside of the baskets.

It must be appreciated by readers that in an article of this nature, which has already exceeded proper limits, the subject of basketry designs can scarcely be approached. In addition to the forms already discussed there are countless numbers of designs reproducing almost every possible geometrical form. Some of them, we are told by basket makers, are used simply because they are *pah-yo'-me* (pretty).

It is of interest to note here that at least some of the basketry designs were used on the fabric made by the southern [286] Yokuts. These tribes, the Tulamni, Tuhohi, Hometwoli and Yowlumne made many large circular mats or bags of fabric which probably were used for many purposes about their camps. However, the only uses of which we have definite [764] knowledge are two, as shrouds for dead bodies and as linings for the sand basins in which acorn flour was leached. These fabric mats or bags were started of fiber thread much as were the blackberry gathering baskets and were twined, not woven. One piece of such fabric shows the rattlesnake pattern, worked in black thread. Although all existing specimens of Yokuts [172] fabric have come from graves and are partially decayed, several designs can be distinguished on them. Material used in making Yokuts fabric is thought to be the fiber of the native [824] hemp and/or milkweed. [283]

How the native woman was able, without pattern or example in nature, to bring into being countless numbers of beautiful designs and, with no tools other than a bone awl and a [412] sharp rock, to form them into a basket, can never be comprehended by the layman until he has watched that work for many weeks. The artistic taste and mathematics involved in this one Indian art alone shows more plainly than anything else we know about them that the mind of the Yokuts Indian was equal to many many things far beyond anything that we have appreciated.

285 517 It is a statement of bare fact to record that the baskets made by the Yokuts Indian women are the very finest known to have been made by machine or by hand by any people of any race in the history of the world. The Pomo Indians of Lake
[171] County made a basket covered with colored feathers, and probably made more kinds of baskets, but they were no finer in workmanship than those made by the Yokuts on Kings, Kaweah, Tule and Kern Rivers, and probably, in prewhite days, throughout the San Joaquin. Not only are the stitches in some baskets as fine as sixty to the inch, but color combination, texture, shape and design are completely fascinating and present some of the finest conventionalized designs known to the art world.

285 531 A Yokuts Indian woman of primeval days, seated on a deerskin or tule mat under a spreading valley oak, would have been as little expected to turn out a beautiful work of art as any known primitive person. One is both privileged and amazed who has seen them at work amongst the litter of an Indian camp. Their persons and clothing were often ragged and soiled, their homes and furniture were of the most meager, primitive kind. There was little in the immediate surroundings to suggest anything used in designing a Yokuts basket.

But the Yokuts woman saw far beyond her camp. Without a drawing or pattern of any kind she placed upon her basket the most pleasing and delightful representations of mountains, birds, butterflies, deer, quail, streams, lightning and the heroes of her tribal myths and stories. This was all done, remember,
[412] with a crude chipped-stone knife and a bone awl, not another tool of any kind.

Beginning at the bottom of a curved, flaring basket, the Yokuts woman placed the first colored stitches of a design, complicated and involved beyond the imagination and memory of most white persons. She carried this design through to completion without a pattern or drawing.

One must also appreciate that for pictorial purposes stitched basketry has the limitations of the mosaic, the cross-stitch, or the loop used in hooking rugs. It was not possible to reproduce most objects in their true shape and form. They were conventionalized. A triangle could represent a deer's track, an arrow point, or a flame. A realistic reproduction of a quail topknot stood for quail: the shape that the inch-worm assumed in traveling represented it. Butterfly was sometimes represented by a wavy line suggestive of its flight. Four small

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

rectangles construct an amusingly accurate fly, and resemble a 285
head-on view of an airplane. Five small rectangles create an 531
unforgettable water-skater. Small wavy or straight lines are caterpillars. Small groups, or long, winding strings of small squares represent ants.

In the selection of her materials, in the dyeing, prepara- 285
tion, and assembling of them, in the accurate weaving of myths 517
and historical events into the designs on her baskets, it can 531
truly be stated that the Yokuts Indian woman was one of the most versatile artists in the world. She was mythologist, craftsman, weaver, designer, historian, mineralogist, botanist, mathematician, and poet.

YOKUTS ART

The mere mention of Yokuts Indian art seems a challenge 517
to most persons. The thing farthest from their thought is that 531
a Yokuts Indian could have developed anything which in any way could be termed true art. This is not the case. It is true that many of the old forms of Yokuts art are gone, perhaps never to be known, but it is due only to our destructive powers that there is not today more evidence of several forms of their art.

The Yokuts were developing to a point where art was appearing in their manufacture of pottery. True, this had advanced only to the stage where simple ornamental forms were being attempted and where borders and designs were being applied with the thumb nail or a sharp stick. But the beginning was there and there have been found within Yokuts territory several pieces of pottery which were banded with interesting designs and which probably were not traded into this territory. Border designs were also cut into the large steatite cooking vessels around the opening in the top.

Indian art was applied to many articles. The small apron on the front of the breech clout was sometimes painted with designs symbolic of the local tribe, or clan. The colors and pigments used were the same as those used in rock painting, being earth colors mixed with the juices of plants, most commonly chilicote oil, mixed with the juice of the tall milkweed, the fiber of which was used for making string.

Of all the art common to the many Yokuts tribes, that which has made famous the Yokuts *moke* (mo'-ke, woman) throughout the world, has been applied to their several forms of

517 basketry. Although this topic has been introduced in the pre-
531 ceding chapter, an entire volume would not exhaust it. It is necessary to consider it further here. The designs are always simple in nature, often symbolic and never unpleasing to the eye. There is nothing in connection with Indian basketry designs which conflicts with the well observed rules which underlie the white man's design. The striking effect of some of the most simple primitive designs is amazing—sometimes perfectly fascinating.

At the present time there are a few Yokuts basketry artists
463 still at work. Their work resembles more the old unspoiled
285 primitive forms than that of almost any other Indians, because the Spanish did not often penetrate to the eastern portion of the San Joaquin Valley, and the old mode of life was last overthrown there. There is now only one unspoiled Yokuts basket maker on the Kaweah River. There is also one on the San Joaquin River, as well as one or two on Kings River.

The old Yokuts seldom attempted anything but symbolic
517 or conventional forms. Figures attempting to show birds, ani-
531 mals or persons in their true shape, were seldom used. This was remarkably good taste and shows a deep understanding of true art on the part of the basket makers, for they were working in a cross stitch type of reproduction and could not smoothly develop the form of a deer or a bird.

Some of the most common designs used on basketry represented the various snakes common to the San Joaquin Valley. These designs lent themselves very nicely to a coiled construction and their patterns proved well adapted to the materials used.

The Indian painted his spear, his bow and his arrows. The
[386] colors used were blues, reds, yellows, blacks and whites, juices of berries and other plants being used. The designs were genrally geometric. The marking on the arrows served a very practical, as well as artistic purpose. It was of importance to the hunter to be able to identify his own arrows. This was not only in connection with the proving of ownership of an arrow which had been shot into the brush, but also to prove who had killed certain game. Various colored lines were banded around the shaft and foreshaft of the arrow in the same way that modern archers mark their arrows.

302 Another form of art, probably as well developed as any
531 other, had to do with the painting of the faces and bodies of the

Indian. Here again natural colors, often earth colors, were 302
used and the paint was applied in thick coats, not only to the 531
face but often to the arms, legs and bodies. Different designs were used in connection with different ceremonies. These varied somewhat among the numerous Yokuts tribes. In this way a great variety was worked out.

How common was painting on buckskin will probably 531
never be known. In several graves where bodies had been
cremated, I have found fragments of charred buckskin which 517
showed quite plainly a painted design using at least two colors. How much of this sort of evidence has been destroyed by careless "digging" will never be known, but I am of the opinion that such art was at one time quite extensive.

Another form of art was developed in connection with the handles of soap root brushes, dice, wooden utensils, knives, ceremonial equipment and stone mortars. This consisted of coating the articles with asphaltum, or pitch, into which were pressed beads and bits of abalone shell. The beads used were generally of white sea shell and contrasted quite nicely with the black asphaltum. The writer has seen many examples of the above art, although almost all of them were in an advanced state of decomposition. The rims of mortars were sometimes coated with asphaltum and covered with beads and abalone shell and must have presented a rather pleasing appearance.

Due to the perishable nature of much of the old Yokuts equipment, a considerable amount of their art will probably never be known. How many other pieces of paraphernalia and peculiar but artistic creations have not been recorded can only be imagined. However, enough is known about their art and painting and applied designs to be certain that at least upon occasion the Yokuts Indian was able to dress himself up quite colorfully and was not the sombre, drab person that we perhaps imagine.

YOKUTS PAINTINGS

When white settlers first came to the San Joaquin Valley, one of the things which attracted their attention was the many Indian paintings which were common upon the walls of the rock shelters and caves along the Sierra foothills and at some places in the Coast Range. These paintings have been the subject of much speculation and some investigation, and a ready topic for many writers. From time to time various persons have claim-

531 ed to be able to read these paintings and have given lengthy
517 and elaborate interpretations of the many characters which
have been reproduced in the various designs.

I have often discussed Indian paintings with pioneer American settlers, with persons who claimed to have solved their meanings, and with the Indians themselves. I have found little justification for the great amount of importance attached to them and will attempt in the paragraphs that follow to explain something of the nature of the various paintings, as well as the probable extent of their meaning.

First of all we must remember that painting was not confined to rocks alone, but that breech clouts, bows, arrows, buckskins, and even the faces and bodies of the Indians themselves, were painted. If this is kept in mind, the reader will understand that the paintings upon the rocks were no great phenomena, nor were they really unique as the only example of such work done by Yokuts.

The writer is informed by persons who have seen Indians
[824 mix their paints, that the vehicle or binder used was often the
386 sap from the common milkweed, mixed with chilicote or wild
cucumber oil. With [illegible] a vehicle were mixed the various earth
colors which were [illegible] less common throughout the territory bordering the S[illegible]quin Valley.

531 White persons are too often guilty of overlooking things
which are obvious to the Indian, or to the close observer. While
317 driving through the Sierra foothills with a companion for the
386 purpose of visiting some Indian paintings, I was asked where
the Indians obtained their red paint. The explanation was made that the Indians used the natural earth colors, which were more or less common in the very locality through which we were then traveling. The companion stated that he could scarcely believe this, because he had never seen any of that color within a range of more than 150 miles. At this point the car was stopped and the discussion continued. After a few moments the cut bank at the side of the road was pointed out and proved to be an outcropping of the richest red earth.

The white color used was, in some cases at least, obtained from diatomaceous earth. The writer has found in Indian graves chunks of this soft chalk in the natural state as well as molded balls of white pigment prepared from the same material.

The yellow pigment sometimes found is a yellow ochre ob- 531
tained at many places throughout the volcanic regions of the 317
Sierra, both in the northern section and on the desert side in
eastern Kern County. In addition to the red pigment already 386
mentioned, there were outcroppings of cinnabar at several places along the summit of the Coast Range, from as far south as the Poso Chaná near Coalinga, to Del Puerto Creek opposite Crow's Landing. This is the ore from which quicksilver is refined. It possesses a bright color, varying from maroon to the light red of common brick.

Black pigment was obtained from charcoal or from natural deposits of graphite. I have in my possession a small Indian mortar, the inside of which even yet is covered with black pigment. All of the colors mentioned are permanent. The white and black could probably never be faded, even by direct exposure to the sunlight through thousands of years of time. This is also probably true of the red pigment. In the old paintings the yellow appears as fresh as any of the other colors.

The permanency of the Indian paintings depended largely 531
upon the binder with which they were mixed and the exposure of
the rock surface upon which they were placed. With few excep- 517
tions, the various paintings were upon sheltered surfaces, which were not only protected from the sun, but from moisture as well. Some of these paintings done in three colors on such protected surfaces are probably as fresh today as when they were first painted.

The above is not true where the paintings have been subject to moisture. The red paintings at Hospital Rock on the Kaweah River and those at other places where the rain has driven against them have almost weathered away. In fact, close investigation shows that what color is left consists of pigment which has penetrated the porous surface of the rock.

The common statement made by white pioneers concerning the Indian paintings is that the Indians knew nothing about them. This can scarcely be true, because I have found living *Wukchumne* Indians who knew the names of the various paintings and who attached no great mystery to them. Among these were Sam Garfield, *Tawp'-naw, Ichow,* and *Pohut.*

These Wukchumne Indians said that the paintings were generally placed at an important village site, one which was permanently inhabited, or at some place where Indian ceremonies were performed. They stated that tribal equipment, such as

531 symmetrical mortars and pestles for grinding Indian tobacco, or costumes for tribal ceremonies, were often concealed near 517 these paintings.

The idea furnished was that the paintings added prestige to the spot and served to awe the lesser characters of the tribe and instill in them a respect for the equipment concealed there. The Wukchumne stated that such places were *Trip'-ne* (supernatural). Among the Wukchumne, paintings in general are called *Copch'-ke.* Red paintings, such as are common at Hospital Rock, were called *Haw'-you.* Paintings using mixed colors were called *Hoo'-cha-ing-utch.*

This writer is very skeptical about interpretations of Indian paintings, at least about those found bordering the San Joaquin Valley. His opinion is that the only person who could interpret those paintings is the man who painted them.

The above opinion is based upon two facts. The first and most important is that there is no common character which appears with any degree of regularity throughout the territory in which the paintings occur. Second, with the knowledge which the Indians have concerning the paintings, there should appear an interpretation of some sort, which would be more or less consistent among the various tribes.

The Indians readily recognize the characters which represent animals, but they offer no other explanation for the geometrical designs and line drawings than to give the Indian name for circle, triangle, square or other common figures. In exception to this they do identify drawings of the sun, moon and *Chapet* (Chah'-peet—the Indian doctor's magic tray), and a few mythological characters.

531 In each tribe there were probably one or more persons who amused themselves by placing paintings upon the rocks and 517 other objects surrounding the camp site. These parties prob-463 ably developed skill beyond the average, and it is undoubtedly their work which we see today, placed there for the amusement of the painter, for the awe of the other members of the tribe, and for the interest and speculation of white invaders.

CHAPTER XI

LANGUAGE AND NAMES

YOKUTS LANGUAGE

The most fascinating feature of any primitive people is almost certain to be their language. Primitive language has many characteristics which appear peculiar to persons who speak written languages. Most noticeable of all features of primitive language are the many sounds which do not occur in modern tongues and which are difficult for us to produce. 191

Primitive sounds consist of clicks made by the teeth, grunts, clucking and snapping with the tongue, and blowing through the throat. In the Yokuts dialects a coughed H is met with. These sounds are also sometimes accompanied by grimaces. In addition there are practically all of the sounds included in a civilized language. We are told that the dialects of some of the tribes of South Africa contain almost all of these primitive sounds. One word may involve, in addition to gutturals, a click of the teeth and a snap of the tongue. 194

Primitive people are generally able to reproduce practically all of the sounds of a civilized language, but it is surely amusing to hear a person who speaks a modern language attempt some of the more involved primitive sounds. It brings quite forcibly to one's mind the fact that the tendency of civilization has been to simplify the sounds involved in languages.

Consider for example the *K'hoo'-sheem* (north) of the Yokuts. The first syllable was pronounced with the mouth and throat open and was accompanied with cough and a blowing sound deep in the throat. When a white person opens his mouth and throat, the sound stops. The writer practiced for many months before he could say K'hoo'-sheem correctly and loud enough to be heard ten feet away. An Indian could yell it so as to be heard distinctly two hundred yards away.

The word *T'hoo'-k'wheel* (west) is even worse. It is accompanied by two coughs, with the throat open. When attempted by a white person, it generally results in two almost noiseless efforts.

The word for distance is most interesting. In many Indian tongues it has the same characteristics. If you ask a

194 *Wukchumne* Yokuts where he has been he is likely to answer, "*Wah trip-in Kaweah,*" meaning up the river a short way. If he has been gone a day or so and absent over night, he will say in a higher key, "*Wa-a-a-a-h trip-in.*" Should he have been gone a week or more he will turn his head in the direction of his travels, twist his mouth to one side, and, in a still higher key, say "*Wa-a-a-a-a-h hah' trip-in.*"

This method of expressing distance was most effectively expressed by William Lewis Manly in his book, *Death Valley in '49*. Upon the meeting of the Manly party with Chief Walker, after they had started down Green River, Walker tried to induce them to abandon the attempt. Making a small ditch, he likened it to the river at the point where the conversation was taking place. Then showing how, as they passed down the canyon the walls grew higher and higher, he raised his hands to some distance to represent the height of the canyon walls farther downstreem. This motion was accompanied by the exclamation, "*E-e-e-e-e*", meaning high.

Then Walker went farther down the ditch and raised his hands above his head, again saying, "*E-e-e-e-e-e*" (higher). Again he repeated the performance, standing on top of rocks and raising his hands as high as possible, saying "*E-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e.*" In this way he was able without a single word of English, to clearly and unmistakably illustrate to the travelers the tremendous height of the canyon walls. This account is typical of others related to the writer by persons long familiar with Indians.

The Yokuts to a certain extent, like many other primitive people, spoke a bow-wow language. By this is meant that many of their words were imitative of the sounds or objects they were to represent. This is obviously true of some of our own words. If it were possible for us to investigate many others at their source, it is probable that we would find much of our language of that nature. Lisp, whisper, whistle, blow, stumble, stammer and swoop are typical bow-bow words. The word swoop has the sound of a bird diving after prey.

Let us pause for a moment in connection with this last word, and consider the widely used Yokuts word for the once common red-tailed hawk. It is "swoop" and is drawn out even more expressively than our word, swoop. The Yokuts undoubtedly developed this word through the same process that we developed our word.

The usual Yokuts word for squirrel is *ske'-til* or *seeth'-kill.* 194
It is pronounced sharply and, when properly pronounced, resembles 192 greatly the bark of a squirrel. In order to say the word exactly as pronounced by old Yokuts, one must almost be able to bark like a squirrel.

To the writer the most interesting Yokuts word is *we.* It 193
is used as a diminutive and enters into many of their words. 192
We'-che means little. *We'-chet* signifies small sticks such as might be used for kindling a fire. *We'-chep* is a small boy. This diminutive immediately brings the identical Scotch word to mind. In view of the fact there is even yet considerable controversy concerning the origin of the Yokuts tribes, the writer would like to offer (not too seriously) the above words as evidence of Scotch ancestry.

Nor does the evidence of possible Scotch ancestry end with 171
language. The Yokuts game of shinny was played with a small oak ball and a stick, curved like a golf club. Further, and probably more pertinent evidence of Scotch relationship is the well established fact of Yokuts thrift. While these Indians would under some circumstances make small gifts, they were quite apt to expect them to be returned upon demand. This trait of Indian character is so well known to white persons of pioneer ancestry that the term *Indian Giver* is well understood.

The language of the Yokuts tribes between Kern Canyon 197
and the Chowchilla River varies so little that one who understands the *Yowlumne* dialect can with little difficulty understand a *Chauchila.* However, there is a unique variation in the area from north of the Kaweah River south to Tule River and involving the *Wachikit,* Wukchumne, *Kaweah, Yokodo* and *Yaudanchi* tribes. In these dialects the sound of "I" seldom occurs. In words of surrounding tribes, *Telumne, Chunut, Tachi* and *Koyeti* having an "l", the first group substitutes a "d". The second group of tribes call the Yokodo, Yokolo. It is from the second group that the name of Yokohl Valley was taken, for the tribe which lived there called themselves Yokodo. The Wukchumne call the Telumne Tedumne. The common Yokuts word for bow is *chalip.* The Wukchumne call this *chadip.* They have no difficulty in sounding the "l" for they easily use the word *Limik,* name of the Yokuts Mythical Hero, Prairie Falcon.

THE NAMING OF INDIANS

551 The giving of names among the Indians was often a most interesting practice. Among some tribes it was customary, after the child was born, to give it the name of the first object seen from the doorway of the house. In some instances we are told that the name was predetermined by presenting a desirable object in front of the door, so that it would be certain to be the first object seen. This name was intended to be temporary, and was later discarded.

Some children grew to be three or more years of age before they were given a permanent name. When the child was old enough to exhibit some characteristic, or perform some deed, it was remaned.

I knew two *Wukchumne* brothers who, when small, were named the Indian equivalents of Sunny Place and Dirty Face. The first was so named because he would leave the other children, who were playing in the shade, and go to a sunny place where he would play by himself. The derivation of the other name is obvious.

553 Renaming was in some instances done several times. An Indian was likely to be renamed whenever he performd some act which took the fancy of his associates. It was more often done when the child was taken into the tribe, at which time a more or less permanent name was given him.

To my knowledge, only two Yokuts families have preserved Indian surnames, the Ichows and the Pohuts. Pohut is Yokuts for squirrel. Ichow is a name given by Sierra tribes to turtle. *Tawpnaw* attempted to preserve his name, but it was changed to Tupino by white associates.

551 775 The dead were very much respected by the Indians. They believed in a surviving spirit and were very careful after death to avoid provoking or disturbing that spirit. As a result of this, until after the *Lonewis,* care was taken that the name of the deceased was not spoken. It was feared that the spirit would be awakened. Probably in most cases it was feared that the spirit would answer to the name. The Indian did not want spirits prowling about any more than we do. In some tribes it was customary after death to change the name of the deceased. In this way any chance of disturbing the spirit was avoided.

This is not an extinct taboo. While completing this manuscript I learned that I had neglected to obtain the Indian name of Doctor Bob, an aged *Chukaimina,* who died in Squaw Valley

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

Western Mono NS25

Y 551 775 many years ago. It developed that only one person knew his Indian name. This person was *Wahnomkot,* an aged Wukchumne. But she could not tell me the name, or tell it to anyone for me. Her half-brother had been given the same name. He had recently died and she could not speak the name until a decent period of time had passed. So, in this volume, Doctor Bob's Indian name cannot be used.

W 551 Among the Indian names of the Sierra an interesting example was that of the *Halawanshe* (Hah-lah-wahn'-she) family. They belonged to the *Pahdwishi* tribe and lived on the Kaweah River in the vicinity of Hospital Rock. With the passing of Grandmother Halawanshe several years ago that family passed out of existence, the younger generation having taken a name from the white men.

Y 551 [221] In the days of the primitive red man, before the coming of the Spanish, the tribes migrated, as the season of the year brought game or fish to the various rancheria sites in their territory. In accordance with this custom the Indians moved every fall from the rancheria at Hospital Rock.

Y 224 551 Upon one occasion, when returning to Hospital Rock, an old bear and two very young cubs were found occupying the cavern under that great boulder. The Indians tried for some time to dislodge mother bruin, but she had apparently decided to locate there permanently, and refused to move. After some discussion it was decided to imitate their brother of the fields, the coyote. Many American settlers have seen coyotes stealing pigs and know the system they used.

In stealing the cubs, what was called an "Indian fence" was built. The Indians formed a wide semicircle in front of the shelter and each held a long pole in front of him with the butt resting on the ground.

Other Indians stood behind the fence with their spears and bows and arrows ready, while two Indians approached the mother bear from different directions. As she gave chase to one of the Indians he retreated and was allowed to slip through the fence. Then the Indians behind the fence shot arrows at the bear and jabbed her with spears, while those in front raised their poles and threw her backward into the circle.

Upon the occasion of the removal of the mother bear and cubs from beneath Hospital Rock, two brothers, whose names were *Tripne,* (supernatural) entered the circle from opposite directions. The first Indian retreated and was closely

224
551 followed to the fence by the mother bear. He made his escape with difficulty.

The second Tripne brother handed one of the cubs through the fence. Then he made a mistake. He should have waited until his teammate repeated his part of decoying Mrs. Bruin from the rock. But he thought there was enough time to return for the second cub, and, contrary to the coaching of the Indians forming the fence, rushed back to the cavern.

Mrs. Bear turned and saw Tripne starting toward the cave. Mustering all of the amazing speed with which a great, heavy bear can move, she charged him. The Indians were all speechless and helpless to interfere. It seemed impossible that Tripne could escape with his life.

Just as Tripne came opposite the opening of the cave, unaware of the charging bear, out of the hush of expectation which had fallen over the group, someone yelled at the top of his voice, "Ha-la-wan'-she!" (get out quick).

Tripne hesitated the fraction of a second in front of the cave. Without looking, he decided not to go in, and quickly leaped forward through the fence. Mother Bruin was within three feet of him and clawed his head as he passed through the [165] pole fence, almost entirely removing his scalp. He later died from the effects of the wounds received.

With the relaxation which occurred immediately after the escape, all of the Indians fell to laughing and ever after called the two Indian families Halawanshe.

WUKCHUMNE PLACE AND ANIMAL NAMES

192 Those who have studied the Yokuts never cease to marvel at the extent of their vocabulary. They had a name for every object about them. In abstract matters they were able to express themselves almost as fully as can people with a written language. Although Yokuts grammar was less complicated than that of English, the vocabulary of an intelligent Yokuts contains several thousand words. In this sketch are presented the names of the common animals of the valley, as well as various landmarks and other items of interest. The names were obtained from the *Wukchumne* tribe of Yokuts.

197 The Wukchumne dialect was almost identical with the *Kaweah*, *Yokodo*, *Wa-chik'-it*, and *Yaud-dahn'-che.* As explained in the foregoing account, these dialects almost never involved the sound of "l". So, for the surrounding dialects,

it is safe to substitute an "l" whenever a "d" appears in the following Wukchumne words. 197

The San Joaquin Valley was called *Chaw-daw'-no.* The Wukchumnes recognized the great central valley as a geographical unit and spoke of various valley landmarks as being "*Wah kayo Chaw-daw'-no* (Away down the valley)". Tulare Lake was known as *Pi-ah'-se.* Some tribes are said to have simply called the lake *Mi'-ak Ill'-ik,* or Big Water. 103

Along the Kaweah River all of the prominent landmarks were named. Ash Mountain was known as *Lih-mih'-shin.* Yucca Point was called *Kah'-wid.* Yokohl Creek bore the name of *Yo-kod'-o.*

The great granite bluff on the Sierra skyline known to us as Homer's Nose was called *Top-aw'-shuh,* or leaning place. Sawtooth Peak was *Kah-did'-it.* A more complete list of Wukchumne place names is given elsewhere in this volume.

The following list of names will give some idea of the extent of the Yokuts vocabulary and of their close contact with every feature of the landscape, as well as with the native plants, birds, and animals. 192

Blue jay	*Trah-ush'-nah*
Black bird	*Chouk*
Buckeye	*Top'-pong*
Blackberry	*Mah'-min*
Breakfast	*Wah-ah'-dua*
Badger	*Tuh'-now*
Bee	*Hi'-neh*
Bumble Bee	*So-way-way'-heh*
Bear	*Mo-ho'-o*
Coyote	*Ki'-yu*
Cottonwood	*Dah'-pah*
Crow	*Ah-duh'-wut*
Chamese	*Co'-toon*
Cherry	*Shup*
Chipmunk	*Che'-we'-yeh*
Chaparral	*Tah-dow'-ud*
Cottontail	*Tay'-yoo*
Cedar tree	*Chow-uh'-puk*
Cat-tail	*Tro'-wuh*
Castle Rock	*Lung-no'-tim*
Cone, pine	*Chung-o'-kish*
Duck	*Hi-eh'-neh*

Deer	*Hoey*
Dust	*Poo-troy'-tuh*
Doctor	*Trok-oh'-din chi'-yeh*
Dinner	*Duh-yohn'-mi*
Eagle Ridge Point	*Oo'-toy yah'-shid*
Eagle	*Tro'-khud*
Earthquake	*Woke-ed'-pahn*
Fly	*Pah-new'-ski*
Goose	*Cu'-su*
Gopher	*Oon'-cut*
Gooseberry	*Show-ship'-in*
Gravel	*Pun-in'-huck yah'-kow*
Hill (by Lemon Cove Depot)	*Ti-up'-in'-ish*
Horned Toad	*Toe'-tuht che'-uh*
Hornet	*Choe'-chup*
Hospital Rock	*Pah'-din*
Hawk	*Shaw'-shuck*
Ice	*Pu'-yung*
Lizard	*Con-cha'-chuh*
Lion	*We-hay'-sit*
Mortar	*Coi'-wus*
Manzanita	*Op'-tow*
Mocking bird	*Vop-sin'-its*
Meadow lark	*Jah-kod'-uh*
Magpie	*Aw'-chutch*
Mosquito	*Kaw'-scrope*
Mud	*Tuh-puk'-ud*
Mohogany	*Home'-nuh*
Maple	*Wah'-shick*
Moon	*Oop'-esh*
Oak tree (valley)	*Trah'-tah*
Oak (black)	*O-uh'-shun*
Oak (maul)	*Truh'-kah*
Oak (blue)	*Sue'-tut*
Oriole	*Taw-taw'-ish*
Pestle	*Pahd'-uh-way*
Pine tree	*Id'-gnid*
Quail	*Ho'-mud*
Rock	*Yah'-kow*
Slick Rock	*Pod'-now*
Jack rabbit	*To'-pul*
Road runner	*Oi'-oi*

Rat	*Tu'-mau te'-much*
Rattles (from snake)	*Hang-ah'-sid*
Rattlesnake	*Trah'-ud*
Raccoon	*Ket'-chuh*
Shell (periwinkle)	*Chah'-wik*
Shell (abalone)	*To'-trud*
Shell (Pismo clam)	*Hu'-mana*
Shell (soft mussel)	*Che-u'-nim*
Cave	*Dop'kaw*
Sunflower	*Wah'-suh-wi*
Sagebrush	*Show'-vom*
Thank you	*Wook'-nud een'-sheesh*
Tule	*Suey'-you*
Turtle	*Sah-wah'-kits*
Terminis Beach	*Coach-nah'-mew*
Tarantula	*Law-la'-nuh*
Trout	*Pah'-chick in-tahd'-im*
Trout (Kern River)	*Pas'-nit in-tahd'-im*
Venice Hills	*Kaweah*
Venice Hills Indian Village	*Kaweah*
Water (singing)	*Tum-mu'-dah idik*
Water (still)	*Yung-mu'-dah idik*
Water (shallow)	*Ah'-tah idik*
Water (deep)	*Wah'-ah idik*
Water (shining)	*Wah'-ah muh'-tah idik*
Waterfall	*Wo-ho'-dah*
Whirlpool	*Wool-l-l-wah'-dah idik*
Willow (button)	*Shook'-hotch*
Willow (common)	*Sha'-katch*
Willow (black)	*Shah'-dahm*
Woodpecker	*Pah-dah'-dut*
Weasel	*Po-haw'-ut*
Wild cat	*Tong'-ud*
Worm (measuring)	*Haw'-nick haw'-nick*
Worm (glowing)	*Chaw'-eh chaw'-eh*
Whirlwind	*Moy'-yuk*
Wind	*Te-duh'-shuh*
Weed (tumble)	*Tow-it'-chits*
Yellow hammer	*Tro-peese'-nuh*
Yellow jacket	*Traw'-coy e'-seh*

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NUMERALS:

1.	*Yaet*
2.	*Pu-noy*
3.	*So-uh-pin*
4.	*Hop-pu-noy*
5.	*Yach-e-nil*
6.	*Chu-luh-pe*
7.	*Num-chen*
8.	*Mu-nosh*
9.	*Nah-nip*
10.	*Treo*
11.	*Treo yaet*
12.	*Treo pu-noy*
13.	*Treo so-uh-pin*
20.	*Pu-noy treo*
21.	*Pu-noy treo yaet*
22.	*Pu-noy treo pu-noy*
23.	*Pu-noy treo so-uh-pin*
30.	*So-uh-pin treo*
31.	*So-uh-pin treo yaet*
33.	*So-uh-pin treo so-uh-pin*
50.	*Yach-e-nil treo*
100.	*Treo-treo,* [or ten tens]

192 The above list represents approximately one-twenty-fifth of the Wukchumne words collected by the writer, which in turn represent half of the complete vocabulary of the Wukchumne. They present only the common names which have not already been presented elsewhere in the text and serve to indicate how complete was the Yokuts vocabulary.

YOKUTS WILD FLOWER AND PLANT NAMES

824 One of the most amazing things concerning Indians is their extensive knowledge concerning their environment. This includes not only a knowledge of the geography of the country in which they live and the use to which the many things about them can be put, but also a vast fund of cultural information which to many persons of the white race seems useless.

The average Indian possessed a remarkable store of information about the varieties and species of plants and flowers with which he was surrounded at the different seasons of the year. The writer knows several educated Americans who have studied for years the wild flowers and plants of California, but who do not possess an amount of information concerning these 824 — same plants and flowers equal to that which was once possessed by an intelligent ten year old Indian child.

The story was once told to me by Dr. C. Hart Merriam, 824 noted authority on California Indians, that he obtained the 114 name of a third and unknown species of manzanita from a *Miwok* Indian woman in the Sierra foothills below the Yosemite Valley. Two species of manzanita had already been studied for years and Dr. Merriam was attempting to find how far into the mountains the low-land manzanita grew. As both species were well known to the Indians, it saved much time to gather this information from them. He came to a little hut near a stream and asked the Indian woman who lived there how much further up the stream the low-land manzanita grew and whether the up-land tree extended down as far as her house. She hesitated a second, looked him in the eye, and answered, "They all *three* grow right here."

Dr. Merriam was sure that he had been misunderstood. While he was trying to explain to the Indian woman what was meant, she spoke two words to her eight year old daughter, who immediately left, and returned in less than one minute with three branches of manzanita. These the Indian woman took, and by means of the flower and leaf, pointed out to this noted scientist that they were from three different species of manzanita. He was dumbfounded. The means of identification used by the woman was that used by scientists and she had clearly identified a third species of manzanita. This noted man was kind enough to name this third species *Miwokiana*, after the tribal name of the Indian woman who first identified it.

Continuing in the vicinity for several days, Dr. Merriam became impressed with the amount of information possessed by the little eight year old girl. He found after continued questioning that she was able to identify more than 300 plants, birds, and animals common within a few miles of the cabin where she was born and was then living. Her mother knew more than 500 varieties.

Both the mother and daughter knew not only the names of the plants, but also where they grew, when they ripened, and whether the plant had any food or medicinal value. If it was of any value they knew what it was good for, how and when to harvest it, how to prepare and administer it. They could also

824 115 identify it among all other plants. If it was poisonous they knew that, and were careful not to mix it with other plants being gathered. This knowledge extended to the birds, animals and even to the surrounding rocks. This meant that for each thing identified the mother and daughter knew approximately ten related facts. The number of facts furnished to this noted scientist numbered many thousand. Of added interest is the fact that the data furnished by the daughter checked accurately with that furnished by the mother, a record never attained by white school teachers in formal education. What educated person belonging to the "superior" white race has an equal store of information about his immediate surroundings?

192 824 In the belief that the names of the various wild flowers and plants common in the San Joaquin valley will be of interest to readers, the following list is appended:

Amaranth, California	*Choi-ni choi-ni*
Brodiaea, Purple Harvest	*Ho-lo'-wih*
Brodiaea, twining	*Kang-wah wid-dah*
Baby Blue Eyes	*Ah-du'-trun shesh-ch*
Bush, Button	*Cu'-chuy*
Brickellia	*Kaw-wats-ah'-puh*
Bush, Silk Tassel	*Shin-way*
Bamboo or cane	*Kod-kid*
Columbine	*Dum-tin'-un in-dip'-its*
Calycanthus occidentalis	*You-mut*
Daisy, Yellow	*Chaw-wung*
Ericameria	*Chaw-dud'-pot*
Fern, Great Chain	*Mun-no'-kits*
Fern, Maiden Hair	*Le-wit'-tah*
Flax, blue	*Kah-wah*
Fern, California Golden	*Yaw-kow'-ho*
Houses, Chinese	*Tawk-haw'-daw*
Honey Suckle, wild	*Ti-you la-ou*
Harebell-Satinbell	*Tah-pu'-you*
Lotus, Hill	*Shah-dum'-its*
Lily, Leopard	*Yah-am'-yuh*
Mustard	*Tro-mud*
Mistle Toe	*Taw-do*
Milkweed	*Chet-tik*
Milkweed, woolly	*Che-tik*
Milkweed, narrow leaf	*Shock*
Monkey flower	*Chaw-ahcu'-dah*

Moss, rock	*Yah-kow in-sum'-sum*	192
Poppy, Escholtzia, Californica	*Aw-wah e-tus*	824
Poppy, wild	*Yoh-eh me-yuh*	
Rose, wild	*Haw-uh'-wus*	
Sequoia (big tree)	*Toos-pung-ish*	
Soap root	*Trak-quat*	
Sunflower	*Wah-suh-wi*	
Sagebrush, mountain	*Home-nuh*	
Turkey Mullen	*You-huh*	
Tulip, Mariposa	*Gow-me'-yuh*	
Tulip, Star	*Cah-mi'-yuh*	
Thistle, Drummond	*Sah-du'-dah*	
Thistle, ground	*Sah-du'-dah*	
Thistle, California	*Sah-du'-dah*	
Thistle, Anderson	*Sah-du'-dah*	
Tongue, Western Hounds	*Tah-dud*	
Water Grass	*Kah-uh'-pe*	
Weed, salt	*Sick-id Ku-you*	
Weed, Tumble	*Tow-it'-chits*	
Yerba Santa or Mt. Balm	*Kits-in'-ne*	

EDIBLE AND MEDICINAL PLANTS

The practice of medicine by Indians is not often well un- 758
derstood. White settlers have generally stated that the Indian 824
doctor practiced witchery. This is without question the truth.
Two degrees were granted in medicine by the Yokuts—*Ahntru*
(Ahn'-troo) and *Tripne* (Trip'-ne). Indian doctors first at-
tained the Ahntru degree. They could cure complaints with
roots and herbs and some claimed to be able to cure by magic.
Both men and women might be Ahntru. The Tripne Indian
doctor, or medicine man, was a shaman, or fakir, and was call- 756
ed in after practical medicines had failed. He was feared by 683
the rest of the tribe and upon the death of his third patient,
or when he was suspected of having used his supernatural
power to cause a death, was himself generally put to death.

The practice of the Tripne medicine man consisted of a 755
weird sing-song chant for the purpose of driving away evil
spirits, of blood letting, of pounding and hammering the pa-
tient, and of the pretense of removing the pain by means of
cutting and drawing off the blood and object causing the pain
from the cut through a tube or the hollow of the hand.

755 This last practice was an entire deception. The tube used was about six inches in length and had a hole in the center about three-fourths of an inch in diameter. It was sometimes made of stone but was often made of a hollow elder limb.

The cut was made on the body of the patient at a point where the pain was most severe. A small object, sometimes the tail of a lizard which would still twitch, a small piece of arrow point or a thing of like nature was concealed in the hand or mouth of the medicine man.

The medicine man placed his mouth at the end of the tube and by sucking caused the blood to flow from the cut quite freely. When this was accomplished, the tube was removed and the bloody tail or arrow point exhibited as the article which was causing the pain.

278 757 But all of this practice was a last resource. The Yokuts Indians along the Kaweah river still gather and trade and barter among themselves plants, roots, and herbs. These are used for every conceivable human ill, including rheumatism, cold in the chest, sore throat, coughing, nose bleed, and countless others. One of the common plants used as a medicine was eaten in such quantities as to be classed as a common article of food. This was the wild sweet, or purple, clover.

The writer has seen in one Wukchumne camp no less than twenty wild foodstuffs and home remedies, all of which were used at various times throughout the year.

The following incomplete list of food and medicinal plants used by the Wukchumne Yokuts will indicate how extensive was this practice and will also point out to those informed in practical medicine how well the curative qualities of the various plants was understood by these primitive people.

278	Buckeye	*Top'-pong.* Fruit ground, leached, and eaten.
192	Blackberry	*Mah'-min.* Dried in cake form.
	Brodiaea, Golden	*Chang'-ke.* Bulbs eaten.
	Brodiaea, Minor	*Hawt-naw'-we.* Bulb eaten.
	Clover, sweet	*Che-tot.* Eaten raw, with salt from salt grass.
	Cherry, bitter	*Shup.*
	Fern, Common	*Loy-yo.* Root used for medicine.
	Fern, Brittle	Used as medicine by Dunlap Indians but name not known.

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Fungus, Indian Paint	*Trah'-tah In-o'-poke.*
Fungus, Large mushroom shaped	*Caw-ho'-mik.* Dried and then stewed.
Grass, dry powdered salt	*Al'-leet,* or *Ah'-dit.* Eaten as a seasoning and as candy.
Gooseberry, prickly	*Shaw'-ship in-wah'-yeh.*
Gooseberry, red	*Tong'-e*
Grape, wild	*In'-suh naw'-tip*
Lettuce, wild (Miner's Lettuce)	*Haw'-dum.* Eaten raw with salt.
Lichen, stag horn	*Puh-tri'-chuh*
Lucidum, Ganodenna	*Shok-nud'-uh.*
Manzanita	*Op'-tow.* Used for sweet wine.
Milkweed, tall	*Hung'-uts hung'-uts.* Used for chewing gum.
Nightshade, purple	*Paw-mo'-i-ush.*
Onion, wild	*Sung'-co.* Eaten raw.
Rush, scouring	*Suk'-kaw sick-id'-it*
Strawberry, wild	*Dum-tin'-in mah'-min.* Eaten raw.
Salvia Columbarial	*Kaw'-wah.*
Tobacco, Indian	*Sahw'-kaw.* Smoked and eaten.
Tree, Alder fruit	*Hi-eh'-nen.* Eaten raw, or dried.
Yucca	*Kah'-wid.* Tender shoot baked or roasted.

[P. 196 not processed]

CHAPTER XII

STORIES AND CEREMONIES

THE BOYS' INITIATION CEREMONY

881 Undoubtedly one of the most interesting customs of the Yokuts Indians had to do with their initiation of the young men into the tribe. Among small tribes it is probable that this was not held at regular intervals, but was performed at any time when a young man was considered to be of an age mature enough to take up the full duties of citizenship. In larger tribes it appears that in order to reduce the number of times that the initiation ceremony would have to be performed during the year, it was held only once and at a regular season. At that time several young men would be initiated.

Old Yokuts men state that some tribes required the initiate [184] to kill a deer single handed before he would be taken into the tribe. An old *Wukchumne* stated that his people often required the boy to break the ice and bathe in the Kaweah river before he would be admitted. This test is also reported from the *Yowlumne.* These are the only reported requirements which involve a test of courage or hunting ability.

Among scientists the initiation performance among the 881 southern Yokuts was known as the *Toalache,* or *Jimson Weed* 276 *Ceremony.* The plant used was the Datura Meteloide. The southern Yokuts called this plant *Tani,* and the ceremony *Tani-yu'-wish.* The ceremony was centered about the drinking of a tea made from the root of the Jimson weed and the period of intoxication which followed, during which the unwritten work of the tribe was imparted to the new members.

The Jimson weed will be readily recognized by natives of the San Joaquin as a large, low, bushy bluish-green plant which at the proper season of the year produces a large white bell-, or trumpet-shaped flower. This flower is about six inches in length and three inches across at the opening. It is possessed of an objectionable odor. The root when reduced to a tea is a strong narcotic.

For several days before the drinking of this tea the young men refrained from eating any solid food. Acorn soup or other liquids were the only things partaken of during this week of

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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Top left is a steatite bowl, five inches in diameter, and pestle used for many generations by the Yowlumne tribe of Yokuts for preparing the tea used in their Jimson-weed Initiation Ceremony. Top right is a fine sandstone Jimson-weed Ceremonial bowl and pestle used for many years in Tejon Canyon by Canalino Indians who had migrated from near Carpinteria. Below, left, is a steatite tobacco pipe from the site of Alpaugh in Tulare Lake; center, a clay tobacco pipe from the Broder mound six miles east of Visalia; right, a steatite medicine tube from the Sweet mound near Waukena.

abstinence. By this time the young men were weak from fasting and in such a mental state as to be easily impressed and influenced,

The Jimson weed was prepared by an old man of the tribe by pounding the roots in a special mortar preserved for that purpose. From the pulp thus prepared was brewed a strong tea. When this preparation was completed the tea was taken to the young men who had been living during their week of fasting in the sweathouse. There they listened to a long discourse by the

chief and other important members of the tribe, including 881
sometimes the medicine man. Among some tribes the drinking 276
took place in the open after the talk by the chief.

Immediately after the drinking of the tea, which was very bitter and often caused repeated vomiting, necessitating the drinking of large quantities of it, the young initiate was given into the care of some old and respected member of the tribe. It is said by some Indians that this man was generally selected
by the father of the boy because of some attachment which the [608]
boy had formed for him. He became a sort of godfather or counselor. This relationship often continued throughout life. It is said by early American settlers that, before entering into a bargain, it was not uncommon to see a Yokuts seventy-five years of age go for advice to his godfather, who was ninety.

When given into the charge of this godfather the boy was taken into the hills beyond, or along a stream, and watched over and counseled until the period of stupefaction had passed away. This is known to have lasted several days. During this time the initiate was instructed in the tradition and history of his tribe and was given such advice and instruction as was calculated would make him a good citizen among his people.

Among some tribes this ceremony was the most elaborate of any they performed. Ceremonial equipment of the most spectacular kind was exhibited to the young tribesmen. This equipment was often never seen by him again and was calculated to impress him with the importance of his duty to the tribe.

The visions produced during this exhibition, due to the
nature of the narcotic taken, undoubtedly created a deep im- [787]
pression and lasted throughout life. I have in my possession three large spear points which are thought to have been a part of such initiation equipment. The largest is approximately eleven inches in length and two inches in width. The smallest is about nine inches in length. These would undoubtedly have been wrapped in protecting moss and buckskin and given to the care of the property man of the tribe, who guarded them between the times of their use.

It is of interest to know that even the seeds of the Jimson 751
Weed were thought by the Yokuts to have supernatural power. 824
The seed would keep off sickness and prevent bad dreams. I have in my historical collection a necklace of these dry seeds made in 1932 by a Tachi woman and presented to a member of my family for the purpose of warding off influenza.

THE RAINMAKING CEREMONY

789 791 Few San Joaquin Valley grain farmers, who have paid white rainmakers to produce rain for their withering crops, know that rainmaking was a well established profession long before grain crops were planted in the San Joaquin. But such was the case, for there are numerous data recording that the business of rainmaking had become a profession among the Yokuts tribes. These data extend from one end of the San Joaquin Valley to the other, and also into the northern portion of Santa Clara County around the present towns of Mayfield and Mountain View, which is generally held to be a part of primeval Yokuts territory. This work has been carried on down to date. Not many years ago, a prominent *Tachi* Yokuts rain doctor passed away at Santa Rosa Rancheria, south of Lemoore. His Tachi name was *Si'-nel,* but he was known to surrounding white settlers as Indian Bob, the Rain Dancer. [764] While this manuscript was being completed, Clarence Atwell, the last of these Yokuts doctors, died at the same rancheria, his dance costume being buried with him.

Because of the continued scarcity of water in the territory that was once Yokuts and the great efforts being made to provide more of it, the Rainmaking Ceremony is of more interest to present San Joaquin Valley residents than anything else concerning the Yokuts.

[292 302] Dressed in his feather skirt and headdress, his body painted dead black and striped with bright white, the Yokuts rainmaker surely was a weird figure. He danced in the night about a fire and sang his magic song. In this he was aided by *Ahanich,* paid singers, and was assisted by other rain-desiring tribesmen.

789 648 To the surrounding white settlers of the 1860's, whose drying crops needed rain more than did the Tachi, the Rain Doctor appeared only as a dangerous Indian Chief, inciting his people to attack the whites. From John Ezra, of Kings River Island, near Laton, I learned that it was because of this fear on the part of the whites that the Tachi for a long time gave up their rain dances.

789 778 Connected with the rain making ceremony was a magic stone, which, when properly invoked by song and dance, could produce anything from a sprinkle to a cloudburst. It could bring luck in fishing and could bring water into dry stream-channels. A photograph, reproduced in this volume, shows

these magic stones to vary much in size and proportions, but to 789
be all of the same general shape. They are often referred to as 778
plummets, or plumb-bobs, and are commonly known to collectors as charm-stones.

Charm-stones have been found throughout Yokuts territory. Along streams and about the shores of valley lakes they have been discovered in great numbers. Away from the old bodies of water they have occasionally been brought to the surface by plowing. When the waters of Tulare Lake began to recede during the late 1880's and early 1890's these stones were found by hundreds along the lower shores. Dr. Ed. Smith of Hanford made a large collection of them along those shorelines and in the lowest portion of the dry lake bed. He once told me that during one week-end, traveling with horse and buggy, he gathered one hundred and eighty-four Yokuts Rainmakers' charm stones.

Pioneer San Joaquin Valley residents have furnished numerous parallel data, stating that these stones were used to bring [226]
fish up the streams and to bring success in fishing. A few have stated that they were also used in connection with a rainmaking ceremony. Zachary T. Blankenship, of Visalia, once told me that they were used to bring water into streams during drought, and to induce the large trout of Tulare Lake to migrate up the various branches of the lower Kaweah River. Said "Zac", "Soon after it left the Sierra foothills the Kaweah River divided into six branches—Outside Creek, Deep Creek, Cameron Creek, Packwood Creek, Mill Creek and St. John's River, which, in its lower course, is known as Cross Creek. Sometimes the heads of some of these creeks would choke with sand and brush so that the water could not run down them. Then the Indian Medicine Men had to get busy with their plumb-bobs and put on a song and dance calculated to bring the water back.

"Each year the large lake trout would run up some of the Kaweah Creeks, but they did not always run up all of them. This cut some of the Indian camps out of their fishing. They hung those plumb-bobs on the willow trees in order to make the fish come up to them. I never saw this done, but I know it to be true, for I was told about it by an old Indian who lived on Outside Creek. I found one of those plumb-bob stones hanging on a tree. It took my fancy. There was no one in sight, so I cut it loose, put it in my pocket and took it home. We had sev-

[text continues on p. 204]

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

Sinel, a Tachi medicine man and rain-maker from the north 142
shore of Tulare Lake. He was born and died at the old Tachi
village of Waiu, southeast of present Lemoore. His medicine cos- 292
tume is authentic, except for the wire belt and the beaded 293
band worn diagonally across his chest. The wristlets and neck-
lace are made of primitive periwinkle shell and soapstone beads. 301
The large spangles are of abalone shell. The top of the head-
dress is made of magpie tail feathers, surrounded by a string of 791
fine, down-covered feathers from the breast of the eagle. Next below is a mass of split crow tail-feathers and around the brow is a down-covered band. In the older days Sinel's face and body would have been painted black, his face decorated with large dots and his legs and arms with stripes of pure white paint made of native chalk. The ear ornaments are made of sparrow hawk and flicker feathers, the batons of red-tailed hawk and sparrow-hawk feathers. The skirt is made of milkweed strings into which have been twisted down from the breast of the eagle. The tips of the skirt strings have tied to them the tips of the tail feathers from the red-tailed hawk. Photo furnished by Mrs. Mary Pohut.

[p.203]

789 eral Indians working on the ranch as vaqueros. One of them
saw the stone when I showed it to the other vaqueros. He told
778 the man who had hung it out what I had done and the next day
the owner came to me for it. Our vaquero explained to me that
it was *tripne* (supernatural) and why it had been hung in the
tree."

The above account was verified by Frank Bequette, another early resident of the same locality, and by numerous other settlers around Tulare, Kern, Buena Vista, Goose and Summit Lakes, as well as the streams which flowed into those bodies of water. But there was little or no printed reference to Yokuts charm-stones. There seemed to be more mystery than information about them.

About 1930 I first interviewed Mrs. Josie Alonzo, of Han-
789 ford. Her Indian name was *Yoimut* and she was the last full-
778 blood survivor of the *Chunut* (Choo'-noot) tribe of Yokuts.
124 Yoimut knew much about the Yokuts Rainmaker's charm-
stones. Below is a portion of the information she furnished
about them.

"I had an uncle named *Teh-nih'-pahs.* He was a real old Indian with long hair with beads in it. He was a *Wowol* (Wo'-wol). I learned his song that went with the *unuk.* He put a little water on the unuk before he sang to make it rain. If he dipped it in the water and then sang and danced, he could bring a flood. He was Tripne. If he had real bad luck he would throw his unuk in the lake, maybe off of boat, maybe from shore.

"The unuk was a long pretty stone. It was round and smooth and had a little head at one end. This is the song he sang with his dance while he held the unuk in one hand:

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Toke'-un lih'-nuh	*Wa-tin-hin*	*nah*	*Yo'*
(west side)	(straight path)	(me)	(to mark time)
Hi-yo-um'-ne	*Ah-he*	*oo-nook*	*mi-uh'-wah*
(Wo-wol village)	(this is I)	(charm stone)	(over you)

"He sang this song over and over as he danced. West Side was the name of the song. It meant 'I, the charm stone, am over you, showing you the straight path to Hiyoumne, the old Wowol village'. It had a very pretty tune.

"Lots of Indian Doctors tried to learn this song. They wanted to be Tripne Rain Doctors. They tried to sing it, but never learned it right. I heard them sing lots of times, but I

never sang my song for them. They were only *Ahntru*. They 789
wanted to be Tripne. 778

"An old *Nutunutu* (Noo-too'-noo-too) Rain Doctor at 124
Kingston knew my song right. I heard him sing lots of times. His name was *Ne'-mah-pah*. He died long time ago."

But after all of the above data had been gathered, there 172
was still much mystery attached to the plummet shaped Yokuts
charms. At two points in Tulare County, and one in Merced 778
County "nests" of these charms had been uncovered during the process of leveling land. One of these was near an old, disused channel of Cameron Creek, at the Harris mound, one-half mile north of Paige, west of Tulare. Another was on an old, disused course or slough of Cross Creek, still further west of Tulare. The third was on a blind branch of Santa Rita slough, due east of Los Baños. The general details of all three finds were much the same. The stones had been found buried in a small circle. The charms from the Harris mound, I obtained from Mr. Harris, also his first hand account of their discovery.

While this manuscript was being prepared for the printer I received word that a fourth nest of nine charm-stones had been uncovered about fifteen miles west of Bakersfield near the center of Section 15, T29S, R25E. I was able to secure these stones and to hear from the discoverer what position they had occupied in the ground. A mound was being leveled. At first it was thought to be a sand dune, as, in common with several others nearby, it appeared to be composed of fine windblown silt.

This mound was beside an old channel of Kern River, which was filled to a depth of three feet with fine silt. This channel can be traced for several miles in the direction of Bakersfield. and in the opposite direction, toward Goose Lake. It has carried no water within historic times. The silt from the mound was scraped into the old channel and the whole area prepared for planting cotton.

No artifacts of any kind were found; in fact, nothing but clean silt was encountered, until a depth of about six feet had been reached. At that depth an old camp site was uncovered. Charcoal, ashes, and soot-covered, heat-shattered rocks were scooped up by the carryalls, which were drawn by Caterpillar tractors. A number of fine, thin-walled, steatite cooking vessels were broken up by the equipment. A metate and mano and several mortars and pestles were uncovered.

Nine charm stones, replaced in the soil as they were found in an Indian mound-campsite about two miles southwest of Rio Bravo school in Kern County. They were uncovered by Mr. Rudolph Cantrell while leveling land in April of 1948.

Finally, at a depth of about eight feet, a carryall, operated by Mr. Rudolph Cantrell, scraped off the top of a finely polished stone. Investigation brought to light seven finely made serpentine charm stones and two made of fine-grained banded stone. They stood with their points down and were arranged in the form of a circle about sixteen inches in diameter.

While an account of the above find was being added to this chapter, I became acquainted with a person who has probably had more experience than anyone else in uncovering charm, or rainmaker's, ceremonial-stones. He is Mr. A. L. Threewit, of Buttonwillow. Mr. Threewit has leveled many hundreds of acres of land in the vicinity of Buena Vista slough. In this work he has uncovered no less than six clusters of charm-stones.

He has uncovered numerous other deposits of these stones, but they were disturbed by earth-moving equipment before he saw them, so he could not be certain of the exact position in

which they had been buried. He has also uncovered dozens of 172
single stones. In 1946, on the Crawford Ranch, about eighteen 778
miles north of Buttonwillow (Section 21, T27S, R22E) he uncovered a cluster of about ten charm stones. As the situation under which they were found was almost identical with the others, Mr. Threewit's description of their position will suffice for all.

"In the fall of 1946 I was leveling a piece of land for Mr. Clinton B. Crawford. On it was an old abandoned slough channel with a large mound beside it. The top of the mound was at least ten feet above the bottom of the slough. The mound was composed of hard, alkali-saturated soil. The old slough channel was about one-fourth mile east of the main channel of Buena Vista Slough, which had been deepened into a drainage canal.

"At the depth of about one and one-half feet below the surface of the mound my scraper uncovered a cluster of plumb-bob shaped stones. They were standing on end and were arranged in a circle about a foot and a half in diameter. Inside this circle were three rocks showing signs of fire. The three rocks were lying in a bed of ashes and charcoal. The plumb-bob shaped stones did not appear to have been burned. The fire had been kindled in the middle of the circle formed by them.

"I have uncovered at least six clusters of these plumb-bob shaped stones, all buried at about the same depth, and all in the same position as the one I have described. I have picked up many other groups of them but did not see them until they were in the scraper. Together with the scattered ones, I have uncovered many dozens of these plumb-bob shaped stones in the area between Tupman and Lost Hills. They have always been uncovered in knolls beside old, dry water courses. In at least one instance a cluster of them was found beside a human skeleton."

Although I have heard numerous other stories of the finding of nests of charm stones at other points in Yokuts territory, accounts concerning the ten mentioned above are all that I have been able to substantiate satisfactorily. Then, about two months after the find west of Bakersfield, while interviewing Mrs. Mable Stricklett of Santa Cruz, I made the most important find of all.

In 1894, Mrs. Mary J. Gates, mother of Mrs. Stricklett, had published verification of all I had gathered, as well as the

172 778 key to the nest burials of charm-stones. This appeared in a pamphlet titled, *Contributions to Local History,* and gives the history of the territory surrounding Mountain View, in northern Santa Clara County. Here is her account:

"The most interesting specimens of rude aboriginal art are charm or sorcery stones. Ray Dexter has one with the polish worn off that he found in the slough, and Frank Francis has another and highly polished one of a fine-grained, hard stone that was found on the Rev. Mr. Crittenden's ranch. Many charm stones are reported from Mr. Summer's ranch. These stones are of various shapes and sizes. The purpose for which they were used, at what time, it seems not easy to make out. But our comparatively recent Indians finding these stones attributed to them magical powers.

"No less than six theories have been advanced with regard to their use. They have been found in too many forms for games; too heavy for personal adornment; as plummets they would have been of no use to a people who lived in huts, or no shelter whatever; sinkers they need not be, when many stones in the creek would answer fully as well; the small knob on the end of nearly all of them caused them to be of less service than the common pestle; and the investigators came to the conclusion they were used for religious purposes, and in this way they found they were correct, as a few old Indians confirmed this idea.

172 778 789 "The Indian medicine man used to collect twelve or maybe twenty charm stones and arrange them in the form of a circle, with another very different stone in the center, and over these he sprinkled the seed of the wild sage, feathers and red ochre, when war, sickness, drought or famine came to the tribe. He would next thrust the stones violently together, all the time muttering his incantations - - - - -.

"These charm stones were also suspended by a string over the water where they were fishing, hung from trees to call the fish up the streams, and at points in the mountains favorable for hunting."

It would almost seem that Mary J. Gates had actually interviewed Mr. Zachary T. Blankenship, quoted above. And does her article not explain why our San Joaquin Valley charmstones were buried in nests? Were not all ten burials described above located on streams that had changed their channels? Can the reader not see what happened one morning during the spring freshet many years ago? 172X 778X. 789

The swollen stream suddenly broke from its old course upstream and cut a new channel in a different direction. At the Yokuts village the morning sun rose on a river channel devoid of water. The entire village was aroused. Their world had fallen about them. All medicine men were assembled and implored to bring the water back into the old channel. All charm-stones were gathered. The ceremony described by Mary J. Gates was performed by the inhabitants of an entire village who, if the stream failed to flow again, must in a few hours begin a march to the new channel. Although the singing and dancing went on throughout the day and night, no water came. So the stones were buried as an offering to the Tripne powers, and the migration was begun.

Incidentally, the publication written by Mary J. Gates and overlooked for more than fifty years, is one of the most substantial data available extending the range of northern Yokuts tribes into the Santa Clara Valley and toward the coast, where some authorities have long placed them. [114]

From the depth at which this old village on Section 15 was buried it may be thought that the site was abandoned centuries ago. This may have been the case, but not necessarily. In recent years one ten-hour dust storm has been known to build mounds higher than the one which had accumulated above the old village site.

THE RATTLESNAKE DANCE

Students of the Yokuts Indians are surprised to learn that those simple, jolly people had developed a rattlesnake dance. Little is known as to whether or not this dance was performed on the west side of the San Joaquin Valley. *Yoimut*, last surviving full-blood *Chunut* Yokuts, stated that members of the *Tulamni* tribe took part in a rattlesnake dance held in Tejon Canyon about 1865. It is possible that they had always attended the dances in Tejon Canyon. 796 [181]

From Tejon Canyon as far north as the San Joaquin River the Rattlesnake Dance was performed by Yokuts tribes until historic times. Aged Yokuts have related stories about such dances held at Dunlap, Squaw Valley, Drumm Valley, Kings River, Eshom Valley, Antelope Valley, Lemon Cove, Tule River, Deer Creek, Poso Creek, Kern River, and Tejon

796 Canyon. The last known of these was held on the south Fork of Tule River in the spring of 1890.

796 825 To understand something of what was in the Yokuts mind when the Rattlesnake Dance was performed, it is necessary to know the position occupied by the rattlesnake in Yokuts mythology. No full-blood Yokuts I have ever known would kill a rattlesnake. Several pioneer white settlers have told me that when poisoning squirrels, Yokuts workers had refused to kill rattlesnakes, which was considered a part of that work. *Tawpnaw,* an aged Wukchumne, once told me that if a rattlesnake entered a Yokuts house the owner would vacate and turn the house over to the snake.

I believe that most of us would act like the Yokuts, at least until we could find a club and kill the snake. But, I was assured by *Tawpnaw,* no Yokuts would dare to kill a rattlesnake, because the rattlesnake could make him die, even without biting him.

[115] From Tawpnaw, *Yoimut* (a *Chunut*), *Wahumchah* (a *Yowlumne*), *Pahmit* (a *Dumna*), *Ichow* and *Pohut* (*Wukchumne*), *Dr. Bob* (a *Chukaimina*) and perhaps a dozen other aged Yokuts were learned the facts concerning Yokuts beliefs about rattlesnakes.

796 776 825 In Yokuts religion the rattlesnake is the private secretary of *Tihpiknits,* keeper of the Yokuts hereafter. He is more than that. He is a combination of Saint Peter and an F. B. I. operative. It is his business to crawl about and spy on the Yokuts. When he finds a bad Yokuts he sends his name in to Tihpiknits, who immediately calls him in.

The above is illustrated in the Yokuts story of the visit to Tihpiknits *Pahn* (Land). When the husband of the dead wife returns to this world he violates Tihpiknits' orders to keep secret what he has seen. As soon as he disobeys orders he is stricken dead by a rattlesnake.

[285 531] [239] A folklore story concerning the designs on the typical Yokuts bottlenecked baskets, used by medicine men to nest rattlesnakes, relates to the fatal power of the rattlesnake. On some of these baskets appear the pattern of the diamond back rattlesnake, as well as designs, representing ants and water skaters. Around the edge of the basket are the top-knot feathers from the heads of quail.

In Yokuts mythology the quail is the champion of fair play. The ant, for its size, is noted for dealing out the most punish-

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Yokuts bottle-neck baskets used by Rattlesnake Doctors for holding their rattlesnakes. The three baskets at the top carry the rattlesnake design. Lower left: Coral king snake design with water skaters. Lower center: Gopher snake design with ant trails around the neck. Lower right: Gopher snake design.

ment. The water skater is a mythological messenger, or *Winatun*. The Yokuts story is that once a bad rattlesnake sent to Tihpiknits the names of some good people with the result that they died. The quail learned what had been done. They told the water skaters, who carried the word to the ants and the ants stung the rattlesnake to death and ate him. Placed on rattlesnake baskets, these characters are a subtle warning to all rattlesnakes.

The Yokuts Rattlesnake Dance was a spring ceremony. It was performed for the purpose of overcoming the supernatural power of the rattlesnake, as well as to insure against snake bites during the coming summer. Although the actual practices during the ceremony varied somewhat between Tejon Canyon and the San Joaquin River, one hundred and fifty miles to the north, the objectives and the ceremonies themselves were similar. 796

Believing that the statements of aged Indians who participated in rattlesnake dances would be of most interest to readers, I shall devote most of the remainder of this chapter to such

796 statements. The first one was taken from Ichow, who, when he passed away in 1937, was the last chief of the Wukchumne:

"When I was about eight years old I go to Dunlap with
796 my mother to see her father, *Chechin*. He was rattlesnake
159 doctor. When we get there, them Indians have big rattlesnake
756 dance. My grandpa, Chechin, he was big man in that dance. I
saw all of it.

"Chechin and one Dunlap rattlesnake doctor put on that whole dance. The night before that dance I have to sleep with Chechin. He hang his basket with rattlesnake in on wall over our bed. I have to sleep next that wall. I don't like that. In night rattlesnake wake up and rattle little bit. Then I wake up quick. I think, 'He's comin' out.' So I poke Chechin with my elbow and tell him, 'Grandpa, that rattlesnake he's rattlin'. I think he's comin' out.' But Chechin he say, 'He just dreamin'. He dream he see something. He no wake. He sleep. He no comin' out.'

"I listen long time. I don't hear any more rattlin'. But I don't sleep much more that night. After that I sleep some place else. I think I not gonna be rattlesnake doctor.

"Them rattlesnake doctors do that dance to make money. Them people pay them doctors so they won't get bit by rattlesnake that summer. Them doctors dig two holes in ground. They then put baskets in hole. They call them baskets *Tawits* (Tay'-wits). They put soft eagle feathers in baskets. They put snakes on feathers. They sit beside that basket with legs crossed. They put *Chapet* (flat basket tray) beside them.

"Sometimes them doctors take snake out of basket, hold
snake in hands and dance around among them people. Then
they put snake back in Tawits. People dance around in circle
and stop, put bare foot in Tawits over rattlesnake. If snake no
bite they throw money in Tawits, or on Chapet. Some put ten
cents, some two bits, some fifty cents; some one dollar. Then
[751] they don't get bit until next spring, when they have 'nother
rattlesnake dance just before them rattlesnakes come out."

Pohut, a Wukchumne who lived his entire life about Lemon Cove and Woodlake, attended several rattlesnake dances, including the last one held. He knew more details of the ceremony, including the manner of catching the snakes and handling them. His story follows:

"I help my grandfather, Chechin, [Pohut was a first cousin to Ichow.] catch his rattlesnake when we go to that

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Porterville rattlesnake dance. I 'bout twelve years old. Grand- 796
father put some soft eagle-down feathers in two *chawmish* 756
blackberry gathering baskets and we go to rock pile near
Lemon Cove where snakes live.

"Grandfather whistle low and sing rattlesnake song. That call snakes out of rock pile. He put chapet, flat basketry tray, on ground. He put some fine eagle-down on chapet. Them rattlesnakes come out one by one and crawl to that chapet. Chechin let 'bout three snakes go away. Then he see one snake he want. That snake try to run away.

"Chechin got long pole. He tease that snake with that pole. He walk 'round and 'round that snake. That snake coil. Chechin keep teasin' that snake. All the time he sing and talk and whistle low. Then that snake twist up in knot. Chechin put that chapet over it. He keep talkin' and whistlin'. He call me.

"I come with the *chawmish*. Chechin put his hand under that snake and lift it up and put it in chawmish. Then he send me to house with snake.

"When I left, Chechin caught 'nother snake and put it in other chawmish. Then we go back to camp, Chechin tie some strings across top my chawmish and carry it up in high oak tree. He hang chawmish from limb. He want use that snake when he come back from Porterville. But when he came back he see that oak limb he's dry. He said, 'Well, I guess my snake he kill that limb and get out.' Sure enough, that snake he's gone. But Chechin track that snake across sand flat to rock pile and call it again. When that snake come out Chechin talk to it and say, 'You don't want to see them people, so you can go'.

"Next day after we catch them snakes we go to Porterville Indian Reservation. We go up Yokohl Valley and across Frazer Valley to Tule River where they got that Monache Indian Reservation. I ride horseback and carry one snake in basket on horn my saddle. Chechin rode 'nother horse and carry 'other snake. There about six *Trudum* (Troo-doom) snake doctors at that dance. They dig holes in a row and put *Tawits* (baskets) in them. Then they put them snakes on down-feathers in them Tawits. They put chapet over them Tawits.

"Each Trudum hire about two *Udkukut* (Uh-duh'-kut) 522
singers and dancers. Them Uhdukut like clowns at your circus.
They do everything wrong. They make lots trouble for them
Trudum and cost them lots money.

159 "When we go to them tawits I go with my chawmish snake
756 basket. Chechin go 'head. He take step to one side, then step
to other side in time with them Uhdukut singin' and dancin'.
796 Them other snake doctors do same thing. Then Chechin take
snake out my chawmish basket. He hold left hand under
snake's head, hold front of snake's body along left forearm.
He hold middle of snake with right hand and rest of snake on
his right arm.

"Each Trudum dance 'round with his snake. His relation dance 'round behind him. All time them Uhdukut singin' and dancin' one-step dance.

"While them Uhdukut singin' and dancin', them people go
in circle in front of them Trudum snake doctors. They hold
one bare foot down over them snakes. Then they throw Indian
shell money, or white man silver money in Tawits with snakes.
Some Tawits got more beads and money than snake. People
751 take their children through circle, too, so they don't get snake-
bit that summer.

522 "Them Uhdukut got one clown doctor called *Kiyu* (Ki'-
yoo, Coyote). Everybody call for Kiyu. Kiyu was Indian
named *Sahlahpun*, from Tule River. Kiyu pick out bad snake
and tease it. Pretty soon that snake get mad. He strike Kiyu
159 on back his hand. Then them Trudum snake doctors try to
755 save him. They pay him lots money, 'bout fifty dollars for that
796 job. They rub ashes on him. Then they cut where that snake
bite and suck on it through wood pipe made from elderberry
limb. They take out bad blood, green things, maybe squirrel
bone, or hair. Then Kiyu get well.

159 'It's Kiyu's business to make lots of fun, too. He run
756 'round and get in them Uhdukuk, snake doctor's way. He do
796 that at every place I see that rattlesnake dance, Porterville,
522 Dunlap, Centerville.

"Sometimes them Kiyu got bad luck. Once *Puslilin*,
159 (Poos-lill'-in) from Squaw Valley, was Kiyu at dance at Dun-
lap. He tease big snake. Chechin tell him, 'Better you take
756 little one'. But Puslilin want big one. Then Chechin take
796 Puslilin away and talk to him. He tell Puslilin he see buzzard
777 kill squirrel. That sure to mean real bad luck for somebody.
That buzzard catch live squirrel and carry it high up in air and
drop it. It fall on Puslilin's bed. Then that buzzard come
down to eat that squirrel. But it on Puslilin's bed, so he 'fraid
to take it. He go away. That's sure real bad luck for Puslilin.

"But Puslilin already got one hundred dollars silver pay, 159
so he go 'head anyway. Them Uhdukut snake doctors got to 756
pay Puslilin that money. It take almost all money them doctors 796
got from doctorin' them people. But they got to pay him anyway to show they can sure cure snake bite. Chechin tell Puslilin, 'Well, you goin' to die tonight'. Puslilin squeeze that snake head and throw it on the ground. It strike him on both hands. Then that Uhdukut take his snake and put it back in his Tawits basket. Then Puslilin fall down.

"Two Uhdukut doctors take Puslilin to his bed where that 159
squirrel fall. They begin to doctor him. They work on him all 755
night. They tie one *pisasin*, eagle down string, around each 796
arm below his shoulder. Then doctors have all them people yell so Puslilin can't go to sleep and die. About sun-up Puslilin get better, so all them people stop yellin'. But Puslilin lost one finger that rattlesnake bit."

Tawpnaw, an aged Wukchumne, saw six rattlesnake 159
dances. His story verifies those of Ichow and Pohut and adds 756
a few details which are related below: 796

"When them Wukchumne snake doctors get ready for that rattlesnake dance they paint their faces. They paint white [303]
and red stripes across faces. They put three red and three white stripes on each cheek. Some tribe doctors paint stripes across arms, chest, too.

"When that dance all over, them people don't get snakebit all summer. If Indian man hunt deer, rattlesnake won't bite him. If Indian woman gather seeds, rattlesnake won't bite 'em. If rattlesnake do bite 'em, them Indian snake doctor got to cure 'em free.

"Them Indian snake doctors keep snakes in *awsuh* [bottlenecked stitched baskets]. When they first catch snakes they put 'em in chawmish [blackberry gathering twined basket]. I see that all time. I know that's right."

As this manuscript is being completed there is one Yokuts 756
man living who attended the rattlesnake dances and who re-
members how they were conducted. He is *Wahumchah*, a 796
Yowlumne. He adds to the foregoing descriptions the rattle- 198
snake doctor's song. This song is about a rattlesnake who is crawling on the ground and looking up at a magpie nest in a tree. He wants to eat the young birds in the nest, but he cannot climb the tree. Wahumchah has explained that the Yokuts [533
songs do not have the same words as the rest of the language. 192]

756 796 198 He says, "Them Indian Doctor don't want them people to know what he singin'. So he fix he's own word so they don't understand 'em."

This is a wonderful example of the common behavior of all men. Until late historic times did not the legal profession practice in Latin? And until recently did not all doctors of medicine write their prescriptions in latin for the identical reason as did those primitive Yokuts medicine men. Following is the song, together with the interpretation given by Wahumchah:

539 *O, Chochin witche pah*
(There is a bird's children)
O, Chochine miah wiche pah
(Oh bird, I want your children)
O, Chochine miah witche pah
O, Chochine miah witche pah
O, Chochine miah witche pah
O, Chochin witche pah
O, Yoe hete ketre che dinne
(Poor rattlesnake)
Kiowki nowu utu sudongtow
(I am looking in the tree)
O, Chochine miah witche pah
Yah weah ------ yah!
(Everyone hear me).

CHAPTER XIII

INDIAN STATEMENTS

PAHMIT'S STORY

Almost all of the material in the preceding sketches con- 115
cerning San Joaquin Valley Indians has been taken from state- 159
ments made by aged Yokuts Indians, or by aged white pioneers
who settled among the Yokuts before they were disturbed by white people. To present an intimate picture of the Yokuts it is best to include a few stories just as they were related to me by aged Indians.

The following self-explanatory statement was taken from 159
Pahmit in 1928:

I born *Kuyu* (Koo'-you) *Illik,* long time 'go. Kuyu Illik [103]
[Sulphur Water] Indian village bank river white man call San Joaquin. Village at place white man call Fort Miller where soldiers march.

My people belong *Dumna* (Doom'-nah) tribe Indian. I [101]
don't know how much old me. White man say I more than hundred. I know when soldiers, Major Savage come Kuyu Illik make Indian sign paper, [1851], I young man 'bout twenty-one, twenty-two years old.

My people live happy 'till soldiers come. We have plenty [648]
eat. We have nice dry houses live in. We don't fight. Lots [181]
our people live along river above Kuyu Illik. Lots antelope, lots elk, lots wild horses come river, drink below Kuyu Illik where Friant now.

My grandpa, *Tom'-kit,* chief all Indian tribe 'round Kuyu 159
Illik. We want meat; he send two, three Indian; good shot 224
with bow, arrow, get it. They hide in rocks by river, wait ante-
lope, elk. Antelope come. They shoot six, eight nice fat ones. 648
They shoot one each house Kuyu Illik. They let rest run 'way. We have all meat we want. When white man come, he shoot, shoot, shoot. Kill all antelope. Kill all elk. Then he bring cattle, make Indian buy beef.

When Indian get hungry, he go with gun shoot some quail, maybe cotton tail, maybe dove. White man 'rest him, put in jail. Now my people no keep gun. They no have rifle; they no have shotgun in house. When my people shoot, white man 'rest him.

159 Now white man at Washington pay me seven dollar haf,
657 live one month. I can't do that. My people work; my boy work; all my grand-children work all summer; pick grapes;
[461] pick peaches; shear sheep. They no make 'nuf money live all winter. 'Fore Major Savage come, we eat plenty.

First white man I see come mine gold in river. They cut
159 tree; split log; make long box; make dam in river. We watch
173 'em. We don't know what they do. Then river come high;
648 wash 'em all 'way. Pretty soon two white men come make boat on river take white man across water. Then lots white man come mine gold.

After 'wile soldiers come, make big wood house for fight. They all got gun. They catch lots Indian. Some Indian get 'way. *Mokes* (women), children run 'way, sleep in mountain under rock, brush. My grandpa, Tomkit, tell soldiers, 'Put away gun; my people come in; they no like gun'.

Soldiers catch lots Indian man, boy. They make Indian man, boy stay place where they make wood house for fight. Soldier don't make wood house. Indian make 'em. Soldier make Indian cut trees, chop logs; give 'em saw; give 'em axe; make 'em chop, chop, chop; build big wood house for fight. White soldier call big wood house Camp Barbour. Sometimes Indian don't want work. Soldiers *make* 'em work. Soldier take long black snake mules' whip. They whip Indian on back. They whip, whip, whip. Two, three Indian die—whip 'em too much.

After big wood house done, soldier come with big man from Washington, sign paper with Indian. One time before Indian sign paper with white man, Major Savage come Kuyu Illik. He come horse back. He have blue clothes. He have six, seven men. They all have blue clothes. They all got gun; they all soldier. Major Savage he talk my grandpa, Tomkit. He tell him big father at Washington send him see Indians. He say we haf bring all Indian chief here talk big man from Washington. He say we haf bring all *Choinimne* Indian chief; we haf bring all *Nutunutu* Indian chief; we haf bring all *Chauchile* Indian Chief; we haf bring all Indian chief; fifty, sixty chief, Kuyu Illik, talk big man from Washington. Major Savage say Indian talk little bit. We know what he say all-right. My grandpa, Tomkit, talk rest our chief. They think that's bad business.

Then Tomkit talk Major Savage. He tell him, "It's summer now; it's hot; it's long way Kuyu Illik, Kings River, where Choinimne live; it long way Nutunutu Indian; lony way Chauchile Indian; long way *Kahwatchwah* Indian. Take long time see all them Indian. I think maybe take my men three, four weeks see 'em. They run long way; they sweat lots. Why you want us do this? What they gonna do that paper we got sign?" 159 173 648

I hear all this. Tomkit say, "You be next chief, Pahmit. You hear what white man say."

Then Major Savage he tell Tomkit. Major Savage, he say, "I big medicine man with big father at Washington. You haf do what I say. I hurt you if I want to. I make all your people die. I make all fish go out river. I make all antelope, all elk go 'way. I make dark. You do what I say, nothing hurt you. But you no hurt me. You shoot me with bow, arrow, I live. I do all thing I tell you 'bout. You shoot me with pistol, you no hurt me."

Major Savage have nice six shooter. My people never see six shooter before. They see rifle; they see pistol. One, two my people know how shoot 'em.

Major Savage put white handkerchief side oak tree. He load six shooter one, two, three, six bullet. He put powder; he put paper; he put bullet; he stand close tree. He shoot handkerchief, one, two, three, six time. Every time he make hole in handkerchief.

My people all stand 'round close, see. Major Savage load six shooter 'gen. We see him put powder, paper, bullet. Then he give our man. "Now, you shoot me. You shoot me; you no hurt me. You no kill me. Don't you 'fraid. You go 'head, shoot; you no kill me." Then he stand close our man. Our man shoot, bang! Then Major Savage he grab in air with his hand. He don't fall down. Our people look each other. They say he big medicine man. Then our man shoot 'gen. He shoot six time. Major Savage, he grab in air six time. Our people all come close, look. Then Major Savage hold out hand, open it. We see six bullet our man shoot. Major Savage catch 'em all his hand.

My grandpa, Tomkit, he see that. He b'lieve 'em. I see that. I b'lieve 'em, too. All my people see that. They all think Major Savage big medicine man. They all think they better do what he say.

159 Then Major Savage he talk. He tell us, "Now you do what
I say. You bring chief all Indian tribe here. You bring 'em
173 here ten days now. You bring two Indian each tribe. You
648 bring one chief; you bring one *moke* for me. I want one wife
each Indian tribe."

My grandpa, Tomkit, he send men bring all Indian chief; tell all Indian chief bring one Indian wife Major Savage. Indian chief all come Kuyu Illik. They bring Indian wife Major Savage. I think they bring seventeen. I think some run 'way. I think seven stay work for Major Savage.

After all chief come Kuyu Illik, one, maybe two days, big man from Washington come with paper. Lots 'em come. I think they fifteen, maybe twenty horse-back soldier. They three soldier on four horses wagon. They stop wagon Kuyu Illik on big open place south my grandpa's house. All Indian crowd 'round, look. All chief set 'round on ground.

Some soldier take three big box out wagon. They put 'em in open place, each one up top. Then Indian get on top, way up high. He talk our people. That Indian belong our people long time 'go. When he little boy, Spanish preacher take him Mission at San Juan. At San Juan he learn read, write, talk like white man. Big white chief call him Charlie. Our people call him *Yo'-ho.* White chief talk him. Then Yoho talk us long time. He talk, 'n talk, 'n talk. He turn 'round, 'n 'round, 'n 'round on box. My people all hear him. He say we got give big Father at Washington all our land. We got go down valley, live. He say big white Father at Washington send us clothes; send us flour, send us blanket, send us horse. He say big white Father send us teacher, so our people go school like white man.

Our people no like that. They think all right send things. They no like go down valley. No acorn there; too many Indian there. They think have fight with Indian there. My grandpa, Tomkit tell Yoho. Yoho talk long time big white chief.

Then Major Savage he go wagon. He bring whisky; he bring tobacco. He tell all Indian set down, they gonna smoke. Major Savage fill tobacco pipe. He make one puff, he give pipe Indian. All Indian make one puff. All white chief make one puff.

Then Major Savage give 'em lots whisky. Then Yoho talk long time 'gen. Our chief all set 'round, listen. Then they make sign mark on piece paper. *Co-toom'-se,* chief with *Chuck-*

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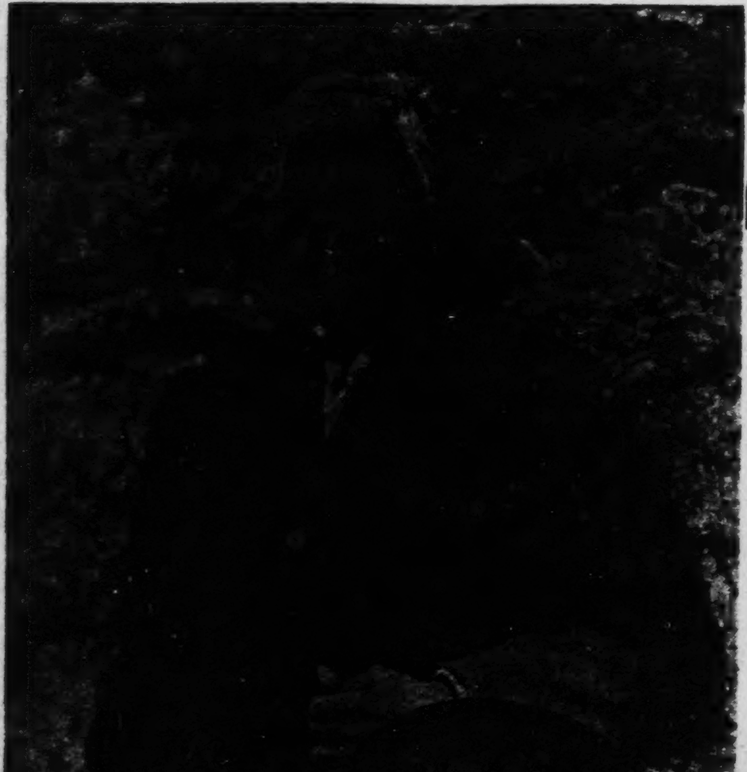

Pahmit in 1929, aged about 100 years, by the wall of the old stone guardhouse at Fort Miller. Pahmit helped to build this wall about 1854.

chaw'-se. He sign 'em. My father, *Dawk-taw,* he chief with Dumna tribe Indians. Some people call him *Tap'-pah.* He sign 'em. My uncle, To'-mas, he chief *Kit-cha'-ye* tribe. He sign 'em. Lots Indians sign 'em. Take long time. Then white chief go 'way.

159 Major Savage go 'way. He go Kings River. White man
173 there shoot Major Savage like our man shoot 'im. Major Sav-
648 age he die. Ha! Ha! Why he no catch 'em bullets?

Then white man come; they mine gold in river. They shoot Indian. Soldier put Indian in jail; they whip Indian. They run all Indian 'way from village Kuyu Illik. They burn all Indian house.

They smooth ground where Indian house burn. They play music there. Blue clothes soldier march, march, march there. They make Indian dig dirt, mix mud; make adobe brick; make white soldier big house. White men call big house Fort Miller. They take Indian by tree over river. They hang 'em there; they cut rope and dead Indian fall in river. My grandpa, Tomkit, he tell white soldier, "You better look out." He tell white miner, "You better look out. Indian spirits no like you do this. Pretty soon bad things happen you."

Then high water come wash 'way all white man's store;
wash 'way lots white man; wash 'way lots, lots Chinaman.
Then pretty soon white soldiers all go away. My people think
Indian spirit make 'em go. They glad. They dance. They
165 sing. Not many Indian left. Lots Indian die whisky; lots
Indian die bad white man sickness. Just few Indian left.
Indian live Kuyu Illik 'gen. White miner still whip Indian;
still shoot Indian.

Then by 'n by, white man all talk fight. They say long way off, white man shoot white man. Lots white man go long way off, fight. Then white soldier come back Fort Miller. This time white soldier pretty good man; they no shoot Indian, they no whip Indian too much. Some Indian work for white soldier; white soldier give 'em flour, give 'em tobacco, but Indian pretty near all gone. White soldier stay this time maybe three, maybe four years. Then all go 'way. I never see no more white soldier.

159 My father, Dawktaw, gone. My grandpa, Tomkit, gone.
My uncle, Tomas, gone. I big chief now, but no got Indian
tribe. Just me; just my sister left. My sister got one boy, got
one girl. I blind; I no see. I no see maybe ten, fifteen
year. I got one boy; he got three, four, baby. We work hard,
we don't have 'nough eat. Big Father at Washington no send
flour; no send horse; no send clothes; no send blanket, like
white chief say when Indian sign paper at Kuyu Illik.

My people no drink whisky, I think be lots Indian yet. I 159 drink just once. I work for white man. He put me in wagon. He take me home. He tell me, "Pahmit, whisky no good. Whisky kill white man. Whisky kill Indian. You no drink 'em." White man good my friend. I live long time. Pretty soon I go. Then white man no haf pay me seven dollar haf, live one month.

YOIMUT'S STORY
THE LAST CHUNUT

Of the several thousand pioneers I have interviewed, no 115 one was more fascinating than *Yoimut* (Yoi'-mut), last survivor 124 of the *Chunut* Yokuts tribe which once occupied the northeast shore of Tulare Lake. It is of interest to know how I found Yoimut.

One evening I was at the Loy Cutler ranch east of Visalia, talking with Indian Joe Wilcox, making inquiry about the individuals who had been the last survivors of several extinct San Joaquin Valley Indian tribes. Joe had known several last survivors, those from the *Kaweah, Yokodo, Telumne, Pahdwishi, Wowol,* and *Yaudanchi* tribes. I asked him about the Chunut. For a moment or two he was at a loss to recollect. Suddenly remembering, he spoke, "There is one Chunut left. Her daughter was here last night. She is at the W. H. Wilbur ranch, near Tulare."

It was then 10:30 P.M., December 1, 1930. I immediately drove to the Wilbur ranch. Billy Wilbur had not gone to bed, so he climbed in the car with me and at 11:30 we were in the cotton camp in the Wilbur field. Soon we had awakened everyone at the camp. Yoimut's daughter and son-in-law talked with us in the kitchen. Yoimut stood silent in a doorway. I explained who I was and that I wanted Yoimut to go with me to our home for a visit, so I could record her story. I expected it to take at least two or three days to persuade her to go.

No one spoke. The daughter looked inquiringly at Yoimut. Yoimut then addressed me in as good English as I could ask and said, "Yes, we know all about you. Our people tell us all about the questions you ask them. Lots of times I tell them what to tell you. I like to tell my story myself. I will go with you tomorrow."

And so Yoimut came. From the first she was as interested and interesting as it is possible for a person to be. She had a

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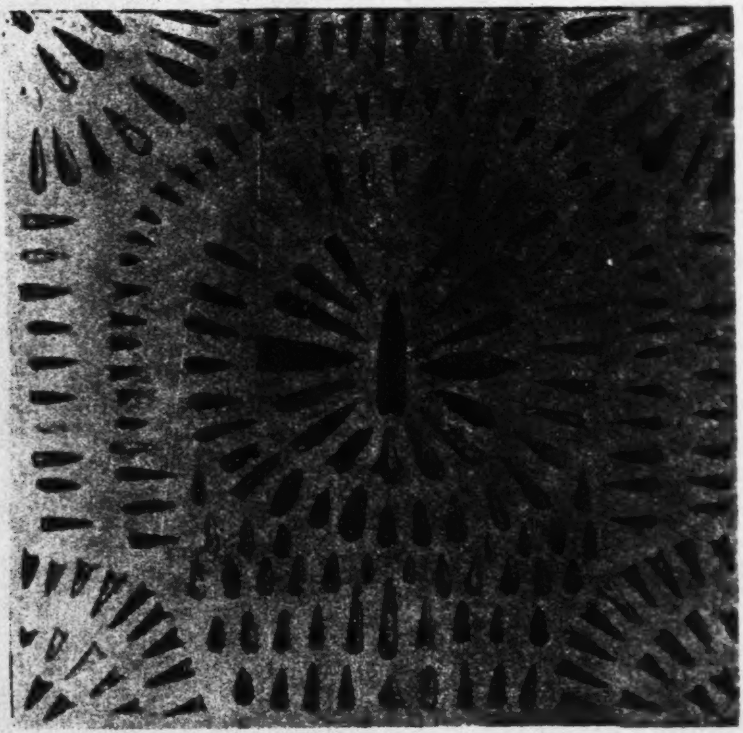
[172]



Above are shown typical Yokuts arrow and spear points, chipped from chalcedony and obsidian. They are from a burial mound about two miles north of Tupman in the range of the Tuhohi Yokuts.

quick, accurate understanding and was able to furnish 3000 words for an English-Chunut dictionary in less time than I had ever collected one before, covering two dialects at the same time, the Chunut of her father and the Wowol of her mother. She could read, write and speak Spanish and English, as well as talk six Yokuts dialects.

Interesting as is Yoimut's story, there is room here for only a portion of it, presented in the following eight sketches, the original language of which has been changed very little:

159 I was born at the old *Telumne* (Tay'-lum-ne) village of
361 *Watot Shulul* (Wa'-tot Shoo-lool) just northwest of the old

sugar factory about a mile south-east of Visalia. This was the 159
real old Telumne head village. When I was a little girl there I [361]
knew the last chief of that tribe. His name was *Nahalets* (Nah-ha'-leets). White people called him Joaquin. His wife was *Hawtulu* (Haw-too'-loo, meaning Hoot-owl). They were the head people there when I was born.

My father's name was *Po'-kah-sah'*. He was born at the [361]
old Chunut village called *Mih-ka'-et* just south of the mouth of Tule River. I believe the white people call that place Turnbull. It was about a mile above the old Turnbull house. At Mihkaet my people used to surround antelope and kill them. We call them *suey'-yohl*. My father died when I was about six years old, but my mother showed me the place two or three times.

My mother was *Te-ta-we'-cot*. She was born at the old [361]
Wowol village of *Chawlawin* on Atwell Island where Alpaugh is now. *Wocoiyu* (Wo-coi'-you), my mother's father, was chief of the *Wowol* tribe. When he died his oldest brother was chief. This brother's name was *Teh-nih'-pahs*. After I was grown he died at *Sulawlahne* (Soo-law-lah'-ne), the "Fish" Rice Rancheria, four miles south of Farmersville. I learned much about my old-time people from him. He was my good uncle.

When I was a little girl at Watot Shulul there was a big log fence around the old house at the Blankenship ranch just southeast of us. They were afraid of the Indians. We used to laugh at this, for we used to work for the Blankenships and we knew our people would never hurt them.

There was a young Indian girl working for Mrs. Blankenship. Once they could not find her. They looked for a long time. They found her dead and covered up with dirt and leaves. Some of our people saw a white man take her from where she was washing. We were afraid to say anything about it. He was bad man. He killed lots of Indians and he would have killed us if we had told Mr. Blankenship. We have always been sure that the white man killed her.

I have heard my mother and lots of other Indians tell about the log fence in Visalia, too, but I never saw it. The white people built it because they were afraid of the Indians. It was torn down before I was old enough to remember.

When I was about seven years old the Indians all got sick 159
at Watot Shulul. Lots of them died. They had measles. The 164
Telumne tribe was all broken up. The chief, Nahalets, died

159 and all of the Indians left the place. This was just after the
164 big water that the white people call sixty-two [flood of 1862].
They never lived at Watot Shulul again.

Nahalets' wife, *Hawtulu*, and a few of her people went to
159 the old *Nutunutu* (Noo-too'-noo-too) village on the Burris ranch at Kings River. The chief there was *Pah-ko'-ake*. I knew him for a long time. Hawtulu died there when she was an old lady.

My people went to the old village at the "Fish" Rice Rancheria south of Farmersville. There my father took sick and died. We buried him there.

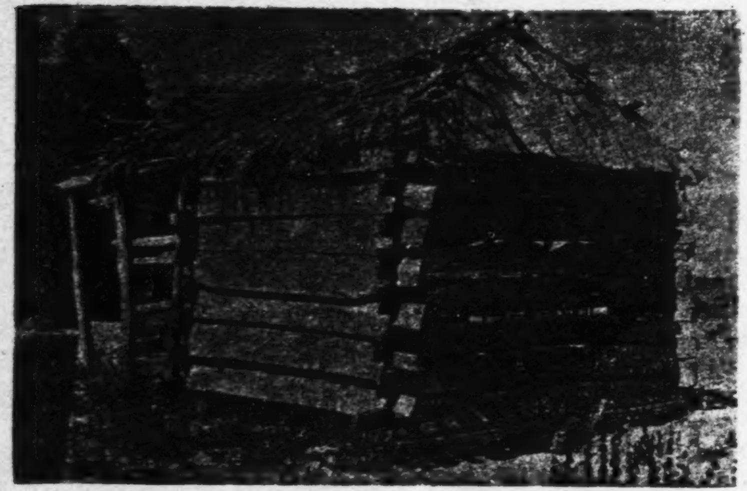
[103 Just a few months before I was born my father and mother
361] lived at the old Chunut village of *Heuumne* (He-oo-um'-ne) about four miles south of Waukena. This was the place where the big ditch is south of the Artesia school and where Mr. Sweet had the slaughter house. Mother had one child, a little boy. His name was *Wehpes* (Weh'-pees). White people called him Bill Foster.

While my parents were living there [1854], soldiers on
159 horseback came to take them with all of the other Lake
648 Indians to the Fresno River Indian Reservation. None of the Indians wanted to go. But the soldiers hunted until they found most of the Indians. The soldiers beat the Indians with whips and hit them with their swords and ran their horses over them when they would not go. Some Indians were shot because they ran away. My mother said she saw twelve Indians killed. The rest had to go anyway.

It took about ten days to get all of the Indians together. The soldiers did not let them take time to carry any grub. Then it took four days to drive them to Fresno River Reservation. My mother and father both went. They carried little Wehpes all of the way. He was about two years old.

All this time the Indians only had a few things to eat. They ate a few mussels from the river and a few tule roots. Some Indians caught a few salmon along the San Joaquin river and ate them raw like they did the mussels and tule roots. About ten Indians died on the way. Three or four babies were born along the way.

When they got to Fresno River Indian Reservation there was nothing there to eat. The soldiers killed some cows and gave the Indians some acorns that had been gathered for two or three years and were eaten by worms.



Split puncheon log fort built about six miles east of Visalia as protection against the Indians at the beginning of the Indian War of 1856. Colonel Thomas Baker, founder of both Visalia and Bakersfield, outfitted at this fort at the beginning of that war.

My father and mother were at Fresno River Reservation about two or three months. Then some of the soldiers took them to Fort Tejon. A wagon hauled some grub along, but the Indians walked all of the way. About fifty Indians went on this trip.

There were soldiers at Fort Tejon. It was not up in the mountains but was on the Tejon Ranch, west of the Headquarters. My father and mother worked awhile at Fort Tejon, but they did not like it there. None of our people liked it. They all wanted to go back to Tulare Lake.

Lots of the Indians sneaked away in the night, so one night,
as soon as it got dark, my father and mother left. They went
along the foothills and hid every day until they came to the
Kaweah river. Then they came down to Watot Shulul, where
Visalia is now. In a few days I was born. It was about a
year after the soldiers took my father and mother from the [361]
old village south of the Buzzard's Roost at Waukena [1855].
My father and mother stayed at Watot Shulul until after the [164]
big sickness [measles], when all of the Indians left. My
mother washed and my father cut wood for the Blankenships.

159 648 We liked the Blankenships. They always treated us nice and never cheated us.

Zac Blankenship was about three years older than me. When my mother washed, Zac used to play with my brother, Wehpes, and me. He showed us how to play marbles and we showed him how to play some Indian games. Zac told me once that I could swim before I could walk. He said that my mother used to wash at the creek back of the Blankenship house. My mother would put me in the water and bend down a willow limb for me to hold. She would go on washing and leave [868] [854] me there for a long time. Then she taught me how to swim. I do not remember this. Zac and his mother told me about it. But I do know that I could swim as early as I can remember.

YOIMUT'S STORY
THE LONEWIS

159 769 I was about six years old when we moved from Watot Shulul to the "Fish" Rice Rancheria. My father died about two weeks after we went there. My mother washed for Mrs. Rice and for Mrs. Blankenship for a long time to get money enough to have the *Lonewis* (Lo-ne'-wis) for the dead people. At the Lonewis we have a big meeting and cry and dance for the dead people once a year. This Lonewis was at Sulawlahne the "Fish" Rice Rancheria. Lots of people were there; I think five or six hundred. Many of our people had died and there were lots of dead people to cry and sing for.

The first day of the Lonewis we call Monday now. All day the people came in from every direction. The *Teah* (Te'-ah) chief of the village, Sulawlahne, was named *Tepwuhtrah* (Teep-wuh'-trah). He was a ***Wowol,*** a cousin to my mother. He had a brother, ***El'-ke,*** who lived there too. Tepwuhtrah had invited them all to come. He had sent his ***Winat'-un*** [messenger] to tell them when to come. This Winatun was my step-father, ***Ah-ka'-um-ne.*** He was a Wowol.

There were four Winatun at this Lonewis, two men and two women. One was a *Kaweah* man named ***Yah-pah'-kit.*** One was a Chunut woman named ***Moos'-took*** and the other a *Choi'-nock* woman named ***Mun-oi'-let.***

The Teah, Tepwuhtrah, sat under a shade made of willow poles and covered with willow brush. He did not leave that place all day. All of the people went to see him first when they came. He told the Winatun where to fix their camp.

[text continues on p. 230]

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The late Yol'-mut, last full-blood survivor of the Chunut (Choo'-noot) tribe from the northeast shore of Tulare Lake. She spoke seven languages and could read and write both Spanish and English. She dictated to the author many stories and songs that she had memorized. She was the historian of her tribe and the best informer of all races that the author has interviewed. Notice the scares on the bridge of her nose, the result of cuts made by Indian medicine men. She passed away at Hanford.

159 There was a big brush shade around where they danced.
769 The company camped under this shade. It was a long shade.
The place inside was about 100 steps across. There was a big fire in the middle. It was down by the creek west of the "Fish" Rice house a little way on the south side of the creek just south of where the roads cross now. The old cemetery was just north across the creek.

The Winatun worked for the chief and told the people
[624] where to camp when they came. There were lots of tribes
there. I remember people from the Tachi, Yokodo, Chunut,
[574] Kaweah, Choinok, *Wolase, Wukchumne, Koyeti, Yaudanchi,*
Wuksahche, Nutunutu, Wowol and *Telumne* tribes.

The Winatun gave each people their grub when they came. They had some grub along, but the people at Sulawlahne had to give all of the meat and most of the rest of the grub. We bought cows to eat from "Fish" Rice. I remember that there were two cows hanging up at once. We had some deer meat, and antelope and elk too. Our hunters killed a lot during the week of the Lonewis, but we had to have lots of beef besides. This meat was to eat after the Lonewis was over.

Pleas Work was there with his Indian Wife. She was a
[551] *Pahd-wishi.* Her name was *Haw'-nick* (Measuring Worm).
She was a very pretty woman, but we were afraid of Pleas. He was a bad man. He killed lots of Indians. He only stayed two days. We liked it better after he left.

Our *Chumlus* (Choom'-loos) had all of our clothes to put
[302] on us after we washed. My mother had painted her cheeks
with black paint and had cut her hair off when my father
[317] died. We got the black paint [graphite] from a hill by the
place you call Stokes Mountain. We burned it before we
used it. We cried almost all of the time until the Lonewis. All
[152] of the time after my father died we did not eat any meat until
[262] after the Lonewis was over.

My mother had paid our Chumlus the money for the
[551] clothes. Mother had not changed clothes since my father died.
We had not spoken my father's name. After the Lonewis was over the Chumlus had to wash us and put our clean new clothes on us. Then we could all be happy again.

As soon as we camped, my mother began fixing the man to burn in the fire at the Lonewis. She had saved her money for a year and had bought a good suit of clothes at Mr. Sweet's store

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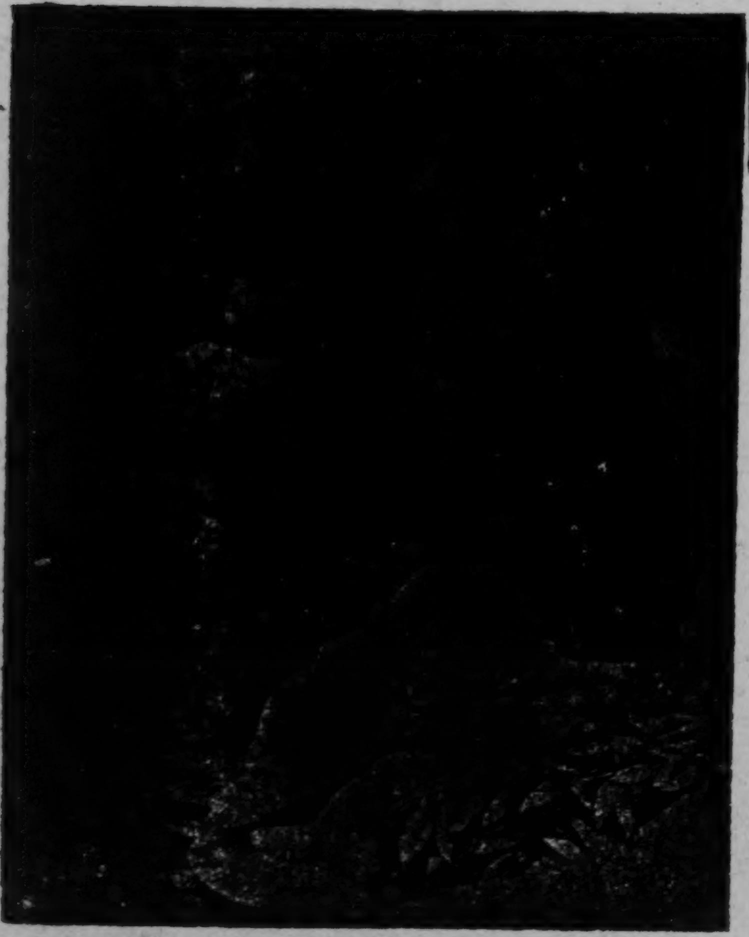

"Old Bria," an aged, blind Wukchumne, showing a typical Yokuts head of coarse, heavy black hair bobbed in mourning, also a terribly embarrassed granddaughter. Photo, taken about 1900, was furnished by Jesse G. Pattee.

in Visalia. She paid sixteen dollars for it. She had a good hat, shoes, socks, and underwear.

Mother stuffed the clothes with tules and fastened them together so they looked like a man. She painted the face. Then

159 she got out the fine baskets she had made to burn, and all of
769 father's things she had saved. Then she was ready for the
Lonewis.

If some man lost a wife they fixed some clothes like a woman and burned it. If they lost a little boy or a girl they dressed it up like a boy or girl. For a baby they fixed it on a baby cradle and burned it. In the old days they made these people to burn out of tules and dressed them with beads and a man's breech clout or woman's skirt.

The morning of the second day the Teah sent his *Win-*
159 *at'-un* (messenger) to tell all the people to come together. He
769 talked to them for a long time. Then the people from each
tribe talked. They told about their dead people that they had
624 been crying for. They told who they were and when they died.
They told about how good the dead persons had been. By that time it was afternoon. They ate acorn mush and talked until about four o'clock. Then they all went back to their own shades and sat down.

Soon the Winatun came around to tell them to build their fires and get ready for the dancing and singing. He walked around the camp yelling this so everyone could hear. Then they all got ready. They built fires and got ready to dance all night.

The Winatun built a big fire in the middle of all the fires. It was made of dry oak and burned until the Lonewis was over. It was about twenty feet across. Some of the people carried wood for it almost all of the time.

159 At sundown everybody was ready. Nobody talked. Every-
769 thing was quiet. When we could just see *Ne'-waw Chi'-tus*,
[the evening star], Tepwuhtra, the Teah, stood up in front
[152] of his fire. We all watched him. He called in a loud voice,
"*He'-ahm tahn'-hin* [we are ready]." In a little while everyone was crying. Then they began to dance.

Most of the people danced around their own fires. Some danced around the fireplace for a while. They were singing to the big fire where they were going to burn their baskets and things. Then they went back to their own fires.

Most of the people sat close around their own fires and cried. They would rock back and forth and cry for awhile. Then they would sing. After awhile they would get up and dance and some of the others would sit down and cry and sing.
[539 This was one of the songs they sang:

Ah-hah-now'-uh *We-ah'-hah* 159
Ah-hah-now'-uh *We-ah'-ah-hah* 769
(We are crying) [539]
Wuk'-e le'-o *We-ah'-ah-hah*
(We cry again) (We are crying)
Ah-hah-now'-uh *We-ah'-ah-hah*

When the song was done they all clapped their hands together and pointed at each other in time with each other.

They had men to lead the singing. All the people sang [533] together. The lead singers were called *Ah-ha'-nitch.* We paid them to sing. There were about six at my father's Lonewis. [302] They were painted black on their face, and stomach, too. They had white spots on their face and white stripes across their stomach.

All of the time until the Lonewis was over, all day and all night, some one was singing, someone was crying, someone was dancing.

The second night the *Hohuno* (Ho-hoo'-no) danced. This was the first night the big fire was lit. Hohuno was dressed in a long pretty blue dress that covered his head and reached to the ground. The Winatun dressed him. We children were all afraid of him. His Indian name was *Huyupah* (Hoo-yoo'-pah).

The part of the dress that went over Honuno's head was 159 made of the smooth skin and feathers from a fish crane. It 769 fitted close to his head and was so smooth not a feather was out of place, except two feather horns on each side like a 292 horned owl. On the front were fastened two large round pieces 237 of abalone shell for eyes. They were just above his eyes. He had peek-holes right under them. When he came close to us he would lean over and look at us with those big eyes and we would almost die.

From the shoulder down the dress was loose. Long, blue wing feathers from fish cranes were fastened to a loose skirt of strings. These feathers could swing loose as Hohuno danced. They were fastened about the middle so they would fly around like birds when he danced.

On his back, fastened across his shoulders, was a stick. 159 About ten short pieces of bamboo hung loose from the stick. 769 The pieces of bamboo were the size of a pencil, maybe a little bigger. When he danced, Hohuno would jerk his shoulders and 293 make the bamboo sticks rattle together.

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This grey, granite-strewn hill about two miles east of Woodlake, resembles the Yokuts blue heron clown when he had fallen during his dance, so the Wukchumne called it Ho-hu'-no.

[535] Hohuno never spoke. He called, "Ho-hoo'-no," and whistled low. He danced light on the tips of his toes. He almost seemed to float around without touching the ground. He made shivers run up our backs.

People hid things and Hohuno found them. They would put beads in the grass, or under something. They hung some in a tree. Some they buried in the ground. Hohuno danced and whistled around the fires, going to one person and then another calling, "Ho-hoo'-no." He would dance backward and forward until finally he would point to where something was hid, and call, "Ho-hoo'-no." Then they had to give him what he had found. He found everything they had hid.

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769
756 The third night the Indian doctors had a fight called *Hes-wus* [a sham battle]. This fight was by doctors who were both *Ahntru* (Ahn'-troo) and *Trip'-ne*. The *Ahntru* Doctors doctored people with medicine. They did not know as much or do as many things as the Tripne Doctors. The Tripne Doctors were very strong [supernatural]. They could do anything, make anyone die, change into coyote, bear, or eagle, or make it rain.

The *Winatun* made the fires for the doctors. They made 159
seven fires, three in a row on each side and one in the middle. 769
They then went to tell the Teah that everything was ready. 756
Everyone could see this from their camp fires. [624]

Then the Teah called, *"He'-ahn tahn'-hin."* The doctors came out in pairs and went to their fires. An Ahntru Doctor went to the middle fire. He came from the Teah camp. All were dressed in their feather skirts and feather headdress. All were painted and had their magic things along. Each one had *Chapet* (Chap'-peet), the Tripne flat basket tray.

Near the middle fire was a high pole set in the ground. It was as high as a house. On it were tied baskets, strings of beads and other rich things. They were for the dead people. Each doctor would sing his song and shake his rattle. Then he would swing his Chapet in the air and put it over first one shoulder and then the other while he was singing. Then he would slap it on the ground quickly. It made a loud noise. Some of the doctors could make some of the baskets fall from the pole with this noise. Only the Tripne Doctors could do this.

They sang this song: [539]

Ha-lahl'-mo hah'-hah hah'-hah
(Repeated four times.)

While they sang they danced to the center fire, stamping the ground with the same foot together and slapping the Chapets over their shoulders and against their sides.

The sun is just going down. They hold the Chapets up to the sun edgeways. Then they turn and dance back to their fires. One of the doctors slaps the Chapet on the ground and picks up something to shoot from his Chapet. Some get an arrow point, some a rock, some a bullet or something he can throw hard. He rubs it around the edge of his Chapet to make it Tripne.

They do not sing or talk while they do this. Everybody keeps quiet. They pass the Chapet around them at the waist and walk around their fire getting ready to fight. Then one slaps his Chapet on the ground and shoots at another doctor. Maybe the doctor falls down or he sits down. If he falls down [624]
he is dead [unconscious] and the Winatuns pick him up and carry him to his camp and he is done. He does not fight anymore. [He revives and watches the rest of the exhibition].

While the doctors were fighting, *Cuksa* (Cook'-sa) played
around them. The Teah told him when to go in. The Winatun [624]

dressed Cuksa.

159 dressed Cuksa. He wore an Ahntru headdress and skirt. In
769 one hand he carried *trah-waht'-will*, the rattle, or clapper.

756 Cuksa sang and went around among the people. He made lots of fun doing like the Tripne Doctors did. At last the doctors began shooting at him. He fell down and his people carried him back to his camp. The doctors doctored him and he finally came alive again. The people gave him some money. He was only to make fun.

The middle doctor shot at those at the ends. When he
[624] killed one, the Winatun took him to the other side and the
doctors there doctored him. If he was not hit bad they took
[755] it out, an arrow point, acorn, rock or something. [these objects were introduced by sleight-of-hand] Then he went back to fight. If he was hit bad they took him to his camp.

There were a lot of helpers called *Chamum Maets* (Chah'-mum ma'-ets). They walked around those fighting. They yelled and disturbed the other side. Each doctor had his own Chamum Maets. They had to pay these helpers.

The middle doctor spread *saw-nil* [eagle down] around him
[237] on the ground where the other doctors had been shooting at him. Then he brushed it up. The sawnil is Tripne and he took out of it [by sleight-of-hand] the things the other doctors had been shooting at him.

The fight was kept up until only one doctor was left. The outside people all paid the doctors while they were fighting, even after they had been hit. They gave them beads or arrows for pay. The doctors made lots of money that way. I saw all of this twice, once at *Sulawlahne* at the "Fish" Rice Ranch, south of Farmersville and once at Tule River Reservation.

The fourth night was when we came out with the clothes
159 stuffed like the dead people. About midnight they were
769 brought out and carried around and pointed at the big fire for
two or three hours. All of the time everyone was singing

[539] *Ah-hah'-nah*
(We sing)
Yoo'-e uh'-la
(You are going to burn)
We-ah'-ah hah
(We are crying)
(Repeated indefinitely)

They took the stuffed clothes back into the house this fourth night. They did not burn them. Then some of the people sang and cried and danced until the next night. 159 769

The fifth night about midnight they brought out the same stuffed clothes and marched around and around the fire singing the same song. But this time they threw everything in the fire.

Just before they burned everything the Winatun threw small dry oak limbs on the fire to make a big blaze. Then the chief called, "He'-ahm tahn'-hin," and they threw everything in the fire, almost all at once. The fire was almost covered up with stuffed clothes, baskets, and things that had belonged to the dead people.

The Ahanich (professional singers) had the right to catch anything they could as it was thrown on the fire. If they caught it, or could grab it out of the fire before it was burned, it belonged to them. Sometimes they got a whole suit of clothes, sometimes they got good baskets. 533

It was all right for the Ahanich to keep the clothes and wear them. But they had to get them to their camp before the person who threw them in could catch hold of them. If the Ahanich was caught, he had to give the things back to the person who had thrown them in and then that person could keep them and use them, or wear them. They did not need to be burned if the Ahanich caught them or took them out of the fire.

When the things were first thrown on the fire there was a good chance to take some out without getting burned. But in just a few seconds everything was on fire. We stood back and tried to throw the things over the Ahanich's heads into the middle of the fire.

I remember that one Ahanich caught a fine basket, one like they made just to burn. He ran for his camp. The lady who had thrown it in caught him, but he pulled loose and ran on. They quarreled about it and the Teah took the basket and threw it back in the fire.

By daylight everything was burned up and only a few people were singing and crying around their own fires. They kept that up all day.

My mother worked hard to get the money to buy the clothes to burn in the fire for my father. She washed for the Blankenships and for Mrs. "Fish" Rice. But you white people do the same thing. You save money and dress dead people in good clothes. You spend lots of money for coffin.

3: Latta X-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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Jennie, an aged Wukchumne, and her granddaughter. This photo is of importance because the granddaughter has on the bridge of her nose the marks of fresh cuts made by a medicine man. Her grandmother has on her nose the scars of such doctoring. Both have their hair bobbed in mourning. Jennie was a Chumlus at the great Eshom Valley Ghost Dance. Photo, taken about 1890, was furnished by Jesse G. Pattee.

159 Then you bury your father, mother, maybe your wife. You
put everything in ground and all decay. We *burn* good clothes
769 and they *do not* decay. They go to *Tih-pik'-nits Pahn* [the
hereafter] so our dead person always has good clothes to wear.
[775] What do you think?

On the sixth morning everyone was dancing when *Tow-ahn'-itch,* the morning star, was beginning to fade and it was getting daylight. The Teah called, "He'-ahm tahn'-hin," and everyone ran to the creek to be washed. The dancing and singing and crying of the Lonewis was over. We could be washed and dressed in our new clothes and have a big feast of meat and let our hair grow again.

159 The *Chumlus* had our new clothes and new baskets to wash
767 us in. She washed my mother and me. We took off our clothes
769

159
and went in the creek. The Chumlus washed us clean and dried 767
us. Then she put our new clothes on us. She had already been 769
paid for the clothes and the new basket she had made to wash
us in.

Everybody now has a good time. They sing, *"He'-ahm* 159
lo'-hin Lo'-ne'-wis," the Lonewis is over. They go back to the 769
fires and have a big feast. They have acorn bread and all kinds
of meat: roast antelope and elk and jack rabbit and squirrel 262
and beef. They they have a big dance for fun and get ready
to go home.

Everyone is tired and happy and feels good until someone
else dies in the family. When I was a little girl our people died 165
so fast that we were getting ready for Lonewis all of the time.
That is why I remember it so much.

The Lonewis at *Sulawlahne* and one at *Watot Shulul* were the biggest I ever saw. But I went to about a dozen pretty big ones before I was grown.

YOIMUT'S STORY
TIHPIKNITS PAHN

When I was a little girl I heard several times the story of 159
the Yokuts Land of the Dead, which we call *Tih-pik'-nits* 775
Pahn. Pahn is our name for "land". Tihpiknits is the name
of the great bird person who rules over the dead. The *Wowol*
(Wo'-wol) and *Chunut* (Choo'-noot) and *Tachi* all had a story
just like this. I heard some of their old people tell it lots of
times. When we were sitting around the camp fire in the evening *Watite* (Wa'-tih-te), the ground owl, would call and then
they would tell the story. I know it best of all my stories.

The last time I heard the story of Tihpiknits Pahn it was told near Visalia by Nahalets (Nah-ha'-leets), last chief of the *Telumne* (Ta'-lum-ne) Yokuts tribe which lived around where Visalia is now. I was about eight years old then.

Nahalets told the story during the last *Lonewis* (Lo-ne'-wis), or crying for the dead people, that was ever held at the old *Telumne* Yokuts village of *Wa-tot' Shulul* at Visalia. At this Lonewis almost all of the Indians became sick and died of measles and we never gathered there again.

Tihpiknits Pahn is the place where the dead Indians go. 775
It is six nights journey to the north. Only the good people can
get there. The dead people dance a Lonewis, or crying dance

775 there every night, just like they used to do here. They play games and have a good time. They eat *toi'-uk* seed mush which never gets any smaller, no matter how much they eat. In the morning they all disappear and nothing can be seen of them until the next night, when the *Win-at'-un* [dove, the messenger] builds new fires for the dances and calls them all back to their natural selves. You may walk through any nice place in the trees where the Indians hold their Lonewis dances for Tihpiknits Pahn. In the daytime you can not see any of the people. They have changed into a rotten log, clam shell, or something. At night you have to be *Trip'-ne* [supernatural] to see them. I never saw them. I just heard Indian doctors say that. But we always go very quiet through a nice place out in the trees.

776 825 In Tihpiknits Pahn, *Ki'-yu,* the Coyote, and Tihpiknits are always playing the old game of *Hih'-sa Na'-us.* When Tihpiknits wins, someone of us must die and go to Tihpiknits Pahn. When Kiyu wins he tries to bite Tihpiknits and pulls feathers from him.

Kiyu throws the feathers that he pulls from Tihpiknits to the south and the north wind brings them to us in the form of the first white geese of the winter. When we saw the white geese come we used to say, "Well, I guess Kiyu won that time". When we heard *Watite* (Wa'-tih-te), the little ground owl, call in the evening, we knew Tihpiknits had won and that someone was dying. Watite was the Winatun for the Ahanich who sang at the Lonewis.

159 825 Watite, the little ground owl, lives in squirrel holes. His head looks like an Indian woman's head when she has cut her bangs and her hair off with a fire stick and is crying for someone who has died. We used to sing a nice song about him. It is a *Wowol* song. My mother taught it to me. When I cried about anything she would hold up her first finger and say, "*Lahn'-he,* listen, Watite hears you crying and he is singing for you." She would make a little play. She would put her hand on top of her head to make it flat like Watite's. She would make a move with her other hand like she was cutting her hair off and cutting her bangs for the Lonewis. She would stand on one leg and draw the other up like Watite does. Of course my mother was an old woman when she died. But I remember her to sing this song for me when she was a young, pretty woman. She was always good to me. Every day she

159

would sing and laugh and dance for me. Before she finished the song I would be laughing. It went like this: 825

Po'kook .. *Yo-patch'-noo* .. *Tah'-eh nek'-tah* [539]
(ground owl call) (as of old) (I have a flat head)
Yo-patch'-noo *Ma-wih'-sin* *Pih-tre'-no*
(as of old) (I cut with fire) (my bangs)
Yo-patch'-noo *Teh'hiks* *Nahm*
(as of old) (my leg hurts) (me)
Yo-patch'-noo *Too-lo'-lool* *Nim o'-tro*
(as of old) (I burn or cut) (my hair)

A long time ago the Indians found out all about Tihpiknits Pahn. That is what they say. That is what I heard. I will tell you all about it. 775

A very good couple lived in an old Wowol Indian village. They were both good people. They were honest and they were good to each other. One day the wife died. The husband was overcome with grief. So were his parents-in-law.

After the wife was buried the husband would not leave her grave for a minute. He stayed there day and night for two days and three nights. Early on the third night the husband heard a noise in the grave. He listened and watched very closely. Finally he saw his wife come up out of the grave.

The husband kept very quiet. He saw his wife shake the earth from her clothes. She shook the earth from her hair and carefully put it back in place. She rearranged all of her clothes and rubbed her hands over her face. Then she looked in all directions. Soon she started toward the north.

Following quietly, the husband soon saw that the wife knew he was behind. She finally turned and told him to go on back to his people and stay there, that she was going to Tihpiknits Pahn to stay. But the husband did not want to go back. He wanted to be with his wife. So he followed her on.

At daylight the wife turned into a rotten log and the husband watched until dusk. He had to keep awake all of the time. At dusk the wife became her natural self and went on her way to the north.

The third night, when the wife became her proper form she again spoke to her husband. She told him that she must go a long way to the north and that he could not follow her, that there was a dangerous bridge to cross and that he would fall into the water. Besides, she told him, he was alive and would

775 smell bad to the dead people and that Tihpiknits would not let him stay there.

Turning again to the north, the wife went on and on to the north. By morning of the sixth day they could see a big water. Again the wife turned into a rotten log and waited for night to return.

The last night they soon came to the big water and the bridge. For the last time the wife cautioned the husband. She walked on the bridge. It was very narrow and rose and fell in the water and swayed from side to side. The bridge was very weak and in the dark the wife could not see it. But she had been a good woman, so she did not fall off.

After the husband knew that his wife was across he took a *pe-sa'-sin* (string) from his belt. The pesasin was made of milkweed string with down from the breast of the eagle twisted into it. It was ***Trip'-ne*** [supernatural]and would do for the husband anything that he wanted.

The husband threw one end of the pesasin across the big water until it reached the other side. He knew he could not cross the bridge, even though he had been good, bcause he was still alive. If he had been bad and had died he could not have crossed because he would have fallen in the water and have turned into a fish person, or a log of wood, or a shell.

The husband went across the water on the string. Tihpiknits had already sent the wife to her people. He told the husband that he could not go near the wife or her people, that he was alive and smelled bad.

Tihpiknits asked the husband why he had come to the Land of the Dead. He answered that he had grieved so for his dead wife that he had followed her each night and had kept awake each day so as not to miss her when she became her natural self in the evening.

The dead people all wanted the husband sent back, but Tihpiknits let him stay. But he made the husband stay alone all the rest of the night.

During the night the husband saw fires burning all about him. The ***Win-at'-uns*** ran and made fires for each tribe just like they did at the Lonewis for my father at ***Sulawlahne*** (Soo-law-lahn'-ne). Each tribe danced the Lonewis and sang the songs to the dead by itself. As soon as day began to break they all went back to their houses to sleep. Then everything disappeared and all was quiet. There was nothing in sight. 775 Everyone was gone and the husband sat alone.

Tihpiknits had given the husband a small basket of *toiuk* 775 seed mush. As fast as he ate the mush it grew larger. So he 137 was never out of it. The toiuk seed is the seed of the wild rice. It has a stem like wild oats and the head hangs over when the seed is ripe. It is covered with stickers which will cut your hands and make them bleed. When the Indian women gather 222 toiuk seed they cover their hands and arms with mud. It is the best seed we have. When it is ground and mixed with water it rises like bread. That is why it did not get any smaller when they ate it.

For three days and nights the husband sat alone. On the 775 third evening, while the Winatuns were building the fires, Tihpiknits told the husband that he had decided what to do about him. He was to go to his wife's house and stay that night. If he kept awake all night she could go back with him.

If the husband went to sleep he was to go home alone and hide for six days and nights. He was to tell no one where he had been, or of anything he had seen until the sixth night. Then he was to come out and give a big dance and tell everything. If he told before, Tihpiknits' watchman, the rattlesnake, would know it and he would die right then and there.

Tihpiknits asked the husband what he wanted to eat before he went to his wife's house and he answered, "*Sun-sun*, the mud-hen." So Tihpiknits gave him a fat one, but told him that it would make him sleep. By this time the husband was almost overcome from lack of sleep, but he ate the mud hen anyway.

After eating, the husband went to his wife's house. Soon she returned from the Lonewis dance. She talked with him for a long time and kept telling him over and over, "Don't you go to sleep. You must stay awake, or I cannot go back with you."

The husband kept awake until almost daylight, when he could not keep his eyes open any longer. His wife did all she could to keep him awake, but he went to sleep anyway.

In the morning the husband awakened to find his wife gone and a log of rotten wood in the house. Tihpiknits told the husband to go home and do as he had been told. When he died he was to come again and join his wife. But the wife could never return to this world again.

Tihpiknits gave the husband a fresh basket of toiuk seed mush and started him toward home. He crossed the big water

775 again on the pesasin string and traveled six days toward the south and the rancheria where his parents-in-law lived. Then he hid in the brush until after almost everyone at the rancheria had gone to sleep.

When all was quiet the husband crept quietly to the house where his parents-in-law lived and called to them. He could hear them crying softly inside. When he called they stopped crying and answered him. They were overjoyed at his return and stopped crying.

Upon being asked where he had been he said, "I have just been walking around the country. I must hide. Fix a place for me." A small lean-to was built on the side of the house. In this the husband hid. By morning no one could tell that the house had been changed at all.

In the morning the people at the rancheria were all surprised to see that the parents-in-law did not cry. They were so happy that the people knew the husband had returned. The people kept asking about him. He was just inside the thin tule partition and could hear everything that was said.

For five days and nights the husband hid and listened to the people inquiring about him. Then he could endure it no longer. He came out and told all the people to come together around the fire and he would tell them where he had been and all that he had seen. The people all came and listened to the husband's story.

Just as the husband finished talking, a rattlesnake, who was there as a watchman for Tihpiknits, bit him and he immediately fell dead.

That is how the Yokuts came to know where the dead people go and what they do in Tihpiknits Pahn.

YOIMUT'S STORY
THE GHOST DANCE

159 756 All of the Indian tribes around Tulare Lake had good Doctors. Some doctors were just ***Ahntru*** (Ahn'-troo). They could give people medicine and help them a little. But they could not help very much. Some of the doctors were ***Trip'-ne*** [had supernatural power]. They could do anything. They could make it rain. They could make anyone die. They could change themselves into coyote, bear, or eagle. We were always afraid of Tripne Doctors. We were not afraid of Ahnutru Doctors.

The Chunut doctors had a Tripne (magic) stone. It was 159
just like a doughnut. They called it *Cuhmumwum Weah* (Cuh- 756
moom'-wum We'-ah), the thunder and lightning stone. I used 778
to know its song, but I have forgotten it. My old uncle, *Tehnih'-pahs,* taught it to me. I think once all the Indians around Tulare Lake had these songs. They used the Cuhmumwum Weah to make thunder and lightning and to make whirlwinds and cool breezes. I saw my uncle make whirlwinds once with this stone.

The doctors had another stone. Even the Ahntru Doctors knew how to use it to doctor people. But the Tripne Doctors could do lots more things with it. It was a long stone with a hole through the middle. The *Chunut* called it *Ta'-khot-un Tis-a'-he.*

The doctor put the hollow stone over the place where the 159
person was hurting and sucked on the other end. He took the 755
pain out that way. Sometimes he took out an arrow point, rattlesnake rattles, or lizard tail. Then the sick person got well. I saw them do that.

Almost all the doctors were men. Once a man and his wife 159
were both Tripne doctors. Finally they went out of sight in 756
the middle of the day. This was at *Chaw-lo'-win,* the old ***Wowol*** village where Alpaugh is now. They lived there on the sand ridge for many years, but the people could never see them.

They saw tracks in the sand and saw where the doctors had dug tule roots, but they could never see the Tripne man and wife. They could see the smoke from their fires. They also found pieces of abalone shell in the sand at their camps. They brought the first abalone shell to Tulare Lake. My old uncle told me all about this. He was a Wowol.

Tumnah (Toom'-nah) was a real old Tachi when I was a little girl. We thought he was more than one hundred years old. He was a young man before the Spanish people came to Tulare Lake after the Indians. He used to tell me about how the Spanish came and took the Indians away from *Tokuh Lihnuh,* the West Side.

Once Tumnah told me about two bad Indian doctors. He 159
had helped kill one of them who lived at the old *Nutunutu* vil- 754
lage at Kingston. These doctors had killed some *Tachi* people. They would change themselves into coyotes and go sneaking around after the Tachi and making them sick. They would

159 sniff and smell at the Tachis and sing songs about them. The
754 Tachi would get sick. Finally they would die.

159 One of the Tachi got sick because the doctors were follow-
ing him like coyotes and smelling him. He told Tumnah.
754 Tumnah said, "All right, we will get our bows and arrows and
627 go over and kill him."

They got some stone pointed arrows that they kept especially to keep away the Indian doctor's magic. Stone [obsidian] pointed arrows are T[illegible]ne. They used these arrows sometimes to shoot bad doctors.

Tumnah went with the other Tachi over to Nutunutu. Some of the people there saw them coming. They ran and told the doctor that some people were coming to kill him. He did not believe it at first. He was lying on his bed in his house.

But when the Tachi came to his door he saw that they were going to kill him all right. He did not say a word. He jumped up and held his rabbit skin blanket in front of him. He started waving the blanket and singing and dancing to stop the arrows and to use his Tripne power. Most of the arrows went through and hit him, but not hard enough to kill him. The Tachi kept asking the doctor how he liked it. He kept answering, "*Een-sis* (good)."

The Tachi kept shooting arrows into the doctor and asked him, "Is that sweet?" He answered, "It is sweet." Finally one Tachi shot him with a pistol. He shot the doctor through the middle and he fell down and died.

Before I was born my father and mother were staying on Buena Vista Lake at the old village of *Tulamni* (Too-lahm'-ne). They saw an Indian doctor killed there because he had killed some people. Afterward my people lived at Fort Tejon and went back to Tulamni, but all of the Indians were gone.

When I was grown I was at Tejon Ranch and heard some of the Indians there tell about the Indian doctor being killed at Tulamni. I have never been there. I would like to see it, but I am almost blind.

159 When I was about seventeen years old some *Mono* Indian
Doctors came from across the mountains to the east and talked
756 to our doctors for a long time. They were worried because so
many Indians had been dying. Our doctors wanted to stop
[754] the dying because they had been blamed for lots of it. So they
talked about it for a long time.

The Mono Indian Doctors said that if we held a big new 159
kind of dance at Eshom valley we could stop all of the dying 756
and could bring back all of our dead people. So our doctors 769
and our Teah (Te'-ah, chief) agreed to help. They called this new dance *Heut Hetwe* (He'-ut Het'-we).

At the Eshom valley Heut Hetwe we were to see all of our dead people. *Tih-pik'-nits,* the bird person who was keeper of the hereafter, was to bring back to us our fathers, mothers, uncles, aunts and our grandparents. Then no one was to die anymore. That was why all of the Indians went to Eshom valley. The white people thought they were going to fight. They did not want to fight. They were not going to hurt anyone.

When we went to Eshom valley my people were living about three miles south of Farmersville at the "Fish" Rice
Rancheria. My people called that place *Sulawlahne* (Soo-law- [103]
lahn'-ne). The Teah there was *Teep-wuit'-trah.* He belonged to the *Wowol* tribe. He was uncle to my mother. He took us to Eshom valley.

It was a nice place in Eshom valley where the dance was held. The Indians used to go there to gather clover to eat. There was always a nice field of sweet clover there in the
spring. We called Eshom valley *Chetutu* (Che-tut'-oo), or [103]
clover place. There is a creek in the valley. The dance was made near a water hole in the creek.

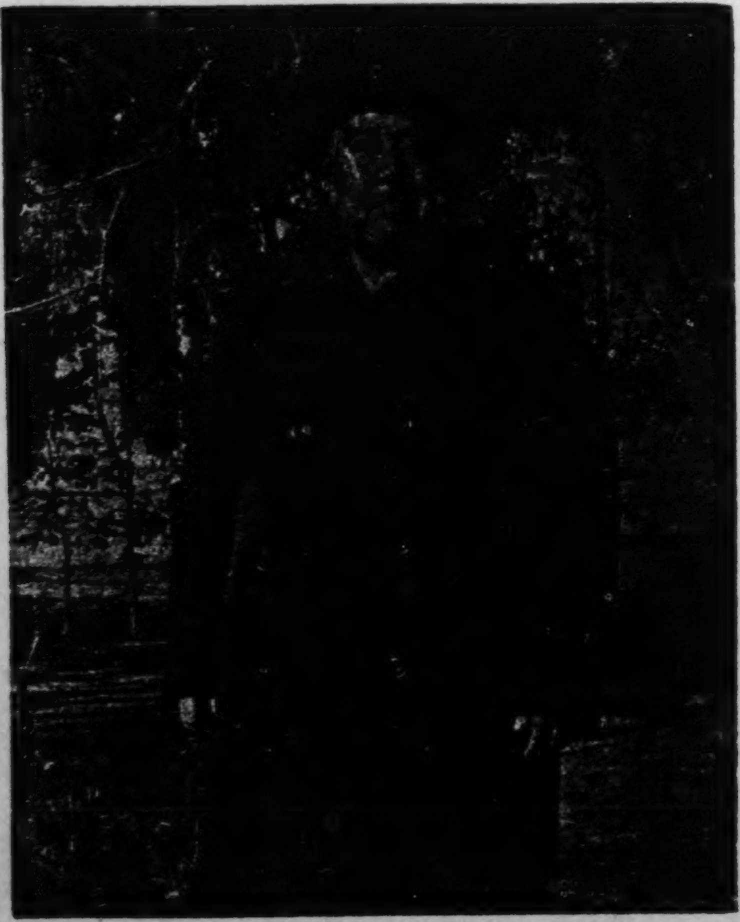
The Eshom valley dance was the biggest dance I ever saw. Indians came from everywhere, some from Tule river and Deer Creek, some from Lemoore and some from Kings river. We went horseback from Sulawlahnne. It took us two days to go there.

The chiefs who had charge of the dance told us that we must not get angry or be mean to one another at the dance. We were to keep dancing all the time. Only the little children could sleep. If anyone did not dance he would die or turn into a rotten log of wood.

The chiefs also told us that we must bathe in the creek every morning. When the *Win-at'-un* (messenger) called we were all to run to the creek and bathe. They told us that we were going to dance the same dance that the dead people dance in *Tihpikntis Pahn* [Land of the Dead].

We danced in a big circle at Eshom valley. Sometimes [535]
everybody danced at once. We held each others' hands. We

[text continues on p. 249]



Ichow, husband of Wahnomkot and, when he died about 1936, chief of the Wukchumne, last organized tribe of Yokuts Indians. Ichow was a fine old character and, with his wife, appeared with the author on many programs throughout the San Joaquin Valley. He attended the ghost dance in Eshom valley. He died soon after this photo was made.

moved them from our shoulders down at each step. We step- 159
ped to the left. After we got tired we just dragged one foot 756
and then the other. Some carried little baskets of beads and 769
threw them on the ground as they danced. We danced around
and around in the same place all of the time and made a deep [535]
ditch in the ground. It was a new dance to us. It was different from the *Lonewis* (Lo-nee'-wis) dance.

About six or seven *Ahanich* (Ah-ha'-nitch) [professional [533]
singers] led the singing. The Indian doctors wore skirts and
feather hats and danced around with the rest of us. The main [292]
song that they sang went like this: [539]

Hah-nah nahn' een'-ah nah'-ni
(I will be anything)
Hah-nah nahn' een'-ah nah'-ni
Hah-nah nahn' een'-ah nah'-ni
Hah'-nah nahn' een'-ah a - a
[repeat indefinitely]

I do not know all of the words, but they mean something like, "I will be anything, crow, rock, stick, rattlesnake, or anything, if our dead people come back."

All of the time we expected to see our dead people come back. We got tired, but we danced six days and nights. Once a small girl did not want to dance, but her mother made her dance anyway. After awhile the girl left the circle and went to her mother's camp. She lay down and died. The doctors worked over her for an hour or two and brought her back to life. They got a pine tree top and stood it up on her breast. Then they called all of us girls to watch her. The doctors blew on her forehead and she finally awakened.

The mother asked the girl who had died what she had seen. We thought maybe she had seen some of her dead people. But she said, "Nothing." Then she was all right again. The girl's name was *Ne-he'-ut*. She is still living at Rio Chiquito over near Kern River.

When the dance was almost over, Pleas Work and his 159
brother, and "Club-foot" Guthrie and an Indian named 769
Ho'-sawm came and told us that the white people were coming to kill all of us. We were afraid of the white people all of the time, so we all ran away into the timber and mountains. This was before the last night of the dance was over. We left without either our grub or our clothes.

159 769 That night we stayed among the brush and rocks after we had gone a couple of miles from the camp. Then we went on farther until we found a good place to hide in a canyon this side of Kings River. We stayed there almost a week, until we almost starved. Some people killed a little game and one bear. We ate the bear meat. That was all we had, even the little children.

After we had been hid almost a week some white people came and told us that no one would hurt us. So we came back to our own camp and got ready to go home. We never finished the Eshom valley dance.

When we came back to the San Joaquin valley we were almost completely starved. I remember that the first thing I had to eat was ripe peaches. They were the best peaches I ever ate.

We had a good time at Eshom Valley, but we were sorry we did not see our dead people. Lots of our people had been dying and we wanted to see them.

Several months after the dance at Eshom Valley my people decided to have another dance. They had not finished the dance at Eshom valley. They thought that if they had another dance and finished it the dead people would really come back.

[103] The second dance was held at the old village of Sulawlahne at the "Fish" Rice ranch south of Farmersville. We danced for six days and nights there, but never saw any of our dead people. After that we knew the Indians from across the mountains had been fooling us. So we did not have any more of those Heut Hetwe dances to bring back the dead people.

YOIMUT'S STORY

CHUNUT CAMP LIFE

159 342 In the old days, before white people came to Tulare Lake, my people had three kinds of houses. Two houses were made of tules. One house was made of poles and dirt. I never saw but two of the dirt houses. The Indians stopped making them before I was born. When I was about ten years old my mother took me to camp at a place about four or five miles south of the Buzzard's Roost. It is about three miles from Waukena. It was the place on the creek by the big ditch where Mr. Sweet had the slaughter house. When we went to the place there were a lot of Indian dirt houses there. Almost all of them had fallen down. We went there when you white people were having a big war [the Civil War].

I think most of the houses had been burned, because I 159 remember the ends of a few of the poles had been burned. Two 342 of the houses were still standing. Two were still good houses. We put our things in them and camped outside. I remember all about this kind of house.

It was not a big house, like white people make. It was just one round room. It had a small door and a smoke-hole at the top. The door was at the south side. The house was not dug in the ground very deep. I think they must have carried the dirt to cover it from some other place. When we went into the house we did not go down, like into a cellar. The floor was just about level with the ground outside.

The house was made of poles set in the ground like posts. They were about as big around as my arm at the bottom. They were not so big at the top. The poles were bent together at the top. They had poles around them and brush and tules over them.

The outside was covered with dirt and mud. At the bottom the dirt was thick, but at the top by the smoke hole it was just plastered thin with mud. You could see the tules and brush around the smoke hole.

The dirt houses had fire places in the middle. They were [354] about as big as a wash tub. They had rocks and ashes in them when we went there. Someone had been cooking in them before we came.

The sweat house was still at this place when we went there. 159 It was down in the creek by the water. It was like the other 343 houses, but it did not have a smoke hole at the top. It was deeper, too. We called it *Maws*.

The *Chunut* (Choo'-noot) made a kind of shade to use in summer. It was like four posts set in the ground with poles across the top. It was covered with tule mats. When we moved we took the mats and the poles with us and left the posts for when we came back.

Both my mother's people and my father's people made a 159 house of green tules. It was a small round house. They made 342 these houses in the tules near the water when they would only stay a little while. They called this kind of house *tumlus* (toom'-loos.)

Tumlus was a good dry house from the rain, but it was bad from the bottom. They just cut some tules away inside, and pulled the other tules together at the top. They tied the tops to

159 a piece of green oak limb bent round like a ring. You could never see these houses in the tules until you came right to them.

342 The worst thing about the tumlus house was the lake. [361] They always were close to the water and the ground was wet. When the wind blew, the lake water would come into them.

Once I went with my mother to *Chaw-lo'-win,* on Atwell's Island where Alpaugh is now. I was about ten years old. While we were there we lived in a tumlus house. I did not like it. When we did not have a fire the mosquitoes came in so thick you could not see the smoke hole.

One night when we were all asleep, the north wind began to blow. Nobody waked up until the water began to come into the house. We got out as fast as we could, but the water was up to my knees before we left the house.

I was at Alpaugh a long time afterward and I think the houses were almost where the town is now. They were on the [361] north edge of the sand ridge. The old-time regular village was farther south on the south side of the sand ridge where White River came in.

When we were in the tumlus houses it was all tules right down to the water. We had just narrow trails through the high tules. The lake was high then after the sixty-two [1862] high water. It was before the sixty-eight [1868] high water. I remember this. I know both high waters.

There were ten or twelve houses where we stayed. A few [361] of my mother's people had gone back there to live. They thought they could stay there. But the white people already had hogs there and the Indians had to leave as soon as the water went down a little.

159 The regular house that the Chunut and *Wowol* (Wo'wol) had was called *Che.* It was a long tule house. It was made so 342 they could take it down quick. I lived in one of the long tule 592 houses two or three years on Kings river near the Ezra ranch. They were a good house. They were cool in summer. You could open them up in a minute and get the cool breeze. In the cold weather they had lots of fires inside to keep them warm.

Eight or ten families lived in the Che, tule house. It was like a long tent. They had no partitions. It was open inside all the way along. There were fires all along the middle. When they were all roasting ducks or fish in the winter, the house would be full of smoke. It was nice to live in a house like that. If you did not like some family you lived in the other part of

the house. You generally lived by your grandmother or by 159
your good friends. 342

The tule house had a row of posts down the middle. They 592
had forks at the tops. On top of the posts we put long poles. Then we leaned poles against the long poles at the sides. On top we put long tule mats. We made the mats nice and smooth. The tules ran up and down. We tied them together with tules. We could roll them up like a rug. They kept the water out good.

Inside the Che we kept everything—acorns, dried *sah'-pahl* 159
(jack rabbit) and *i-ke' em* (elk) and *suey'-yohl* (antelope) and 251
lo-pits (fish). We hung all of these on the poles. 262

We dried lots of *mah-mil* (blackberries) and *saw-ha'-mik* (mushrooms) too, and put them in baskets. We had lots of seeds in baskets. The house was full of things to eat. We always had plenty.

The Chunut and Wowol cooked the white-shelled lake clams 159
in large bunches like you call a clam-bake. They called the
clam *trah'-sheep* and the clam-bake *hah-pots'-ahk*. First they 252
put on the ground a layer of tules four or five inches thick. 262
Then they put the clams on top, with the open edges down as thick as they could, so they would not roll over. They piled tules on top of the clams. Then they set fire to them. When the tules burned, the water ran out of the clams and steamed them so they cooked nice. My people ate lots of them that way. They were good with salt from salt grass. Sometimes they baked lots of fires of them.

We gathered lots of salt from salt grass. Lots of Indians 159
used to get their salt at a place about three miles north of
Guernsey. I have gathered salt there lots of times. The salt 222
comes on the leaves of the grass in little round pieces. We 263
gathered the grass in the afternoon when it was damp and stacked it in big piles. After dinner we put the grass on an elk skin and hit it with sticks. The dry salt fell off and we threw the grass away. It made a good salt. We called it *ahlet* (ah'-leet).

We made another salt by burning a different salt weed. We called it *tiit* (tih'-it). It was not as good as ahlet.

The old-time Chunut Indians did not use much acorn mush. 159
They used more tule roots. They did not have to take the bitter 252
out of the tule roots. They ate some of the tender roots raw 262
and pounded up the old roots.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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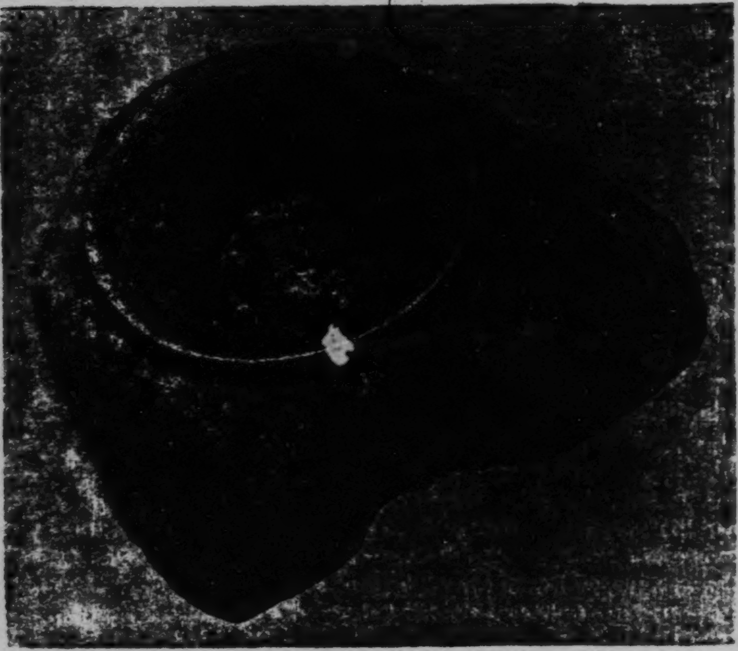

A Wukchumne Yokuts wooden mortar with basket hopper.

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251
The valley acorns would not keep very well. We could not store them in granaries like we did the mountain acorns. We had to take off the hulls as soon as we gathered them. Then we drilled holes in them and put them on strings. We hung the strings of acorns in the house. We thought that it was the smoke that kept the worms from eating them.

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412
My people used some rock mortars to pound seeds in, but they used lots of wooden mortars, too. My mother had a big wooden mortar when I was a little girl.

When an oak tree would fall down the Chunut women would take the bark off of the trunk and make mortars in the top of it. They used coals to burn holes in it. I remember lots of trees with three or four mortars in them. The women would sit on the tree trunk and pound acorns and seeds.

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342
592
In the long tule house each family had its own door. You could not go through the next place unless you knew it was all

right. We just opened the tule mats for a door. We did not 159
have a round smoke hole in the long house. The tule mats did 342
not reach to the top. If we wanted more room for the smoke 592
to go out, we put a stick between the tule mats at the top.

In the Indian houses we nearly always slept along the side 159
with our feet to the fire. To sleep sidewise to the fire we called
yot'-sahn. We dug a hole in the ground and filled it with 513
loose tules. Then we covered them with two or three tule mats.
That made a nice mattress.

For bed covers we used lots of things. The best bed cover [237]
was rabbit skin blankets. They were soft and warm. Nearly
everybody had one or two. They were about as big as the
blankets you white people use. We made the rabbit skin
blankets out of strips of skin. When we took the skin off of 159
the rabbit we cut it around and around in a long strip. We 513
twisted it so all of the fur was on the outside. We twisted the 281
rabbit skin strips into a double string as long as we wanted the
blanket. Then we sewed it back and forth from one end to the
other until it was a big blanket. We made blankets the same
way of mud hen skins.

159
We had elk and deer skins on our beds, too. Some people 513
had bear skins, too, for bed covers. But not many had that. I 237
knew an Indian doctor who had a mountain lion skin on his bed. [438]
He bought it from a *Wukchumne* Indian from Lemon Cove.

The old-time Indian men wore a deerskin breech-clout called 159
trak'-keet mu-num'-hoey. It was held up by a narrow deerskin 231
belt called *wuh'-suk* (string). A little piece of the breech
clout hung down like an apron in front. Some of the men [531]
painted colored pictures on it. I only saw one or two of the
old-time breech clouts. That was when I was a little girl. After
that the Indians all wore old underwear or a piece of old cloth
for a breech clout.

The Indian women wore a small skirt. It was made in two pieces. They had a small apron in front and a larger one behind. They were held up by a string like a belt. It tied at the side. We called the woman's skirt *ah'-til ra'-es*. It was generally made of the inside bark of cottonwood, or of tule. Some times they used strings of twisted rabbit, or mud hen skin. They liked the twisted rabbit skin skirts best.

The Chunut and Wowol women wore a cape, too. It was
made of twisted rabbit skin, or mud-hen skin strings like a
small blanket. They used the wing feather of a goose to pin the [237]
cape in place.

159 cape in place. A feather made a good pin. It never came
291 out and it was easy to get.

They also used a kind of cap, or hood, in real cold weather. It was made of rabbit skin. I never saw but two or three of them. We had cloth caps, or bonnets, when I was a girl.

159 Lots of the old Chunut people made a hole through their
nose and put a bone or stick through it. They called the hole in
304 their nose *so-kil'-hah rah*. The nose stick was *traw-raw'-ke*.

Some Indians made black marks on their faces, too. They
cut their faces with a *kots* (obsidian) arrow point, and rubbed
[184] powdered charcoal in it. You white people call this tattoo.
But I do not think the Chunut ever did this. They painted their
[302] face marks. For painting they used red, white, and black paint.

159 The black paint was called *sih'-mik*. We traded for it. It
came from near Stokes Mountain. We used to burn it and
386 grind it in a small mortar. It was black and shiny [graphite].
438 Some of the Indian doctors used the sihmik to paint for their
dances, but I do not know just how they used it. That was their
own business. When somebody died in our family we painted
[765] our cheeks under our eyes with sihmik and the *Chumlus*
(Choom-loos) washed it off after the *Lonewis* (Lo-ne'-wis).

159 The men used to paint their bows and arrows. They used
531 red, white, and black, and some other color they got from
berries. I never knew how to do that.

[386] The old-time Chunut Indians once told me that they used
to paint some of their baskets, too, but I never saw them. The
old-time Chunut baskets were not nice like the Wukchumne
baskets. We made them out of tules. We bought the mountain
[438] Indian baskets from the Indians who made them.

159 The Chunuts made fire with two sticks. They called them
toom. One stick they held on the ground with their feet. The
372 other they rolled between their hands. They called this rolling
wa-li'-uh. When the sticks got hot they put ground dry tule
dust in to make fire. They called this dust *pel-pel'-its*.

YOIMUT'S STORY

CHUNUT SONGS AND GAMES

159 My people had lots of songs and games. Sometimes there
were two or three songs for each game. They had a nice
524 smooth place at their village where somebody played games all
533 the time. They had lots of fun.

The people in each village were divided on two sides. They 159
were divided in the family and in the village too. One side 524
played against the other in the games. 616

One side was called *Tokelewits* (To-q'hell'-e-wits) and the other *Nutuwits* (Noo'-too-wits). The Tokelewits are on the west. At the big meetings they sit on the west. Their person is *Ahl'-wut,* the crow. The Nutuwits are on the east. At the big meetings they sit on the east. Their person is *Ki-yu,* the Coyote. I am a Tokelewits. My father was a Tokelewits. My mother was a Nutuwits. In all of the big games my father would be on my side. My mother would play against us.

When one side won at the Indian games their best players 159
used to go away to play at other villages. Sometimes they 524
went a long distance. My mother told me that players from [484]
Nutunutu (Noo-too'-noo-too) at Laton came to play where she was born at *Chaw-lo'-win* where Alpaugh is now. They came carrying heavy burden baskets with fish and their game things, shinny-stick, football and other things.

When some players winning for Kiyu, or for Crow, came back to their village they would be carrying the baskets on their backs. The baskets would be empty of food. They would sing as loud as they could when they were a long way off: [539]

A-na' a-na' a-nin'-a kow'-kow.
(sung four times)
A-na'-na.

This song means like, "We won, we are here, we are hungry and we want to eat."

The people in their home village would be so glad they won. They would run out with something to eat and would throw presents in their empty baskets. If they lost, the players would sneak in quietly and go to bed.

My people played a game with bows and arrows and a ring 159
called *waw'-poi-un.* They played on the smooth game ground 526
by the village. They used bows made of elderberry wood and wooden pointed arrows. We called the bow *tah-tip,* and the arrows *tu'-yose.* They were the same used for hunting around camp.

The *Win-at'-un* [messenger for the chief] rolled the ring [624]
and the players stood at the side and shot at the ring as it went by. When he rolled the ring the Winatun called, *"He'-ahm tahn'-hin."* He meant. "Are you ready?" or, "Here it comes."

159 526 When they played for fun they did not keep the score. If they gambled they played ten or twenty points. The Winatun kept the score by marking on the ground with his toe.

[525] [802] The ring was made of tules. It was about twelve inches across. It had a hole about the size of my fist in the middle. It was wound tightly with tules. We make a point when an arrow hit the ring and stuck in it, not when it went through the hole in the center.

The Tulare Lake Indians had a football game, too. They called it *tahl'-wats.* For a football they used a burl from an ash tree. It was about as big as a baseball. We called the ball *aw'-lul tah-ow'-chit.*

Some Indians used a rock for a football. I heard that the Nutunutu did that. I never saw it. The wooden ball was heavy enough. We did not kick the ball. We caught our toes under it and threw it with our feet.

Two people played at once. They took the ball around a tree or a stake about two hundred yards from where they started. They called the goal *sick'-aht.* The players carried the ball around the outpost and back to the goal as fast as they could.

They went around the post in opposite directions. *Hipacts* (Hih-pa'-eets) the referee, ran along with them to see that they went around the outpost and that they did not touch the [802] other person's ball. We kept the score with small sticks, which we called *we'-chet.*

The *Chunut* (Choo-noot) had a shinny game, too. We called that *Kats-le'-wits.* The *Wowol* (Wo'-wol) had another kind called *Kawm'-wats.* A lot of people played in that game. I saw all of the Tokelewits at *Sulawlahne* (Soo-law-lahn'-e) play against all the Nutuwits at one time in the Wowol game. I think there must be two hundred people in that game. My side, the Tokelewits, won.

In both shinny games we used a club made from the ash tree. The crooked part was made from the root. They made them nice and smooth and dried them in the fire. That made them good and strong. We called the shinny club *kah'-tahl.*

In the Chunut game we put the outpost about two hundred yards away from the goal stick. The goal stick we called *sick'-it.* The outpost we called *kaw-naw'-um wa'-uh* [the turning place]. It was a race between two teams. Each team had a ball. There were three or four players on each side. The

referee started them and kept the score. The game was over 159
when one side was three turns ahead of the other.

Shinny was a rough game. Lots of people got hurt at it. 526
They would get in front of the other ball and try to stop it and would get hit by it. The same ball was used for shinny that we used in football.

The players on each side did not all run together. One started the ball. He knocked it to a man about fifty yards away. That man knocked it to another. The farthest player took the ball around the post and knocked it back to the others. They knocked it back to the start. Good players did not have to run very much.

The Wowol played a different kind of shinny. I saw them play it. They called it *Kawm'-wats.* They had two goals about two hundred yards apart. One was to the west. It was called *too-qhell* and the Tokelewits took their ball to that side. The one at the east was called *naws'-to.* The Nutuwits took their ball to that side. The goals were two stakes, about two feet
apart. To make a point the ball had to pass between the stakes. [525]
That made a game, unless they were gambling. Then they played three points ahead.

The Wowol started halfway between the goals. They buried the ball in loose dirt. They called the starting place *lo-kaw'-lah-tun.* Two men started the game. When the Hipaets called, "He'-ahm tahn'-hin," the two starters began to dig the ball out of the dirt with their clubs.

The Tokelewits got between the starters and the Nutuwits' goal. The Nutuwits got on the other side. As soon as the ball started, everyone ran after the ball and hit at it with their clubs. We had lots of fun at this game.

At the village play-ground the children and young men played another game called *I-ke'-wits.* They threw a long stick at a bundle of tules. The stick was about as high as your head. It had a sharp wooden point and feathers on the other end like an arrow.

The tules were tied tight into a bundle and one end buried in the ground. About one foot was out of the ground. It was a little bigger than your arm. We made a point when we stuck the stick in the tule bundle. We called the stick *i'-yuk.* We threw it about fifty feet. A game was twenty hits.

We played another game called *Cuh-moom'-wits.* We used the stone that is round and has a hole in it like a doughnut. We

159 called the stone *Cuh-moom'-wum We'-ah* [thunder and lightning stone].

526 The Winatun rolled the stone on the village game place. He called out like he did for the start of the other games.

The players stood at one side like they did in the ring and arrow game. But they counted the points different. They had a point when the arrow went through the hole. Only the good hunters played this game. It was a gambling game.

The boys played another game with the same round stone. They set it on some loose dirt and shot arrows through it. They counted it the same as when they rolled it. I do not remember what they called this game.

159 The Chunut men had a long game to guess which hand they had *Ahlewus* (Ah-le'-wus), the bone, in. They called the game 524 Ahlewus, too. That was what the Wowol called it. The Chunut called it *Wa-luh'-wus.* I do not know the guessing game very well. Only men played it. The Wowol used only one bone to guess for. Some tribes used two bones, a white one and a black one. The men sat on the ground facing each other with a deer skin or a blanket on the ground between them. They put their hands behind them to hide the bone. Then they brought it in front, hidden in their hands.

The man on the other side tried to guess which hand the bone was in. If he guessed it was in the left hand one finger was pointed at the left hand. If he changed his mind quick he could point two fingers on the same hand. That meant the bone was in the other hand, in the one he was not pointing at. They kept count with small sticks, ten, I think. They sang a song with it, but I do not remember it. I only played that game once. We did not think it was nice for women to play that game.

Both the Wowol and Chunut women played a game with dice. They played it on a big tray made like a basket, called *ti'-won.* The game was called *Huchuish* (Hoo-choo'-ish). Four women played at one tiwon. They threw dice on the tiwon. The dice were made of walnut shells filled with pitch. They were numbered from one to eight by fastening beads or pieces of abalone shell into the pitch. Sometimes they were made of big acorn caps. The dice were called *hoo'-wawts.*

The Chunut used thirteen *we'-chet* [scoring sticks] to keep the count. When two women won all of the sticks twice in succession they won the game. The dice were gathered in the

hands and rolled out on the tiwon. When all flat sides were 159
down they called *keel'-pah*. That counted four points. Two 524
flat sides up counted one point and they called *pawn'-yo*. Three flat sides down were one point. This was called *yeat'-suh*. All flat sides up counted two points and they called *chahl'-ahl*. Two flat sides down or one up lost the dice and the other side took them. As they threw the dice they clapped their hands together and waved them back and forth above the rolling dice to make them come up right and called *e-lake'*.

There was a song that went with the Huchuish game but I
have forgotten it. I never did play it much. I was too busy. [525]
I had to work too much. Sometimes the games would go two days. They gambled at it. Men never played it.

We children used to play a game at water tag called 159
Tuewats (Too'-e-wats). We started out with one person called *Tue* (Too'-e). He had to catch the rest. You had to stay in 526
the water or in a tree over the water. If you stepped on the dry ground you were Tue right away. Tue called, "*Too-yahl'-mum he-ahm,*" meaning "Tag me if you can." As soon as Tue tagged one person that person had to help him catch the rest. It went that way until they all caught the last one.

We children played a coyote game, too. It was like an old story my mother used to tell me. It was called *Hih'-suh Na'-es*, just like the story. The Wowol called it *Hih'-ke*. *Kiyoo* was "it." He had to sit on the ground. He could not run around. He partway shut his eyes, but it was all right for him to peek. He was supposed to.

The other children would run around and around him and up close to him and then away. They were supposed to touch him if they could. If Kiyoo could reach out quick and catch one of them he had to sit on the ground behind Kiyoo like he was dead and wait until all were caught.

While the game was going on we all sang a little song over [533
and over. It went 539]

Hih'-suh Na'-es,
Hih'-suh Na'-es,
Hih'-suh Na'-es,
Wus'-wus.

The old Hihsuh Naes story went like this: 539

In the old days there were lots of little yellow birds that played in the tules and sunflowers around Tulare Lake. We called them *Taw-tawk'-its*. The white people called them gold-

539 finch. One of the birds would sit on *pahn,* the ground. He was "it" like in hide-and-go-seek. The others would peck at him.

A'-nis, my Grandfather, used to say that the Tawtawkits birds were playing an old game that was played by the old-time bird and animal *Yo'-kuts* [people] before the Indians came to California. One bird would sit on the ground and close its eyes. The rest would fly close to it. Then *Weutoi* (We'-oo-toi), the bird on the ground, would peck at them. If it pulled out *te-pit'-pil* [feathers], that bird must sit on pahn, the ground, beside it until all the rest of Weutoi, the birds, were caught. Then the game began all over.

Once, in the old days, the Tawtawkits were playing their game and *Ki'-yu,* the Coyote, came along. He said, "What are you people doing?"

The birds answered, "We are playing Hihsuh Naes."

"Let me play that game," said Kiyu.

Kiyu was *he-ow'-trah* [mean] and the birds were afraid to come near him. He shut his eyes only part way and said, "Come close to me. Come close to my nose. Do not be afraid. I will not hurt you. Come on." Soon Tawtawkits began fluttering about Kiyu's nose. Soon he snapped one from the air and swallowed it. Then he called again to the birds to come closer still.

Again Kiyu caught and ate a Tawtawkits. After the third bird had been eaten, the birds began to talk among themselves. They said, "Where did those other birds go? They are not on the ground beside Kiyu. Kiyu is heowtrah. He must have eaten them." So Tawtawkits would not play with Kiyu any more.

Kiyu still wanted to play, but finally he went on along a trail until he came to *lah'-pah,* the cotton tree. He sat down under lahpah to rest. He saw *top'-top,* the leaf, come fluttering down. Then two more came whirling down. "I can do that," said Kiyu. He climbed up high in the tree and jumped to the ground. He fell on his face and was killed, *Kiyu tow'-it-se* [coyote is dead].

159
533 My people had lots of songs. Once I knew almost all of them. My mother used to sing them. Now I remember only a few. The one I remember best was called *Wih-la'-litch We'-peh,* the lizard song. The little white-grey lizard of *Chaw-law'-win,* the plains, sang this song. *Wihlalitch* was an *Ahn'-troo* Doctor, but he wanted to be *Trip'-ne* [supernatural].

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159
Wihlalitch sang over and over: 533

O-home'-ah Trip'-ih-ne 539
(I am supernatural)
O-home'-ah Trip'-ih-ne
O-home'-ah Trip'-ih-ne

Tim'-tim, the bat, heard Wihlalitch singing. He was jealous because he wanted to be Tripne, too. So he sang back:

O-home!-ah Trip'-ih-ne
O-home!-ah Trip'-ih-ne
O-home!-ah Trip'-ih-ne
Nah-ah'-hah Trip-ih-ne

The song of *Tim-tim,* the bat, meant, "You are not magic. You are of the ground. I am magic. I am of the air."

YOIMUT'S STORY
YOKUTS LAKE LIFE

When I was about ten years old my mother married again. 159
Her husband had relatives at *Waiu,* the village where Santa 103
Rosa Rancheria is now near Armona, at the Tejon Ranch, and 361
at Tule River Reservation. My mother did not want to stay 587
at *Soo-law-lahn'-ne* on the "Fish" Rice ranch any longer, so we
all went over to Armona.

This was while the soldiers were at Visalia and the white 159
people were having a big war. My stepfather's brother had 361
two small horses and a little wagon. He worked for Mr. Rice
for two or three years to buy them. He took us to Armona.
We all stayed at Armona for about one month.

None of us liked it at Armona then. There were lots of [578]
Tachi there and we knew it was their place and that we did not
belong there. So my stepfather and his brother took us to the
lake to fish and camp for awhile.

We drove to the mouth of Cross Creek. There about six of 159
us, my mother and stepfather, my brother *Weh'-pees,* myself, 166
my stepfather's brother and an Indian who belonged at
Armona. We camped at Cross Creek for a week. Then we 361
moved around to the Buzzard's Roost. This was a real old
Chunut village where my mother had once lived for a few
months when she was first married. I am not sure about the [103]
name of this place, but it was either *Heuumne* (He-oo-um'-ne)
or *Chuntow* (Choon'-tow). Both places were close together. I
think it was Heuumne.

159 166 361 This was a fine place to camp. I have been there since and know it was close to the Artesia school house where the steamboat used to land. The white people built a big canal right by the camp and Mr. Sweet had a slaughter house there the last time I was there.

[342] There used to be a big village there, so my mother told me. When we went there we saw lots of old, tumble-down dirt houses. I never saw any other dirt houses. Two of those houses were good, so we put our things in them.

We had a fine time at this place and my mother and step-father decided to make a home there and stay there all of the time. There were lots of fish in the creek and the lake was right close, I think not more than a half mile away. The village had belonged to my father's people, so we thought we had a right to stay there.

[251] My step-father and his brother caught lots of fish and we dried the meat. We fixed up the two dirt houses so we could live in them and we all felt as happy as could be. There were no other Indians there but the ones I told about.

159 166 648 We were at the camp about three months, until summer was almost over. Then some men came along gathering cattle. It was Pat Murray from Porterville and some of his vaqueros. He camped there for two or three days.

Pat Murray was mad at us. He told us we would have to get out and stay out. There was a Tule River Indian with Murray. He was a vaquero. He told us that Murray would kill us if we did not get out. He said that Murray was afraid we would kill his cattle.

We had not killed any of the cattle. There were lots of them around the Buzzard's Roost, but we had not killed even a calf. We would never kill them.

We felt very bad about this. Murray went away and we stayed about one week more. We felt so bad we did not talk to each other for two or three days. Then my step-father talked. He had been out fishing with his brother and when he came in he said they had decided to go to the Tejon ranch where some of his people lived.

I have always been sorry that we left Heuumne, because Mr. Blankenship told us afterward that we did not have to leave. He said that Pat Murray had no right to run us off. He did not own that place. Mr. Blankenship said that we should

159 166 648 have gone to see Mr. Crossmore, who had the right to that place. But we never knew it then, so we left.

The three men and my mother had worked about a week making a tule boat to fish from. We children had helped by carrying tules. It was a real good boat. They had fished from it a lot. The boat was about twenty-five feet long and eight feet wide. It was made of tules like the old-time Indians used to make them. They made it on the ground at the edge of the water. We called it *Tutoi* (too'-toi). 159 166 501 396

The tules were just tied into small bundles as long as the boat and about six inches through at the middle. The ends were pointed. A lot of these tule bundles were tied together. They made a big boat about three feet high. I think it took about twenty small bundles.

An extra bundle was tied along the top on each side so things would not lose off of the boat. The ends of the tule boat were higher than the middle.

In the middle of the boat a hole was made to spear fish through. It was a small hole about a foot across. We called it *kot-la'-um*. At the front end of the boat was a hole where they put the fish and ducks they caught out on the lake. It was about three feet square and a half foot deep. The men used to bring this place in full of fish and ducks. This hole was lined with tules woven together like a basket. We called it *traw-trawk'-oi*. 159 501

At the back end of the boat was another hole filled with mud. They built a fire on this mud and cooked fish and ducks while they were out on the lake. We called the fireplace *tri-ahw'-out*. [364]

Sometimes they stayed out on the lake fishing for three or four days. When they stayed out a long time on the raft they used to cut the fish open and smoke them over the fire and lay them on the raft to dry. When they came in the fish were almost dried. They used to cut the meat off the ducks and dry it the same way. They used long poles to move the raft around. We called these poles *iyahish* (i-yah'-ish). 159 226 251 [500]

When they came in with the boat we would all help to pull it up on the bank to dry out. When it would dry out it was very light. This boat carried all of us very easily. I think it would have taken that many more people. 159 501

Finally my stepfather changed his mind. He decided to go across the lake on the boat to *Chaw-lo'-wis* on Atwell's Island. 159 166 484 361

159
166 Some *Wowol* Indians at Armona told us that some Wowol were
484 living again on Atwell's Island. So we were going to them
361 across the lake on our boat.

If we went around with the team we had to leave our boat
159 and take the Tachi Indian home. So my step-father's brother
166 took the Tachi home and then took the team and wagon around
484 to the mouth of Deer Creek, where we were to meet him about
a week later.

I remember that we got ready to go and then my step-father waited two or three days for the north wind to blow. He wanted to go straight across the lake and our poles were too short to push the boat across the deep water. My step-father's brother took most of our camp things in the wagon. We had a light load on the boat, only a few blankets and some lunch. We could catch fish and ducks along the way and cook them on the boat. When the ducks saw some tules like a boat out on the lake they always flew down and landed on the water beside it. They thought that where there were tules the water was not
[223] deep and they could dive to the bottom and feed. While they
were diving it was easy to hide under the tules and shoot them
with bow and arrows.

One afternoon we could see a dust cloud in the north and west, so we pushed the tule boat into the water and put our things on it. My stepfather and mother pushed the boat out into the lake with their poles and we all four started.

The boat was covered high with dry tules. It did not look
159 like a boat at all. The wind blew against the tules and carried
166 us right in the direction we wanted to go. The tules were like
484 the sails you white people used on the lake afterward, but we
501 did not put up any poles to hold them. They were just piled
up high on the front end of the boat so that end would go ahead.

I think we must have left Heuumne about two o'clock in the afternoon. The boat went fast and took us by the east side of the lake, close to the tules. We could reach the bottom with our poles all of the time. By dark the wind was blowing the hardest we had ever seen it on the lake. The waves were higher than the sides of the boat and we were all afraid. I remember that the front end of the boat kept going under the water. My step-father put all of us on the back end of the boat but that did not stop it. We moved a lot of the tules on the back end. But then the boat turned around in the water and almost tipped over when it was crossways.

Soon it was dark and we were all cold and wet. It was 159
just as wet on the boat as if we were in the lake. We could all 166
swim, but we were afraid all of the time, because the water was 484
about seven feet deep and the rough water would drown us if
we fell in it. So we stayed awake all night and shivered and
held on to each other.

When it got daylight we could not see the land in any way. We could see the Kettleman Hills and the Sierra, but we were away out in the middle of the lake. The water was too deep to reach bottom with our poles. The wind was all gone, so we had to wait.

We stayed out there all day. It looked like we stood right
still. I guess we did. There were lots of fish under the boat. 226
My stepfather speared lots of nice ones. We could look down
through kotlaum, the spearing hole, and see nothing but fish.

It was hot in the daytime, so we all got dry and warm. We made a fire and cooked fish, using the loose dry tules to burn. We were not hungry and we were not afraid any more, but we did not see how we were ever going to get to land. We stayed there all of that day and that night. It was a nice moonlight night and very pretty on the water. My mother told stories and sang for us almost all night and we had a good time.

When it came daylight again we could just see the tules on Chawlowin. But the tule boat looked like it was just standing still. My stepfather could just reach the bottom with our longest pole. We stayed out there all day again, and we got pretty tired of it. By dark my stepfather and my mother could use the poles on the bottom and they worked almost all night pushing the raft toward Chawlowin. By daylight we could see the land about a half mile away. Almost as soon as we could see, a heavy wind started up and in a few minutes the boat hit the bottom about one hundred yards from the tules.

Before we could get off the boat three or four men waded out to meet us. One of them was my mother's brother. We were very glad to see him. The men helped us to the shore and then they began to push the boat around to the west where they had a camp. It took all the rest of the day to get it around there.

We walked along the lake to the camp through a narrow trail in the high tules. Sometimes the water came up to our knees. The north wind was blowing hard again and that made the water come in on the land.

159 My mother found almost all of her relations there at Chawlowin. Her brother had his family there and two or three of her uncles were there, too. They had all come back to that camp from Tule River Reservation, where the soldiers had taken them from Tejon Ranch. They wanted to stay at their old home. These people did not go back to the old village at the
[648] mouth of Deer Creek and White River because they were afraid the soldiers would come back and get them. They were hid in the tules in *tumlus* (toom'-loos) houses at the north side of the Island.

In a few days my stepfather's brother came to the camp. He had left his team and wagon on the land east of Chawlowin where he could look after them once in a while.

The tumlus house was a quick house to make. They cut it
159 in the green tules. We lived in one of these houses about three
342 months, until it was too cold to stay any longer. They were good houses when the north wind did not blow. Then we used to wake up with water in our beds. We would have to go to the higher ground until the water went back. The water in the lake got lower all of the time, so when we left Chawlowin it did not come in the tumlus houses any more.

We could not get anything to eat but meat and fish and
159 tule roots at Chawlowin. We had lots of fish. Some of the
262 men caught ducks in a string net on the end of a pole. That was
223 hard to do. They did it when the north wind was blowing. Then the ducks flew very slow against the wind, close to the tops of the tules. The hunter sat on a wooden seat almost at the top of the tules.. He had tules tied around him so that the ducks could not see him. Once my mother's brother caught a duck in his hands that way.

They caught ducks in the water with strings, too, but I do not know how they did it. I saw them take the ducks out of the strings, but I never saw them put the strings there. The men always did that.

159 Once in a while the men killed an elk at Chawlowin. There were more there than on the land outside the lake in those days.
224 They shot the elk with bow and stone pointed *kots* [obsidian]
[411] arrows. The arrows had a short loose wood point.

When they shot the elk it ran and rubbed against the tules to pull the arrow out. The back part fell out, but the front end stayed in. The hunters followed the elk. After awhile the elk was so sick they could catch him and kill him. I heard of the old-time Indians catching elk with a rope like a reata fastened to an oak tree. 159 They bent a limb down to hold the rope. I 224 never saw that, but I am sure they did it.

Once, while we were at Chawlowin, we caught *sah'-pahl* [jack rabbits]. We called the drive *How'-sik Ho-ah'-mah.* There were only about fifty of us to help, but we caught about three hundred rabbits. I helped with two or three other drives near Armona, too. We went to the land east of Chawlowin to catch the rabbits. Most of us just waded across. The water was just up to our waist at the deepest place.

There were thousands of jack rabbits in the brush around the lake. We could see at least three hundred in the open places at one time. We drove them toward the net and made a close line to hold them. Everybody had a stick to throw at the rabbits. We called it *wah-traw'-he.* It was not crooked. It was almost straight. We killed lots of the rabbits with the sticks before they got to the net. When we threw the stick it whirled around and broke their legs if they were running. It was easy to kill jack rabbits with wahtrawhe if you got close to them. Sometimes they would sit quiet until you were right close. If you looked close you would see them and hit them before they jumped up.

When the rabbits got close to the net two or three men ran in with their clubs and killed them. The rest of us stood close together and kept them from running away.

The rabbits were skinned and the meat dried. We did this 251 on the land east of the lake before we went back to Chawlowin. Dried rabbit meat was good with salt from salt grass on it. The skins we cut up to make blankets and capes.

There were lots of fish in Tulare Lake. The one we liked 159 best was *a'-pis,* a big lake trout. They were real big fish, as 226 big as any salmon, and good meat. There was another called 136 *took'-mun.* I think the white people called it chub. It was not a very good fish.

One of the lake fish was *pahl-hoo'-ish.* It was the one you call sucker. Sometimes the steel-heads came in the lake too; so did the salmon. We called the steel heads *tah-wah'-aht* and the salmon *ki'-uh-khot.* We dried lots of fish. When it was 251 dried and smoked, the salmon was the best. We ate salt grass 263 salt with the dried fish. That made it good.

Another great big fish used to come in the lake sometimes. I remember that we caught one at Heuumne when the water was

136
159 low in the creek. We called it *caw'-cuts.* White people call it
226 sturgeon.

While we were at Chawlowin some white men put cattle
159 on the island. The water was low and they drove them across
648 from the east. There were hogs there already, but they were
wild. As soon as the white people found out we were there we began to have trouble. The tules were getting dry and we were afraid the white people would burn us out. So we all left. My mother and stepfather took us to Tejon Ranch. We went in his brother's little wagon.

YOIMUT'S STORY
OUR LAST HOME

159 From *Chaw-lo'-win,* where Alpaugh is now, we went to the
Indian camp above the Tejon Ranch house. There were about
361 two hundred Indians there. Some of them were *Wowol* (Wo'-
166 wol) and two *Chunut* (Choo'-noot) who were related to my
mother.

My mother had been at Tejon Ranch when she was first
159 married. It was before the soldiers took her from Tulare Lake to
648 the Fresno River Reservation. She was at Tejon about six
166 months, I think. It was called Fort Tejon then. It was not up
in the canyon where the Indians are now, or in Grapevine Canyon where the Los Angeles highway is now. It was about three or four miles west of the ranch house, on a creek below the hills.

The soldiers lived in tents close to the Indians. I am sure of this. My mother showed me the place and told me all about it. That is the place they called Fort Tejon then. It was not up in the mountains. The Indians raised some crops of wheat there close to the hills.

When I was at Tejon Ranch we stayed up in the canyon.
[578] My stepfather worked on the Tejon Ranch for a while, but none
[197] of us liked it there. The Indians there did not talk our language.

There were more of our people at Tule River Reservation, so we decided to go there. The people at Tejon Ranch wanted the Indians to go to Tule River. Some went before we did. We drove along the foothills in the same little wagon we had brought from the Armona village.

My mother and some of the other Indians told me about the old *Tulamni* (Too-lahm'-ne) village at the end of the hills by the west side of Buena Vista Lake. The Indians had lots of fights with the Spanish there.

An old Tulamni Indian named *Ko'-ko* was living at Tule 159
River while we were there. He was a real old man when I was 648
a little girl. He could see only a little. He liked to tell about
the old times. He told us many stories about the old timers, but
I have forgotten most of them. Koko told us that the Spanish
killed lots of Indians in the tules at Tulamni. A long time after
the Spanish left they kept finding dead Indians out in the tules.

Sahkehel (Sah-ke'-heel) was another old Tulamni Indian who lived at Tule River. I knew him very well. He was at Tulamni when the Spanish came. He fought against them. He said that the old Tulamni chief sent as far as the Tule River to get Indians to come and help fight the Spanish. They had several battles and the priests came and stopped the fighting. They said that the Spanish and the Indians must be friends. Then they took lots of the Indians to the Missions. Sahkehel was taken to Mission Santa Ynez and lived with a lot of Santa Barbara Indians. Then he went to Mission San Fernando. He was about sixteen years old.

Sahkehel did not call the old place *Too-lahm-ne-oo'*, like 159
you white people call it.. He called it just *Too-lahm'-ne*. He 103
called those Indians *Too-lahl-me'-nah*. That meant "from
Tulamni".

I knew Sahkehel until he died, when he was more than 100 years old and heard him tell these things again after I was married. He told me that he was at Los Angeles two years and that the Indians called that place *Yah'-now*.

Sahkehel told us that the Indian name for San Fernando was *Wy-seel*, which meant running. After he was grown he came to the Tejon ranch to work for General Beale. He worked there a long time. He was a *Capitan* (Kop-e-tahn') among the Indians for General Beale. The Indians called him *General* (Hen-er-ahl'). The lady that Sahkehel married was from Tulamni, too. She had been taken to Mission San Miguel and was baptized Marcelina. Her Indian name was *He-aw'-mut*. I knew her a long time. She told me the same things about the Indian battles at Tulamni.

At Tule River we lived just a little way above the Reser- 159
vation headquarters. There were lots of our people there. We 166
liked it there and stayed for about two years. Then we went
back to Sulawlahne at the "Fish" Rice ranch south of Farm- 361
ersville. There were only a few Indians there. Some of them
worked for "Fish" Rice. We stayed there until I was about

159
166 fourteen years old. Then my stepfather took us back to Kings
361 River.

While we were at the "Fish" Rice ranch the last time, I
helped the Indians there catch some antelopes. It was the last
time they ever caught antelopes that way. We held the
Tahduwusk (Tah'-doo-woosk) surround on Outside Creek
159 where the road now goes from Tulare to Lindsay. One or two
224 of our men went out in the field near the antelopes and lay down
on their backs. They fastened pieces of cloth to their feet and
kicked them in the air.

The antelopes ran 'round and 'round, looking at the cloths the two men were waving. Each time they came closer. While they did this our people came in from all ways and made an Indian fence around them. They came up close to the antelopes. Then the two men in the middle began shooting and killed about ten before we let them go.

One of our men did not get enough meat. His name was
159 *Wahcoy* (Wah'-coy). The next day he went back alone to kill
224 some antelopes for himself. He fixed an antelope skin with
165 the head and horns on it and put it over his head and back.
Wahcoy sneaked along the creek to a place where the antelopes
came in to drink. Then he walked out on his hands and knees
in the grass toward the antelopes.

Two white men were hid in the same creek about one hundred yards away. They were hunting antelopes, too. They saw the Indian. They thought he was an antelope and shot him. The man who shot him was Hi Willis. Hi Willis was a young man. He lived were the white people have Mooney Grove now. His father owned that ranch.

Hi Willis brought Wahcoy's body to our camp at Sulawlahne. Wahcoy lived with his father and mother right next to our house. He was shot through the chest below the right shoulder. He did not die right away when they shot him. He told them where to take him.

Some of the Indians thought that Hi Willis shot Wahcoy on purpose, but I think he thought Wahcoy was an antelope all right. It was easy to make that mistake. But our people decided not to hunt any more antelope. There was only a little bunch left out there anyway. The white people killed the rest of them.

159 The Indians at Sulawlahne called Elk Bayou *Traw'-it.* I
103 used to know the names for all of the creeks, but I have for-
361

gotten them. That village, *Che'-oo-tak,* I think was the one on 159
Cameron Creek three or four miles north of Tulare, not south. 103
I heard lots of times about an old place there, right close to 361
where the railroad crosses now, but I am not sure about the
name.

Finally we got tired of staying at "Fish" Rice ranch. We 159
wanted to go back to Tulare Lake. We went back three or four 166
times for visits when we could ask somebody to let us go on 361
their land. But we never got a chance to stay there. Our good
friends did not have any land on the lake.

We went over to Kings River and camped near the Ezra ranch. They were always good to us and we felt right to stay there.. We have lived along Kings River, at the Santa Rosa Rancheria, and on the ranches where we worked ever since.

My mother died, and I got married and now I live with
my daughter. There are lots of things I forgot about how my [191]
people lived. I speak Spanish and English, Wowol and Chunut.
Then I know *Tachi, Nutunutu, Wachikit, Wukchumne, Yaudanchi, Koyeti* and some others. So I have to forget some of
my old Chunut things.

The Chunut had a story about how the world was made. I 159
never knew all of it. I heard it lots of times, too. The world was 773
all water at first. *Chukuko* (Choo-koo'-ko) the diver duck,
and *Trawm'-cawt,* the turtle, got the mud from the bottom of
the water to make the world.

Chukuko tried to get the mud and Trawmcawt helped him. The mud was thrown around to make the world. *Ki'-yoo* (Coyote), *We-itch* (Condor) and *We-ha'-sit* (Mountain Lion) were about the first people made. That is about all I remember. I am sorry I forgot it.

We called the Milky Way *Yo-hote'-sool.* It is the white [821]
place in the sky made in a race between antelope and deer.

On Kern River a big mountain is split through. Once [823]
Wahl'-wut (Canvasback Duck) ran a race with *Lim'-ik* (Prairie
Falcon). Limik cut right through the mountain and won the
race.

When we saw red clouds at sunset we used to say that it 159 [821]
would not rain the next day.

I forgot lots about the seeds and how the Indians fixed [252]
them. They made a tea from the mint which grew in the water [272]
and from the peppermint from the mountains. They also made [757]
tea from sycamore bark. They drank it and put it on sores.

159 825 854 To make a little baby strong we used to get fat from a turtle and rub it on all of his joints. That made them strong. We used turtle fat because he can run and swim as soon as he comes out of the egg. We called the fat *hin'-kah.* To make a little baby stand up we put a soap root brush in the fire so the ends glowed. Then we touched it against his knees. He would straighten his legs and stand up.

159 352 854 My people did not make their baby cradles like the Wukchumne did. They made most of them of tules. They were nice and soft for the baby. I think they were better, too. We made another cradle of a forked stick with small sticks fastened across it. It was covered with tules when we put the baby on it.

159 854 We kept a piece of *kuts* (koots, soapstone) hanging on the baby cradle to use when we changed the baby. We scraped powder from it to put on the baby. It was the same as your talcum powder. We called this cradle-stone *me-ha'-te.*

159 361 From the time I was a girl I knew lots of old Tachi. I heard them talk about the West Side and I remember a few things over there. The Polvardera, southeast of Coalinga, was called *Sawkeu* (Saw-ke'-oo). There was good water there. The Indians camped there to hunt antelope.

There used to be an old Tachi village called *Wahl'-muh* on the west side of Tulare Lake. I knew the last chief at that place. He was an old uncle of old "Lemoore Bob" who used to dance.

[103] The Poso Chaná was called *We'-kit Le'-wis.* It meant Pieces Cut. Four ridges ran up to the hills from the place. They looked like they had been cut out with a knife. The water at Poso Chaná was not as good as at Sawkeu. It was a little salty.

159 439 The Indian traders used to meet at the Poso Chaná to trade with the coast Indians. *Kahn'-te* was the oldest chief of the Tachi I ever knew. He used to have charge of the trading. He told me all about it and taught me his song. I have always remembered it. Lots of other old-time Tachi told me about it, too.

The bead and seashell traders from the coast met the Tachi traders at Poso Chaná. The Tachi and the other Indians would not let the people from the west come right up to the lake. They were afraid they would learn how to get things without trading.

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948)1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

159 439 [482]

The people who wanted to trade carried their things in baskets on their backs. They had to have their *Teah* (Te'-ah), chief with them. When they came up to trade they marched up in a straight line from each side. The Teah was in front.

[576]

When the two parties got close to each other they all took hold of the basket straps at the sides of their heads and swung from side to side, singing:

[539] [533]

Ho-hoo'-hoo Yoo-'nah
(sung five times)
Hah-ha'

He-ke'-mah was the name of that song. That was the name of the trade too.

When the song was done each one took his basket down and spread his things on the ground in front of him. The rows of things were about ten feet apart. Then the trade started. The Teahs did all of the talking for their people. They talked to each other and agreed how much each could have. It was all done by rules.

Kahnte told me that his people used to trade off fish, *kots* [obsidian], salt grass salt, and some seeds. Sometimes they traded *kuts* (koots, soapstone) beads. They brought back shell beads and sea shells, *Traw'-neck* [abalone], *Cawm-sool* [clam], and *Caw'-sool* [olivella, or periwinkle]. Kahnte told me about a funny dried thing that one of his men got in a trade. I know now it was a star fish.

159 312

In the old days the Indians who lived by the lakes got their drinking water from the lakes. Around the edge of the lakes the water was muddy and hot. The Indian women used to take a basket and wade out into the lakes until the water was about four feet deep. Then they sunk the basket to the bottom upside down. Then they turned the basket over and filled it. The water at the bottom was lots cooler than on top and it tasted lots better, too.

159 133

Now Tulare Lake is dry. My old people told me that once it dried up a long time ago. The creeks all dried up too. My people had to go to their friends at the hills. Some of them went up Deep creek. They almost died before they got water about where Farmersville is now.

You ask me, "Will Tulare Lake ever fill up again?" I got only one thing to say. Yes. It will fill up full and everybody living down there will have to go away. I like to see that time myself. [it filled again in 1938]

159 115 I am the last full-blood Chunut left. My children are part Spanish. I am the only one who knows the whole Chunut or Wowol language. When I am gone no one will have it. I have to be the last one.

All my life I want back our good old home on Tulare Lake. But I guess I can never have it. I am a very old Chunut [eighty-five years] now and I guess I can never see the old days again.

159 177 Now my daughter and her Mexican husband work in the cotton fields around Tulare and Waukena. Cotton, cotton, cotton, that is all that is left. Chunuts cannot live on cotton. They cannot sing their old songs and tell their old stories where there is nothing but cotton. My children feel foolish when I sing my songs. But I sing anyway:

[533 539]

Toke'-uh lih'-nuh	*Wa'-tin-hin nah yo'*
(west side)	(show me the straight path)

Hi-yo-um'-ne	*a-he*	*oo-nook*	*mi-uh'-wah*
(my home Indian village)	(this is I)	(the charm stone)	(over you)

That is all. [Yoimut died in Hanford in 1933.]

THE END OF THE TRAIL

181 In leaving the topic of Yokuts Indians, which has been presented upon these pages in a rather informal manner, it is perhaps best that a brief summary be made of Indian character itself and of some things which vitally concern those Indians who still survive.

One of the alleged Indian characteristics is that of improvidence. It is claimed that the Indians generally do not look to the future and are not able to carry themselves through from season to season without being in want. How generally true this may have been in primeval days, I have no way of knowing. I do know, however, that those Yokuts Indians who still remained suffered less during the recent depression than many of their white neighbors. Their services were much in demand, they worked almost every day, and commanded the highest wages of all common laborers in their territory. It is not meant that they had the finest automobile in the locality, nor that they lived in the finest house, because they certainly did not. They had no automobile, and they camped under the trees, using tents and brush shelters, but they were comfortable and happy and were well supplied with provisions.

It is the nature of the Yokuts to look to someone for counsel 181 and advise. In the old days the chief of the tribe was the person who acted in the capacity of general advisor. It is believed that he held his position through his natural ability and through the tendency of the majority of the people around him to come to him for advice.

Members of the tribe were inclined to wait for the chief to determine when to gather the various foodstuffs, and when to move from one seasonal location to another. It is said by some pioneers that the chief often told his people where to build their houses, and sometimes when and whom to marry. If the foregoing describes conditions in general, the Indians, however voluntarily, were too much ruled.

Unless suggestions are made to the ordinary Indian, he is unable to meet a new situation, one to which he is a stranger and untrained, but he is quick to act upon the suggestion of anyone whose advice he values. This is probably not so true of the families of chiefs or headmen, who commonly inter-married between tribes. They were more versatile, had more initiative, and were better able to adjust themselves to the great upheaval caused by the coming of the white man.

Because of this need of leadership Indians have been accused of being lazy. According to the standard of the white man this is in many cases quite true. But I have known many exceptions, especially where Indians have had the guidance of dependable and well meaning whites. The Indian sees no earthly use for a large percentage of the things white people do, so, when left to himself, he doesn't do them.

About the disappearance of the Indian there is much to be 181 said. Since the first great blow delivered by the white man, 165 which took from the Indian his water, game and land and beseiged him with epidemics of disease and with poverty, the Indian has not been disappearing with any great rapidity. The [161] foregoing sketches have shown that there are several hundred Indians left along the Sierra foothills. Most of these are not full-bloods and, of course, many are not Yokuts.

It is true that the dissipating type of Indian is disappear- 181 ing, in fact he always has been. With few exceptions, the more sober, industrious individuals are surviving. The majority of them are self sustaining and are raising families.

It is believed that several generations will pass before all of the full-blood Yokuts Indians are gone. This is due to two

[text continues on p. 279]

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Lewaynit and Hewtey, dressed in native costumes made by their grandparents, Ishew and Wehneemhet. Lewaynit was a good student. During her first year in school, where all other children were white, she completed two years of work in one and stood at the head of her class. She died of tuberculosis while in her Sophmore year at Exeter High School.

things: the fact that they are adjusting themselves to the white 181
man's way of living, and that they are anxious to keep their blood pure.

Those full-blood members of the *Wuckchumne* tribe, who 161
number more than twenty, are almost entirely independent. They have never gone to a reservation and have accepted practically no government aid of any sort. They live in the open air under the spreading oaks along the Kaweah River, much as they always did. This is the reason that they have survived.

One of the common criticisims of Indians is that they are 181
dirty. The writer has interviewed more than two hundred early
white pioneers concerning the Yokuts Indians. In addition he 515
has talked to more than twenty Indians who remembered the times before the white man came. We are assured by all persons who knew the Indians before their old method of living was entirely broken up, that almost without exception, every man, woman and child in an Indian village had bathed in the nearby stream before or shortly after sunrise every day of the year. We are told that during the summer months, young people, and often grown people, were in the water from ten to forty times during the day.

Padre Francisco Garces, first recorded white man to travel among the Yowlumne Yokuts, thrice took occasion to mention the fact that those Indians were cleanly and bathed often. He wrote about their use of the sweat house: "The hour of entertaining therein is either during the morning, or during the evening. When once the persons are inside, they kindle a fire; and as there is little ventilation, they cease not with the heat and the smoke to cry out and to sweat until the earth grows wet; when indeed they can endure no more they climb out by means of their ladder of sticks and throw themselves into the river. This is without doubt the cause of these people being so clean; but though of good habit of body they are
meager and quite tender footed." On White River Garces 484
wrote: "—these Indians travel little, because they bathe much, and do not have any covering on the feet."

If the many statements concerning these practices are true, then at least the question of personal cleanliness among the Indians as compared to white settlers is settled, because this frequency of bathing is without question not true of the white people who overthrew them. We know that even the mythical universal Saturday night bath was not indulged in by some

181 early settlers. Even Padre Garces mentioned bathing himself
515 only once and that was when he crossed Kern River. He wrote
on May 1st, 1776: "They [the Indians] convoyed me across
between four of them by swimming, two taking me by the arms,
[609] and the other two by the body; whereupon I took advantage of
the occasion to bathe at my pleasure in that water so limpid
and beautiful."

511 No person who did not see the Yokuts Indians before 1854
or '55 really knows much about their conditions of living be-
648 fore they were turned out of practically every one of their old
village sites.

It appears to me no more unfair to steal a man's money and then to call him a pauper than to drive an Indian from the means of keeping himself presentable and then to call him dirty.

181 According to repeated testimony, the old Yokuts were true
to each other, provident, kind to their families, honest to a
515 fault, temperate, and good citizens within their social group.
For some reason I have always felt that if they fulfilled these
requirements, a moratorium might be in order regarding the
matter of the Saturday night bath. It is proper to record here
in support of these last statements that while on Kern River
Padre Garces wrote on May 1st, 1776: "The young men are fine
fellows, and the women very comely and clean, bathing them-
[291 selves every little while; they take great care of their hair and
302] do it up in a topknot; they wear petticoats of antelope skin
and mantas of fur, though they are not very coy."

This is Garces' third mention of bathing by Yokuts.

At another rancheria in the same locality he wrote on
May 2nd: "In this rancheria I found that the little damsels
[291] went naked; and though in other parts the same occurred among
the women grown, I have not seen in them all an immodest
action."

648 At the present time it is probable that the Indian is re-
ceiving the best treatment he has ever receivd at the hands of
657 our government. It is possible that the next few years are to
bring even better treatment than they are now receiving. This
is a matter of great satisfaction to those white persons who
have lived in close contact with the Indians and who have
recognized their fine qualities, but it needs some explanation
to be appreciated by others.

Sometime ago, in a public speech, one of the officials of 648 the United States Government made the following statement: "No native people has ever been better treated by the invader 657 and his dominating civilization than has the American Indian by the government of the United States." Probably not one person in one hundred will agree with this statement at first thought, and it is undoubtedly not true in many senses.

The official quoted probably meant that no government has ever appropriated more money for the relief of a native people than has ours. The writer believes that from this angle the statement is entirely true. There is no question but that our government has appropriated hundreds of millions of dollars for Indian relief.

J. Ross Browne, pioneer California Indian official, has very clearly pointed out in his writings about our Indians that the early appropriations, to his personal knowledge, never reached the Indian, that they were made in most instances by politicians who were anxious to provide funds for their political supporters to administer.

All will agree that if it is true that the government of the United States has actually taken care of the American Indians better than has any government cared for the natives of any country invaded by them, then there are some terrible stories yet to be told concerning the atrocities committed by other governments.

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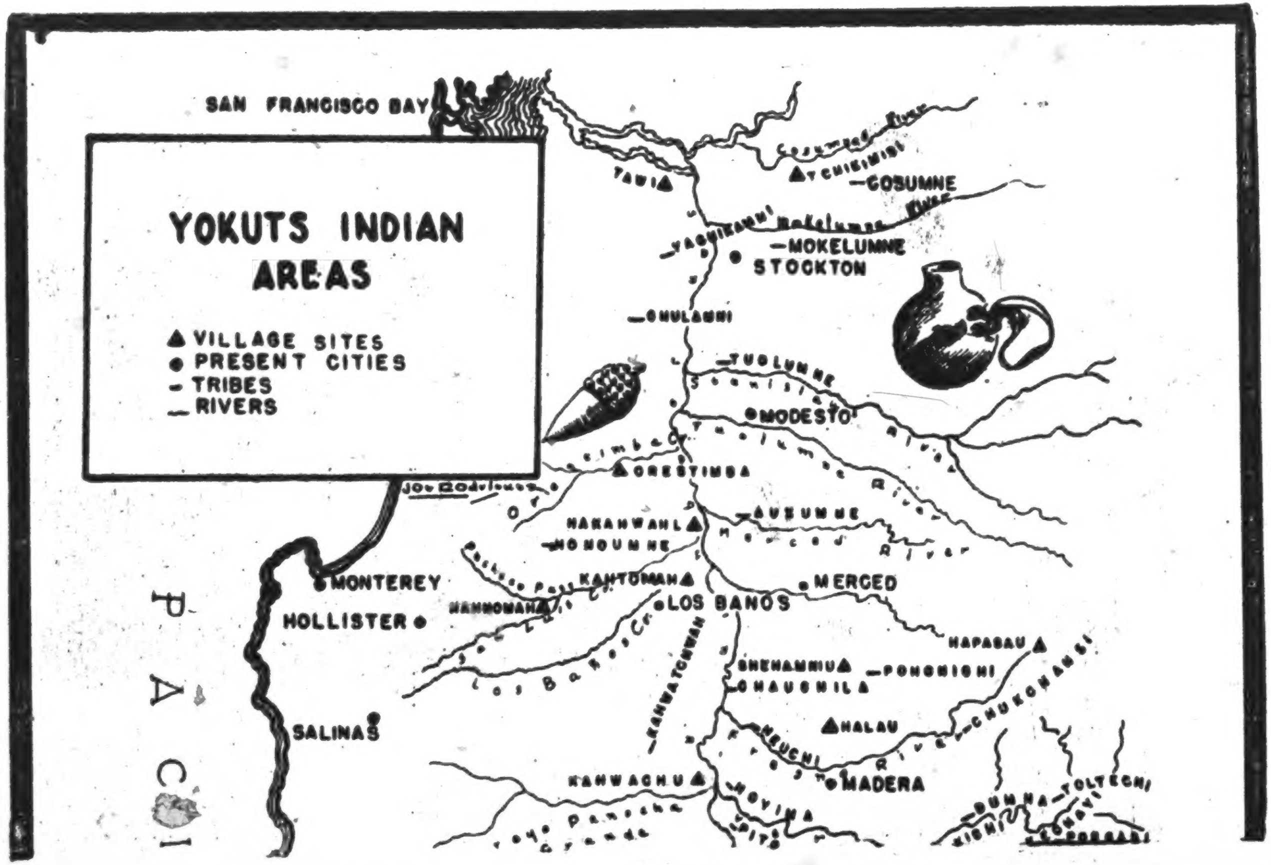
YOKUTS INDIAN AREAS
▲ VILLAGE SITES
● PRESENT CITIES
- TRIBES
_ RIVERS
SAN FRANCISCO BAY
TAWI
TCHIKIMISI
Cosumnes River
COSUMNE
Mokelumne River
YACHIKAMNI
MOKELUMNE
STOCKTON
CHULAMNI
TUOLUMNE
Stanislaus River
MODESTO
Tuolumne River
Orestimba Cr.
ORESTIMBA
Jos Rodriguez
NAKANWAHL
AUXUMNE
Merced River
NOHOUMNE
Pacheco Pass
KANTOMAH
MONTEREY
NAHNOMAH
LOS BANOS
MERCED
HOLLISTER
San Luis Cr.
Los Banos Cr.
KAHWATCHWAH
HAPASAU
SHEHAMNIU
POHONICHI
CHAUCHILA
SALINAS
HALAU
HEUCHI
Fresno River
CHUKCHANSI
KAHWACHU
MADERA
Arroyo Panoche Grande
HOYIMA
PITO
DUMNA
TOLTECHI
KISHI
P A C I

[End Map (A)]

3: Latta Y-5 (1923-1948) 1949 NS29 Yokuts NS29

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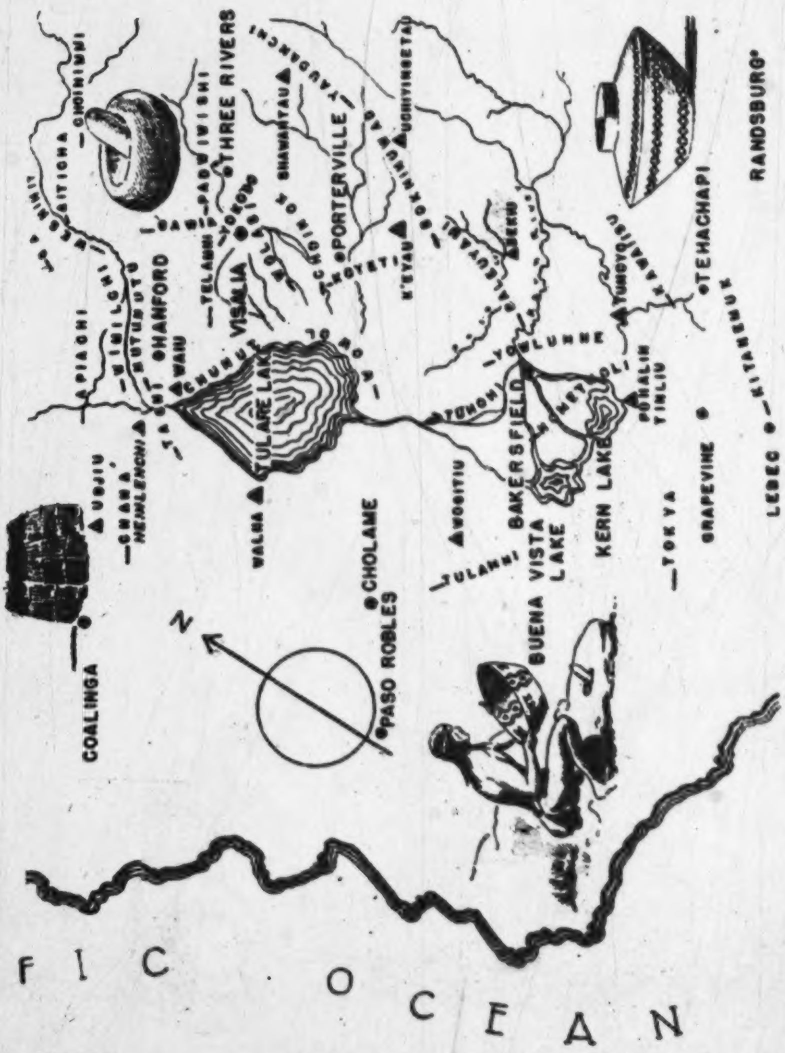
COALINGA
UOJIU
CHANA
HEINLENCHI
APIACHI
WIMILCHI
NUTUNUTU
TACHI
HANFORD
WAIU
CHUNUT
TULARE LAKE
WALNA
TELAMNI
VISALIA
WOLASI
YOKODO
GAWIA
PADWIWISHI
THREE RIVERS
AITICHA
CHOINIMNI
SHAWANTAU
CHOINOK
PORTERVILLE
YAUDANCHI
KOYETI
K'EYAU
BOKNINUWAD
UCHIYINGETAU
N
CHOLAME
PASO ROBLES
TULAMNI
WOGITIU
BAKERSFIELD
BUENA VISTA LAKE
KERN LAKE
TUHOHI
YOWLUMNE
HOMETWOLI
PALEUYAMI
BEKHI
TUNGYO
PUHALIN TINLIU
KAWAIISU
TOKYA
GRAPEVINE
TEHACHAPI
KITANEMUK
LEBEC
RANDSBURG
FIC OCEAN

[End Map (B)]